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THE EMERALD ISLE is a most interesting country for the lover of beautiful and grand scenery, which may here be found in great profusion and in all its phases, from the verdant woodland beauty of the County Wicklow to the grand desolation of the Donegal Highlands, the rugged grandeur of the "wild, wild west" of Connemara, the immense cliffs and imposing coast scenery of Clare, the wondrous masterpiece of Nature's handiwork the Giant's Causeway, the bewitching Blackwater, or the combined beauties of Killarney and Glengarriff. For the antiquarian, there are the numerous interesting and extensive ruins of abbeys and castles, notably the group on the rock of Cashel; the Abbeys of Cong, Muckross, and many others; the mysterious round towers, and the much-frequented castle of Blarney, with its famous stone of strange and fascinating power; while to all classes its cities and towns—Dublin with its round of pleasures, Belfast with its almost unprecedented prosperity, historic Derry, and the decaying cities of the West—in short, Ireland and the Irish people, cannot fail to be a continual source of pleasure and interest, and we think that those who make a tour to, through, or rather round Ireland, will not regret the time and money spent thereon.

In the New Illustrated Programme of TOURS AND EXCURSIONS IN THE EMERALD ISLE, issued by Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son (post free for two stamps), will be found described some of the principal characteristics of the Antrim Coast, Mourne Mountains, Connemara, Coast of Clare, Blackwater, Wicklow, Killarney, &c., also a number of itineraries showing cost of various tours from numerous starting-points; and we may mention that, to see Ireland as it should be seen, at a minimum cost of time, trouble, and money, intending visitors should consider it a *sine qua non* to provide themselves with the Circular or Tourist Tickets issued by Thomas Cook & Son.

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Frontispiece.

GLENCAR LAKE, CO. SLIGO.

[For Tourist Map see page x.]

# GLIMPSSES

OF

# ERIN:

CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ANCIENT CIVILISATION, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND; SHORT SKETCHES OF THE MORE IMPORTANT EVENTS IN HISTORY, AND OF THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY, PAST AND PRESENT; AND PAPERS ON TOURS OFF THE BEATEN TRACK, DESCRIPTIVE OF PLACES AND SCENERY NOT USUALLY VISITED BY TOURISTS.

BY

SEATON F. MILLIGAN, M.R.I.A.,

AND

ALICE L. MILLIGAN.



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## INTRODUCTION.



“Love thou thy land, with love far-brought  
From out the storied Past, and used  
Within the Present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought.”

**P**ATRIOTISM is going out of fashion in this nineteenth century, and on the platform or in the pulpit we are not often reminded of the duties we owe our country, but rather exhorted to be loyal and devoted to Mankind in general, to Morality, to the Principles of Justice, or Liberty, or Democracy, and other abstractions beginning with capital letters.

Cosmopolitan principles are certainly good and right to a certain extent; but there is little in these abstractions with the capital letters calculated to rouse the enthusiasm and devotion of the masses. Even those who talk a great deal about

---

the happiness of Mankind are chiefly concerned with the happiness of the few, perhaps even of the all-important One. Those who are honest really mean by Mankind "the people I know." The duty we owe to others might be mathematically defined in quantity as "inversely as the distance." To those who live near us, whom we see every day, we owe kindness and politeness every day; to those whom we meet once in a lifetime—the chance-travelling companions, or visitors from afar—we owe kindness and politeness once in a lifetime: or, to put it in other words, we should use every chance of benefiting mankind, we should make the very most of our power and chances, and we have most chances of benefitting our fellow-countrymen, and of benefitting them to the greatest extent. Exported philanthropy has to pay its carriage to distant countries.

"But," some apostle of Beauty may argue, "how can I love this land?—it would show such wretchedly bad taste on my part—how can I love the Philistine natures of my fellow-countrymen? Do I not rather owe my reverence to Nature in her sublimest aspects, to Humanity in its noblest development?"

It is too much the tendency of the age to credit men with their motives, to measure their worth by



their power of admiration for the admirable. A man is spoken of: we hear that he reverences justice, and has a passion for freedom—we conclude that he is worthy of our respect; whereas we should first find out what is the result of all his admiration. If in spite of these strong impulses in a right direction he remains unmoved, is he not rather an object of contempt? Which do we honour most—a free-born Briton—a man who, as the song says, will “never be a slave,” simply because by chance he was born in a free country; or one like Tell, who, born in an oppressed country, did something towards her liberation?

The apostle of Beauty, who does something to enlighten his ignorant countrymen, is surely nobler than the idle worshipper of Beauty who spends his time abroad in the Italian picture-galleries and German concert-rooms.

The folly of unpatriotic philanthropy has nowhere perhaps been better shown than in a novel by Dickens, that great exposé of humbug. Mrs. Jellaby, the philanthropic lady “who has devoted herself to an extensive variety of public subjects at various times, and is at present (until something else attracts her) devoted to the subject of Africa,” sits in her neglected home and dictates letters to all parts of the country,

copies out resolutions of ladies' committees, and sends answers to "people excited in various ways about the cultivation of coffee and natives;" whilst the children tumble down stairs and bump their heads, and the servant gets drunk, and everything goes wrong, she only looks aside for a moment from her work to answer peevishly, and then returns to her absorbing thoughts, looking as if her eyes "could see nothing nearer than Africa."

England would be as neglected as the home of Mrs. Jellaby if Englishmen took an interest in "all sorts and conditions of men," and forgot to take a special interest in the sort of men and women that are nearest to them.

Patriotism, then, far from being an irrational sentiment, is entirely rational, and desirable from a utilitarian point of view. It is as much so from a Christian standpoint. By living in our own land, and doing our best to benefit it, we can best carry out the command, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." We are better able to judge rightly with regard to those who have the same standard of religion, the same customs and sympathies, than with regard to Hindoos or Mahometans. Ignorant of a nation's prejudices, we are often cruel in our intended kindness, and all our efforts are wasted. So

whilst we are, above all, Patriots, we should study the feelings of people of different nationality and religion, in order that in any dealings we may have with them we may act intelligently and sympathetically, offending not even what we consider superstition, provided always that justice and morality be satisfied.

In the great British Empire widely different races and religions are found, and a Briton, to perform his duty, would require an extensive knowledge of the peculiarities of each race and religion with which British government has to do. Seemingly trifling causes have in the past sufficed to upset the complicated machinery—wars, rebellions, ill feeling on the part of the governed, being brought about by the ignorance of Government officials, who perhaps meant all for the best. There was a time when the feelings of the governed races were not at all considered by England—when Government's declared intention was to impose everywhere the State religion and English customs. This is no longer the case. If any annexation is made, or any conquest contemplated at the present day, the Ministers usually profess that they are impelled by interest in the welfare of Zulus or Burmese, or whatever the race may be. The people are represented as longing

for the blessings of English government or protection. These professions may or may not be quite candid, but it is in any case well that conquest for conquest's sake is thought no longer justifiable. The time has gone when Irish lands were looked upon as legitimate plunder by court favourites or greedy soldiers. Hypocrisy is a healthy sign, showing that benevolence and philanthropy prosper, and are honoured by the majority. There may be a good deal of bombast about the anxiety of some landlords for their tenants' welfare. Many may be like the Walrus in *Alice in Wonderland*, who was so moved at the sight of the little oysters as they

“Stood and waited in a row.

‘I weep for you,’ the Walrus said, ‘I deeply sympathise.’  
With sobs and tears he sorted out those of the largest size,  
Holding a pocket handkerchief before his streaming eyes.”

So even those who have no thought but for their own aggrandisement feel compelled to conceal their intentions by philanthropic utterances, as the Walrus used his pocket handkerchief. The evictor now-a-days talks humanely about over-population and the benefits of emigration, and is no longer brutally frank, as we find the Cromwellian and Elizabethan settlers, for we no longer live in a brutal age.

Mr. Prendergast, in his book on the Cromwellian settlement, has pithily put the policy of government in vogue from Strongbow's time—"The English seem to have thought God made a mistake in giving so fine a country as Ireland to the Irish, and for near seven hundred years they have been trying to remedy it."

Out of their own mouths they are condemned. Hear in what light Edmund Spenser regarded this country, where he acted as secretary to the Lord Deputy—"Surely it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country as any is under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish most abundantly; sprinkled with very many sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods, even fit for building of houses and ships, so commodiously as that, if some princes in the world had them, they would soon hope to be lords of all the seas, and ere long of all the world; also full of very good ports and havens opening upon England, as inviting us to come unto them to see what excellent commodities that country can afford." Spenser himself got a share of the plundered land of Munster, the province which he calls "the sweetest in all Ireland."

Now that England has changed the object and methods of her government, and considers the good of the people, we may reasonably expect the intelligent sympathy of English people.

We have studied and can understand English history. We can share in the respect felt for the Saxon lawgiver, Alfred—for the brave barons who won for us the liberties conferred by *Magna Charta*. We can trace with interest the growth of the British Constitution—the struggle against tyranny which went on under the Stuarts, and ended here in Ireland in 1690. Are we unreasonable in asking Englishmen to know something of *our* history? Indeed they are losers by being ignorant in this respect. The Englishman who attempts to give his opinion on the Irish question at present, if addressing an Irish audience, would find that he could claim the confidence of his hearers by familiar reference to Irish places and events of the past. Even though history's page shows England in the wrong, a frank acknowledgment of the wrong done in the past would make the way smooth for kindlier relations now and in the future.

But, above all, it is important to understand the country as it is now. People may be in error about it in two widely different ways—some assuming that Irishmen are so different in every

respect from themselves, that English law and English liberty should not be granted to them; others, again, forget the wide differences that exist, and would make no allowance for race, religion, and popular feeling. Between these two rocks it is difficult to steer. Many a goodly vessel that came to relieve us has been wrecked on one or the other.

Whilst regretting that a better knowledge of our condition does not assure success to good intentions, we must not let party spirit or national zeal blind us to the fact that efforts of this kind are well meant, and evidences of conscientious regard for duty. There has been a very kindly spirit shown to this country, on the whole, of late years. England has taken a long time to awaken to this sense of duty; but now that she is indeed awake, she acts vigorously, and gives her whole attention to what she is about. We may not approve of all the experiments that have been tried upon us, but, on the whole,

“We shall exult if they who rule the land  
Be men who hold its many blessings dear—  
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band  
Who are to judge of danger that they fear,  
And honour which they do not understand.”

Whatever neglect she may have suffered in the

past, Ireland has within late years claimed perhaps more than a just share of public sympathy and attention. Her wrongs have been insisted upon, her rights have been demanded and debated about unceasingly. Whatever else she has to complain of, she can no longer say that she has been treated with indifference. She owes her gratitude to all who have honestly and earnestly applied themselves to the study of her case—to all who have proposed any measures for her relief, believing in the possibility of success—to every one who has devoted to her service any portion of his life, be he Unionist, Separatist, or Republican.

Doctors in consultation on a serious case may differ as to the advisability of an operation; they are not of course all right in their opinions. One course is adopted: the operation is performed, and the patient recovers: but instead of treating those who advised a different course as intending murderers, he should give them all credit for their good intentions and anxiety.

In the following chapters it is not proposed to bring forward any arguments on any side of the perplexing Irish question, but to describe, as vividly as possible, Irish society of the present day, and, by light borrowed from the past, to account for much otherwise unaccountable.



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The presence of so many English tourists and visitors in our country is extremely encouraging. We feel that they are interested and sympathetic, that they wish to understand us honestly, and take their share of government as a responsibility. Ignorance has, in the past, turned well-meant kindness into cruelty. The danger of this happening is now much less, though not yet extinct.

The greater number of those who, at elections, take some share in deciding Ireland's fate, have not time or means to spend in travelling even to such a short distance. The turbulent waves of the Irish Sea have also much to answer for in keeping from our shores English tourists. Any books, therefore, which give information about this unknown land supply a want; but of the books on Ireland which one meets with now-a-days, the majority deal with purely political subjects. This is, of course, as might be expected at a time of intense national excitement and unrest. But Ireland must not be looked upon merely as a battle-ground for political parties. It is true that even among the humblest classes all Irishmen are politicians—and violent politicians—expressing their opinions in no mild terms; for they are in earnest about politics, as they are about everything else. Earnestness, even to exaggeration, is

a main element in the national character, but it is not in the region of politics alone that it is exhibited.

The following account of Ireland may perhaps lead to a better understanding of our present social condition. We shall keep out of political meetings, and look into the farm kitchens and labourers' cottages, the schoolrooms, the market-places, and the streets, listening to the ordinary talk of the people, and, above all, trying to realise vividly the scenery that surrounds them. We shall look at the manners and customs of their ancestors, and visit places celebrated for beauty or historical interest. We shall also visit places not usually frequented by tourists. That more is not known about the beauties of Ireland seems strange. It may be safely said that English people know less about Ireland than they know about any European country, and yet few countries present more varied attractions to the intelligent traveller. There are hundreds of places off the beaten track—quite unknown to the ordinary tourist—where may be seen cairns, cromlechs, giants' graves, round towers, forts, Norman castles, Christian churches dating from the sixth century, Celtic crosses, holy wells, and other interesting remains, with stories and legends about them which add

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a charm and interest to the beautiful scenery around.

The antiquary, botanist, geologist, the lover of natural history in every form, the artist, the angler, the invalid in search of air and scene—all can find some congenial soil in Ireland. The tourist may go from the Cove of Cork to the Giant's Causeway without molestation. No feeling of fear need deter even the most nervous from visiting scenery as beautiful as any in Europe. There are comfortable hotels in all the large towns and in many country places. The tourist would at any rate have no difficulty in arranging to make his head-quarters in a town where he would find every accommodation, and from which he could make excursions into all the places round.

In some of the more remote parts of Donegal most excellent hotel accommodation may be obtained, at about one-half the charges of similar establishments in North Britain. The hotels at Carrick, Gweedore, and Letterkenny, so favourably mentioned by the late Mrs. Craik in "*An Unknown Country*,"\* provide every comfort that the most fastidious taste could desire. New lines of railway have been opened, and further exten-

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\* *English Illustrated Magazine*, 1887.

sions are contemplated, which will remove the principal obstacles to travellers who may wish to visit those places hitherto so difficult of access.

It only requires the pen of another Walter Scott to make Ireland one of the most favoured tourist resorts of Europe. Scenery, traditions—all are here; the magic pen of a great writer alone is wanting.





# GLIMPSES OF ERINN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### ANCIENT CIVILISATION OF ERINN.

**N**O other country in Europe possesses so many ancient manuscripts referring to the manners, customs, and social polity of its inhabitants in remote times as Ireland; yet she is without a history of herself deserving of the name. If the existing manuscripts were fully utilised, there would be sufficient available material from which to form a history that would not alone cast off the veil that has hidden the past of the Gaedhlic race, but would throw a flood of additional light on the ancient Celtic civilisation of Western Europe. The insular position of Erin preserved her manners, customs, and language intact from

the Roman laws and polity which so materially affected the rest of Europe. There was a noble band of Irishmen in recent years who did an important work for their country—John O'Donovan, Eugene O'Curry, and Dr. Petrie. They are gone; but others still living are continuing their labours. They resuscitated from old manuscripts, almost illegible from the lapse of centuries, a vast amount of knowledge concerning Erin in remote times. Amongst the more important of these are the translation of the *Annals of Ireland* by O'Donovan, *Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History*, and *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, by O'Curry; and the important work on the *Round Towers* by Dr. Petrie.

The knowledge gained by the translation of these ancient manuscripts was so important, that the Government some years ago undertook the great work of the translation of the Brehon Laws, which is now drawing near completion. There is no branch of the great Aryan race that possesses greater interest to the philologist, the ethnologist, or the historian, than the Celtic. It is only in comparatively recent years, and in the memory of men still living, that the study of Celtic literature and antiquities assumed the important position it now occupies.

The Celt has a love for music, poetry, and art, inherent in his nature, that has descended to him as an inheritance from a long line of ancestors. O'Curry says:—"In no country in Europe—at least I believe so—is the antiquity and influence of the harp thrown so far back into the dark regions of history as in Erin. Our traditions are more distinct than those of the Greeks; for they give time and place, name and occasion. Ours is not the shadowy myth of Orpheus going to the realms of Pluto, and by his lyre softening the obdurate heart of the grim monarch of the infernal abodes. It possesses something much more of real life, and belongs more to definite history." It is indeed a remote tradition; but it is identified with a people, and with persons whose history, though obscure and exaggerated, is still "embodied in our oldest chronicles, and has never departed from the memory of our living romances and popular traditions. And from the very remotest period to which our oldest traditions with any degree of circumstantiality refer, we find music, musical instruments, musical performers, and the power and influence of music spoken of."

The antiquity of the harp in Erin is well authenticated; the most ancient reference to it is in connection with the battle of North Moytura, in

the present Co. Sligo, fought between the Tuatha De Danaans and the sea rovers called Fomorians, 1800 B.C. The latter were defeated; but they succeeded in their retreat, carrying off Uaithne, the harper of the Daghdha, chief Druid of the Danaans. Three warriors followed to attempt his rescue, one of whom was the Daghdha. It is said that at night



IRISH HARPER.

the harper, having learned by some means that his friends were near, played three feats which give distinction to a harper—one from its merriment caused laughter, another from its melting plain-tiveness caused crying, and the third from its deep murmuring caused sleep. Taking advantage of the latter, the harper escaped, escorted from the enemy's camp by his three friends.



The study of History and Poetry amongst the Gaedhils was cultivated by professors, who had to undergo a regular course of study extending over a period of twelve years. At the termination of this course, and if they had successfully passed the six previous degrees, they were, after a final examination (at which they had to relate or recite a certain number of historic tales and impromptu poems), admitted to the highest or seventh degree of *Ollamh* or *Filea*, who were the recognised historians and poets of the country. The course of study for each year of the course is given, and the privileges and duties of master and pupil were strictly defined by the ancient laws of Erin. A few of the duties are worthy of being referred to, illustrating, as they do, the high estimate in which learning was held. "The union which is recognised between the pupil and the tutor—or instructing father, as he was called—was this: the tutor bestowed instruction without reservation, and correction without violence, upon the pupil; and he supplied him with food and clothing as long as he continued to pursue his legitimate studies, if he did not receive them from anybody else. The pupil so supported during his pupilage by the tutor was, on his side, legally bound to assist or relieve the tutor in case of his being reduced in circumstances, and

to take care of him in his old age; and whatever profession the pupil might adopt, the tutor was entitled, at the hands of strangers, to a certain fine, or *logh Enech*, appointed to him by law for any insult or bodily injury which should happen to be offered to the pupil in that profession."

The tutor was also entitled to all the profits arising from any literary or other work of the pupil, so long as he continued under his instructions, and also to the first fees or fruits of his profession after quitting school.

O'Curry says, in reference to these laws—"Such relations as these between tutor and pupil, as laid down strictly in our ancient laws, surely bespeak, like many others of our social institutions, a people deeply impressed with the value of education; and such laws afford curious proof of the equitable, if not grateful, remembrance in which the pupil was bound to hold the important care, solicitude, and benefits which the master had bestowed upon him in his youth. And it is well to remember that such was the ancient Irish law, as well as practical custom, upon the important subject of education, when we find our ancient laws so often ridiculed as 'barbarous' by those whose ancestors took such pains to suppress every vestige of education among us, and who so lamentably succeeded in bringing

down the civilisation of the Gaedhil." Many noble instances of the fulfilment of this duty—of the pupil taking care of the tutor in his old age—are recorded. In the case of kings and great chiefs the pupil was not supported by the master. On the contrary, the master was supported at the court of the Prince, where he generally occupied the highest rank. And on the termination of the education of a king, and his accession to power, it often happened that he availed himself directly of his former master's wisdom by making him at once his chief counsellor; and this he did entirely without regard to the family or original rank of the man of learning, or even his connection with the king's own name or clann. In addition to passing the seven degrees already referred to, the character of the Ollamh or Filea must be stainless, and heavy penalties were inflicted on those who infringed the moral code. Any Ollamh, or person holding any other degree, who did not preserve a pure and unblemished character, lost half his income and dignity, according to law, and was subject to heavy penalties besides. Therefore, says one of them, in speaking of his class, "it is not to be supposed that there is in the world a person who would not prefer to tell the truth if he had no other reason than the fear of God, and the loss of his dignity and

income ; and it is not becoming to charge partiality upon these selected historians of the nation. However, if unworthy people wrote falsehood, and charged it to a historian, if they were not guarded, and did not look for it to see whether it was in their prime books of authority that those writers obtained their knowledge. And that is what is proper to be done by every one, both the lay scholar and the professional historian : everything of which they have a suspicion, to look for it, and if they do not find it confirmed in good books, to note down its doubtfulness along with it, as I myself do to certain races hereafter in this book ; and it is thus that the historians are freed from the errors of other parties, should these be cast upon them, which God forbid." It was thus the ancient histories and genealogies were safeguarded by the laws, to keep them free from wilful errors and misstatements.

In the *Manuscript Materials of Irish History*, page 201, O'Curry says, referring to the translation of the Brehon laws :—"I may be permitted to observe that, copious though the records in which the actions and every-day life of our remote ancestors have come down to us through the various documents of which I have been speaking, still without these laws our history would be

necessarily barren, deficient, and uncertain in one of its most interesting and important essentials. For what can be more essential for the historian's purpose than to have the means of seeing clearly what the laws and customs were precisely which governed and regulated the general and relative action of the monarch and the provincial kings; of the provincial kings and the hereditary princes and chiefs; of these in turn, and of what may be called the hereditary proprietors—the *Flaiths*, or landlords; and below these again, of their farmers and tenants, of all grades and conditions, native and stranger; and what is even more interesting, if possible—the conditions on which these various parties held their lands, and the local customs which regulated their agrarian and social policy, as well as in general the sumptuary and economical laws, and the several customs which distinguished all these classes one from another, compliance with which was absolutely necessary to maintain them in their proper ranks and respective privileges? There are thousands of allusions to the men and women of those days, as well as to various circumstances, manners, customs, and habits, to be met with in our historic writings, otherwise inexplicable, which find a clear and natural solution in these venerable institutes. And there are besides, too, a

vast number of facts—personal and historical—recorded in the course of the laws (often stated by the commentator or scribe as examples or precedents of the application of the particular law under discussion), which must be carefully gleaned from them, before that history, which is yet to be framed out of the materials I have described to you, can ever be satisfactorily completed. These laws were administered in courts under the canopy of heaven in the face of the sun, and it was supposed that no magical or other evil influence could there interfere with or hinder justice being fairly administered. The laws which had been in force for hundreds of years when the country was pagan, were remodelled at Tara in the time of Saint Patrick to suit the spirit of the new religion. It is worthy of note how this was carried out by the representatives of every order.

A committee was appointed, consisting of three kings, three bishops, and three Ollamhs: they read over the laws, and suggested the changes that should be introduced. A great convention of the chiefs and people was summoned to meet at Tara; the proposed changes were read out in the hearing of the great assembly of the Estates of Erin—the people, chiefs, bishops, and kings. It was not until then that they became binding; and the laws as

thus amended remained in force for nearly 1,200 years afterwards, until they were replaced by the laws of England. They provided adequate punishment for almost every conceivable crime, as well as laying down rules for the fulfilment of civil contracts, and the duties and obligations of the various orders and of every individual member of society. These laws, which governed for such a lengthened period a cultured and artistic race, are now being translated at the expense of the British Government, and when completed will, with the historic manuscripts already translated, afford ample material for a comprehensive history of Ireland; and it is to be hoped some Irishman will arise with fitting genius to write such a work.

The following poetical description of the purging of the pagan laws at the commencement of the Christian period is given by Keating:—

“The learned authors of these choice records,  
Which for their truth are called the great antiquity,  
Were nine, selected by the Convocation,  
For wisdom and integrity renowned;  
Three kings, three prelates, and three antiquaries:  
The prelates were, the most devout St. Patrick,  
The pious Binen, and the wise Cairneach;  
The kings were Laogaire, the Irish monarch,  
A prince in heraldry exactly skilled;  
Joined with him was the judicious Daire,  
The warlike king of Ulster; the third

A prince for letters and for martial acts  
Was famous, his name was Corc, the potent king  
Of Munster : three antiquaries next surveyed  
These old records, and purged them by their skill ;  
The faithful Dubhthach, and the sage Fergus,  
And Rosa, nicely versed in foreign tongues.  
These perused the annals of their ancestors,  
Erased the errors, the effects of fraud  
Or ignorance ; and by the test of truth  
Examined, they established the records  
And every pedigree of noble blood ;  
And thus corrected, they descend to us,  
Unworthy issue of our brave progenitors."

One of the most strict and sacred duties of the ancient historian was to trace back and record the genealogies of the ruling families. The *Ard Righ*, or high king, kept a historian, whose duty it was to record in a book (called the Psalter of Tara—after the change of the royal residence it was called the Psalter of Cashel) the genealogies of all the chiefs and provincial kings. In addition, he had to compare the register thus kept with the books kept in the provinces by the chiefs and kings, and to see that no discrepancy existed between them. No other nation in Europe preserved their genealogies with more accuracy and jealous care ; and the reason was that the chiefs, provincial king, and high king were all elected to their various positions. The eldest son



of a chief did not necessarily succeed his father: if he were an infant, or otherwise incapable of leading his tribe to battle, and the times required an experienced leader, some other suitable near relative was elected by the vote of the freemen of the clan. In like manner, the provincial kings were elected by the vote of the landowners and chiefs. It was usual that the persons elected to these high offices were nominated during the lifetime of their predecessor. The *Ard Righ*, or supreme monarch, was likewise elected. He was in the strictest sense a limited monarch: all his rights, privileges, and duties were carefully laid down in the laws. The merits of candidates were discussed for a period of three days, and after being elected, the *Ard Righ* was proclaimed, and inaugurated at a public assembly.

The ceremony of the inauguration of the O'Donnell chief and prince of Tyrconnell on the Rock of Doon was as follows:—When the investiture took place, he was attended by O'Ferghail,

successor to Columbcille, and O'Gellachins, his marshal, and surrounded by all the Estates of the country. The Abbot O'Ferghail put a white,



ANCIENT  
INSTALLATION STONE.

straight, unknotted pine rod into his hand, and said, "Receive, sire, the auspicious ensign of your dignity, and remember to imitate in your government the whiteness, straightness, and unknottiness of this rod, to the end that no evil tongue may find cause to asperse the candour of your actions with blackness, nor any kind of corruption or tie of friendship be able to pervert your justice; therefore, in a lucky hour take the government of this people, to exercise the power given you with freedom and security."

The kings of Erinn were elected for life; but should they in battle or by accident sustain any bodily blemish by being maimed or disfigured, they were compelled by law to abdicate and retire from the throne. Several instances of this are recorded in Irish history. The celebrated Cormac Mac Art, who was supreme monarch at Tara in the latter part of the third century, having lost one of his eyes by the thrust of a spear, retired into private life, and spent the remainder of his days in literary pursuits.

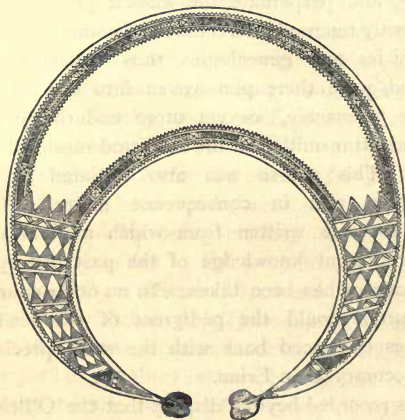
It was Cormac Mac Art who, to ensure the accuracy of the genealogical records and of history in general, ordained that a triennial assembly of its subordinate rulers and chiefs, in the nature of a parliament, should be held at Tara, where, amongst

other matters considered of the highest national interest, a committee was specially appointed, and from time to time renewed, whose sole business it was to refresh the existing traditions of early colonisations, collect the narratives of passing events, and perpetuate the knowledge of all by frequently renewed intercourse and communication. Chronicles and genealogies, thus collected and verified, were thereupon woven into the legends of the "Senachie," or yet more enduringly and properly transmitted in the song and music of the bard. This course was also initiated in the provinces, and in consequence many of the histories were written from which a great deal of our present knowledge of the past history of the country has been taken. In no other country in Europe could the pedigrees of the leading families be traced back with the same precision and accuracy as in Erin.

It is recorded beyond dispute that the O'Briens, in Co. Clare, hold lands in the present day which have descended to them in an unbroken line of ancestry which can be traced for 1,600 years.

The many references to ornaments of gold, silver, and bronze in the annals go to show that the Irish in ancient times were skilled workers in these metals. The collection of the Royal Irish

Academy alone is sufficient to prove this, though only commenced one hundred years ago, and the funds for purchasing such objects being limited ; yet the collection contains more fine specimens of the goldsmith's art of genuine Celtic workman-

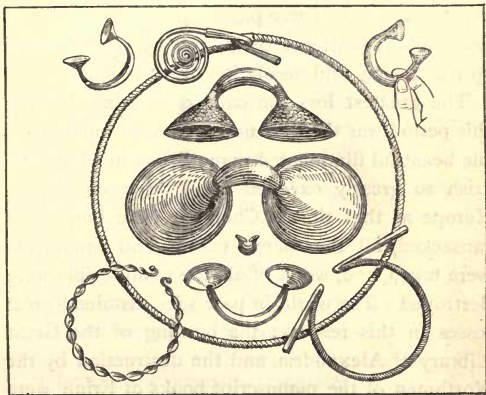


THE MINN.

ship than any other in Europe. The beauty of shape, the rare and unique designs so artistic and peculiar, the variety of these ornaments of the person, so frequently referred to in the old books in connection with dress, and so picturesque both in colouring and shape—all point to the

same conclusion, that they were designed, manufactured, and worn by a highly cultivated and artistic race.

Other proof, if needed, could be adduced from illuminated manuscripts and missals, some of



TORCS AND FIBULÆ.

which have internal evidence that they date back as far as the fifth century. The shrines, or boxes, in which some ancient manuscripts have been kept, are equally works of art of a high order. Ireland, from the end of the fifth century till the invasion of the Northmen in the ninth century, was the

principal seat of learning and culture in Western Europe. The sons of British chiefs and kings came in great numbers to Erin during this period to study in her schools. The Cambridges and Oxfords of the British Isles in those days were Lismore, Clonard, Bangor, Clonmacnoise; and these continued till the fierce pagans from Denmark and Scandinavia scattered them, and by their ravages spread dismay and desolation over the land.

The greatest loss the country sustained during this period was the destruction of vast numbers of the beautiful illuminated manuscripts in which the Irish so greatly excelled every other country in Europe at that time. Churches were burnt and ransacked, all the sacred vessels and ornaments were taken, and, worst of all, the manuscripts were destroyed. The world in past ages sustained great losses in this respect: the burning of the Great Library of Alexandria, and the destruction by the Northmen of the manuscript books of Erin, were both irreparable injuries to literature and art.

An extremely interesting poem, referring to the state of Erin in the seventh century, translated by the late John O'Donovan from an ancient manuscript, fully corroborates what has been already stated concerning the remote civilisation of Erin.

It was written in the year 685 A.D. by Aldfred, king of the Northumbrian Saxons, during his exile in Erin.

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KING ALDFRED'S POEM.

I found in the fair Innisfail,  
In Ireland, when in exile,  
Many women—no silly crowd—  
Many laics, many clerics.

I found in each Province  
Of the five provinces of Ireland,  
Both in Church and State,  
Much of food, much of raiment.

I found gold and silver,  
I found honey and wheat,  
I found affection with the people of God,  
I found banquets and cities.

I found in Armagh the splendid,  
Meekness, wisdom, circumspection,  
Fasting in obedience to the Son of God,  
Noble, prosperous sages.

I found in each great church,  
Whether internal, on shore or island,  
Learning, wisdom, devotion to God,  
Holy welcome and protection.

I found the lay monks  
 Of alms the active advocates,  
 And in proper order with them  
 The Scriptures without corruption.

I found in Munster, without prohibition,  
 Kings, queens, and royal bards,  
 In every species of poetry well skilled,  
 Happiness, comfort, pleasure.

I found in Conact, famed for justice,  
 Affluence, milk in full abundance,  
 Hospitality, lasting vigour, fame  
 In this territory of Croghan\* of Heroes.

I found in the country of Conall (Tyrconnell),  
 Brave, victorious heroes,  
 Fierce men of fair complexion,  
 The High Stars of Ireland.

I found in the province of Ulster  
 Long blooming beauty, hereditary vigour,  
 Young scions of energy,  
 Though fair, fit for war and brave.

I found in the territory of Boyle

[*Manuscript effaced*]

Brehons, Erenachs, palaces,  
 Good military weapons, active horsemen.

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\* The Royal Palace of the Kings of Connaught.



I found in the fair surfaced Leinster,  
From Ath Cliath\* to Slewmary,†  
Long living men, health, prosperity,  
Bravery, hardihood, and traffic.

I found from Ara to Gle,  
In the rich country of Ossory,  
Sweet fruit, strict jurisdiction,  
Men of truth, chess-playing.

I found in the great fortress of Meath,‡  
Valour, hospitality, and truth,  
Bravery, purity, and mirth,  
The protection of all Ireland.

I found the aged of strict morals,  
The historians recording truth;  
Each good, each benefit that I have sung,  
In Ireland I have seen.

This poem is of extreme interest, as it shows the country 1,200 years ago was Christian and well governed; that historians existed who recorded truth; that the people were brave and warlike, and had all the necessaries of life in abundance.

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\* Dublin. † Mountain in Queen's Co. ‡ Tara.



## CHAPTER II.

### THE COLONISATION OF ERINN.



OGAM STONE.

THE probable starting-point of authentic Irish history is stated by Tighernach, of Clonmacnoise—a writer of the 11th century—to date from about the period of the founding of Emaina,\* which was 300 B.C. O'Curry, referring to this opinion, says—"I may be permitted to observe, that what Sir James Mackintosh and other great writers speak of so lightly as the legendary history of Ireland, is capable of authentic elucidation to an extent so far beyond what they believed or supposed it to be, as would both please and satisfy that distinguished writer and philosopher

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\* Now Navan Fort, near Armagh, formerly the seat of the Ultonian kings.

himself, as well as all other candid investigators." The exact period when written records were first kept in Erin cannot now be determined with precision; certain it is that all tradition points to a high degree of civilisation and knowledge of the useful arts in the remote pagan times. The weight of evidence favours the opinion that comprehensive written records of past events and genealogies were kept long before the time of St. Patrick. It was the opinion of Ware, who wrote in the 17th century, that the Irish used letters previous to the time of St. Patrick. This was also the opinion of Spenser, who wrote in the 16th century. He says—"When you say the Irish have always been without letters you are therein much deceived, for it is certain that Ireland hath had the use of letters very anciently, and long before England." The late eminent scholar, Dr. Todd, says—"We cannot give much weight to the argument that St. Patrick was the first to bring alphabetic characters into the country, and that the Irish before his time had no knowledge of any sort of writing, because he is said to have written alphabets for his converts. If this had been so, it is scarcely possible to doubt that the Irish would have boasted of having learned letters from St. Patrick. The vanity of having known

the alphabet before his time, would scarcely have been allowed to deprive him of the glory of having made known to Ireland the foundation of all learning, along with the still greater blessings of the Christian faith. But there does not occur a single hint in Irish tradition to show that the knowledge of the alphabet was believed to have been communicated by St. Patrick."

It has been suggested by some writers that, as the Irish had a peculiar alphabet of their own, the *abgitorium* or alphabet made known to them by St. Patrick was the Roman alphabet. But this is founded on a mistake. The alphabet now called the Irish alphabet, and supposed to be peculiar to the Irish language, is nothing more than the Roman alphabet, which was used all over Europe in the fifth and some following centuries. The probability, therefore, is that the Roman alphabet, if not taught by St. Patrick, certainly became known in Ireland about this time; but it does not follow that the Irish were ignorant of written characters before that period. The older alphabet, perhaps, was known only to the bards or Druids, and communicated to the initiated alone. But it is certain that the Gauls, or at least the Druids of Gaul, even in Cæsar's time, had written characters; and ancient Gaulish inscriptions, long anterior to

the fifth century, are extant. There is nothing unreasonable, therefore, in supposing that the Irish Druids, who from very early times had a close connection with their brethren of Gaul, may also have practised the art of writing.

Writing became known with the Roman alphabet to the Christian converts of St. Patrick, and the alphabet which had been before that time peculiar to the Druids became extinct.

We have no knowledge of that old Irish alphabet which preceded the Roman, the only other form of writing known to us as having been in use in Erin from the most remote times being Ogam.

It is on record that Ogma, the son of Elathan, a king of the Tuatha de Danaans, invented the form of writing now known as Ogam in the year of the world 2764. The examples of this archaic writing known to us consist principally of sepulchral inscriptions on stones raised to mark the spots where notable persons were buried. A few of these inscriptions have been found on ancient ecclesiastical buildings, and also in *souterrains* (crypts or underground chambers) attached to forts.

Ogam was a convenient mode of communication at a period when paper was unknown, and prepared skins or vellum rare and expensive. A strip of

bark or the smooth surface of a squared rod was used instead of paper, and the only pen required was a dagger or other sharp-pointed weapon. With such convenient implements a message in writing could be readily despatched. It is on record that Cuchulainn, a great Ulster hero who lived at the period of the Christian era, wrote thus on rods or wands with the point of his weapon.

Accounts were kept during the middle ages by means of notches on squared rods, and the Exchequer tally was a survival of a similar custom. The *quipos*, made of knotted cords, with which the ancient Peruvians kept accurate statements of their accounts, was another primitive method for a similar purpose.

The Ogam alphabet consists of thirteen single and two double consonants and five vowels, to which have been added (says the late Mr. Brash in his work on Ogam inscriptions) five characters, quite foreign to the original ones, denoting diphthongs. The highest living authority on Ogam inscriptions is the Right Rev. Dr. Graves, Bishop of Limerick, who discovered a key which agrees with that given in the Book of Ballymote. The idea of Ogam is supposed to have been derived from a tree with its branches. The trunk of the tree represents a stem line, the branches the

alphabet. Each letter in Ogam is named after a tree or shrub, and is formed by lines from two to four inches in length, written on one continuous stem line, either slanting or perpendicular to it. On examining an Ogam inscription carved on stone (an example of which is given at the commencement of this chapter), the angular edge of the stone is the stem line, and the writing is placed on either side on the flat surface at various angles to the stem. Ogam seems to have been used for sepulchral inscriptions after the present Roman alphabet was introduced. Like the Rosetta Stone, which gave the key to the ancient hieroglyphics of Egypt, bilingual inscriptions, written in Ogam and in the present Irish alphabet, have been found, which furnish additional proof that the true key to Ogam has also been discovered.

We have now given a brief sketch of the ancient alphabet and writing of the Irish, and have also referred to the number of manuscripts that still exist and form material for a History of Ireland. We shall next proceed to give a sketch of the colonisation of the country, as furnished by ancient traditions and historical tracts. A short sketch of the tribes that first settled in the country will enable the reader to more fully understand the people of Ireland of

to-day, who seem to be such an enigma to those who are unacquainted with their history, traditions, and modes of thought.

It is recorded that three colonies reached our shores before the Firbolgs; none of these, however, succeeded in establishing themselves permanently. The Belgæ or Firbolgs on their arrival settled on the banks of the river Barrow, on the south-east coast. They afterwards proceeded northwards to Tara, which they made the seat of their sovereignty. It was the centre of the most fertile district in Erin, and was consequently first settled. They lived in this territory for a period of 36 years in undisturbed possession, until another colony in quest of a home arrived to dispossess them. The Tuatha de Danaans landed somewhere on the north-east coast, and, like the Spaniards at the conquest of Mexico, they destroyed their ships and vessels. They then proceeded inland as far as the present County Leitrim, where they remained and erected temporary forts. They gradually showed themselves to the Firbolgs, to whom they pretended that they arrived without ships by means of their skill in magic. Their arrival was a great surprise to the Firbolgs, who despatched Sreng, one of their fiercest and most trusty warriors, to reconnoitre and report. The



Danaans, observing his approach, sent an equally brave warrior to meet him, called Breas.

It is said they first looked at each other from behind their high shields, and then, finding they could make themselves understood, they compared and examined each other's weapons, ultimately exchanging them, so that their people could each see the weapons of their opponents. Breas, before parting, proposed, on behalf of the Danaans, that they should divide the country into two parts, it being sufficiently large for both.

Sreng, on his return to Tara, informed the king of what had occurred, and showed the weapons he



ANCIENT WARRIOR.

had received from the warrior who had met him. The king took counsel with his people, and decided to oppose the invaders, and sent them word to that effect. It was arranged that they should have a fair fight for the possession of the country at the expiration of twelve months, which time was occupied in preparation on both sides. The Danaans vacated the position they had occupied



BRONZE SWORDS.

as being too close to their opponents, and removed to Moytura, a district in County Mayo, near the present village of Cong.

Here the two armies met each other, more than 3,000 years ago, in one of the fiercest and most prolonged fights that has ever taken place for the possession of this green isle. It began on midsummer day, in a succession of desperate encounters and personal combats, and continued with varying fortune for four days.

It has been estimated that 100,000 men were engaged on both sides. The ancient story that has come down to us gives a detailed account of the battle. It appears that the Firbolgs had a considerable numerical superiority over their opponents, and if they had but used strategy, they could have swept them off the field.

The first two days' battles were a succession of combats between an equal number of champions chosen

from both sides, while the armies looked on as spectators. The Tuatha de Danaans had the best weapons, and seem to have been more skilled in using them. On the fourth day the tide of battle turned against the Firbolgs, and their king, Eochaidh Mac Erc, was pursued and slain. The following incident is related:—On the second day of the battle, the Firbolgs' king went, unattended, to a certain well to perform his ablutions, and, while there, observed that three of the enemy had surrounded him to take his life. He was saved, however, by one of his own band, who slew the three, but died from his wounds immediately afterwards on an adjoining hillock. The Firbolgs, coming up to look after their king, interred the hero who had so bravely defended him, and each taking a stone in his hand, erected over him a monumental cairn.

The name of the well is not stated in the account of the battle, but the little hill on which the conflict took place is called Tulach-an-Triur, "the hill of the three," and the monumental cairn erected thereon, "the cairn of the one man." Sir William Wyld, who relates this story in his book on *Lough Corrib and Lough Mask*, says—"Such is the simple narrative of the transaction sent down to us through bards and wandering poets and chieftains'

laureates, who perhaps recited it at feasts and in public assemblies—as the Tales of Troy were sung, possibly before Homer was born—until the days of letters, when the tradition was transmitted to writing, and the annalist sped it on to the present time.” Wyld spent his early days at Moytura, and every inch of the ground was well known to him. He went over it with the ancient annalists’ account in his hands, and found the well, the only one in the district, in a chasm in the limestone rock. Immediately adjoining it stands the hillock referred to in the manuscript, and now crowned with a circle of standing stones 176 feet in circumference, in the centre of which are the remains of the cairn above-mentioned. Wyld removed the stones, and underneath he found a cist, in which a cinerary urn was deposited. The urn contained calcined human bones, the remains of one person. Wyld says—“No doubt the bones of the hero who fell more than 3,000 years before whilst defending the life of his king.” He further says—“Perhaps a more convincing proof of the authenticity of Irish or any other ancient history has never been afforded.”

The vanquished Firbolgs secured honourable terms from the conquerors. It was stipulated that they should leave Tara (which would be occupied by

the Tuatha de Danaans) and reside in the present Province of Connaught, where their descendants live to the present day.

The Firbolgs are depicted as rather low-sized, having dark-brown hair and long-shaped heads (*dolichocephalic*), strong and athletic, famous as champions and wrestlers. The Tuatha de Danaans were tall, with blonde complexions, globular-shaped heads (*brachycephalic*), and blue or grey eyes. Golden or red hair has always been esteemed the most noble colour in Erin. Their kings and warriors are usually described as of that colour.

The Firbolgs no doubt felt grieved to quit their old homes, and, on leaving, must have cast many a longing look behind at the green hills of Tara, and the fertile plains of Bregia (Meath), which feeling must have increased as they approached the bogs and swamps towards the centre of the island, and the rocky and comparatively sterile soil of the West (not yet named Connaught). History repeated itself here 3,000 years afterwards, during the Cromwellian period, when another forced migration to the same province took place. Happy homes were broken up; old and young, who had never known what hardships were before, had to travel on foot in the depth of winter to seek a home and oftener a grave in an unknown land.

So that in history, as in most things, there is nothing new under the sun.

The most important monuments left to us of the Firbolg race are the great cyclopean stone cashels or forts, built on the Arran Islands, Bay of Galway. These forts were built after the defeat at Moytura, and were intended as an impregnable defence against other invaders that might seek to attack them. They are now classed amongst the most ancient cyclopean stone structures in Europe. The next most important class of relics of the Firbolgs are the structures known as cairns, a type of sepulchral monuments peculiarly their own. At the present day a native of the Province of Connaught will not pass by a cairn without throwing a few stones on it; the popular belief being that the person who failed to do so would have pains in his bones till his dying day.

One of the most enjoyable days ever spent by the writer was in the neighbourhood of Cong, while examining the memorials of the great battle which still exist in that place—the cairns, cromlechs, stone circles, and other monuments erected to the memory of those who fell there. These form strong additional proofs that a great struggle took place here.

The entire country about Cong is covered with relics of past ages, which are situated in the midst of the most wild and romantic scenery. From the top of a hill in the demesne of Ashford there is a magnificent prospect. Stretching away as far as the eye can see is Lough Corrib, studded with islands. On the other side is Lough Mask, with its broad expanse of waters, on the opposite shore of which are the mountains of Connemara. At the foot of the hill on which we stand is the pretty village of Cong, with the ruins of its ancient abbey, associated with the memory of Roderick O'Connor. The noble mansion of Lord Ardilaun lies near to us on the shore of Lough Corrib, at the point where the subterranean river from Lough Mask flows into it, and completes a picture that is not surpassed in Ireland for beauty of scenery and hallowed associations that will live for ever in the hearts of Irishmen.

The Tuatha de Danaans remained supreme rulers of Erin for 197 years, until the arrival of the Milesians or Scots, which was the last great Celtic colony that came to Erin.

Many interesting legends are related concerning the Milesians, one of which is so totally opposed to our present ideas, and yet so noble and chivalrous, that we will quote it. After the Milesians had

landed, the Tuatha de Danaans complained that they had been taken by surprise, but that if the Milesians would re-embark, and proceed to sea the distance of nine waves from the shore, and should then effect a landing by force, the country would be surrendered to them. What would be thought of such a request now-a-days? Should the French or any other Continental power effect a landing unobserved on our shores, would they be likely to re-embark to give our sailors a chance of a fair fight? Yet that is exactly what these Milesians are said to have done. Various tales of Druidical incantations on both sides are related; the Milesians, however, succeeded in again landing, covered by the darkness of a mist which their Druids had brought on. After a series of battles, commencing in Co. Kerry and extending to Co. Meath, the Milesians were victorious, and the kings of the Danaans were slain.

The Tuatha de Danaans after this time almost disappear from the history of the country. They were skilled in all the arts and sciences of the period, surpassing the Milesians as workers in metals, which caused them to be treated with more deference by the dominant race, with whom they intermarried. They thus became absorbed in the general population of the country. The Firbolgs



in the Province of Connaught were isolated by their position, and preserved their individuality down to the sixth century.

In the first century of our era a great revolution took place in Erin. Many writers attributed this entirely to the Firbolgs, but recent research goes to show that the lower orders of the Milesians, whose families in course of time had lost caste, were equally partakers in it. The Milesian nobility, as owners of the land, seem to have added increased imposts and burdens on the small farmers and tillers of the soil. The latter formed a combination—which was kept most profoundly secret—to destroy at one fell swoop Fiacha, the monarch of Erin, and all his nobility, who were the proprietors or landlords of that day. To carry out their purpose, they prepared a great feast, to which they invited the monarch and all his courtiers and chiefs. This feast was held in the present County of Mayo, at a place afterwards called Magh Cru, or the bloody plain. The monarch, provincial kings, and chiefs, thinking it was intended as a mark of respect, accepted the invitation, never for one moment suspecting what would follow. Whilst partaking of the feast, and deep in their cups, the place was surrounded by the troops of the con-

spirators, who butchered every invited guest, not one escaping.

The queen of the murdered monarch, on hearing of the massacre, at once fled for protection to her father, who was King of Albain (or Scotland), where she gave birth to a son called Tuatha Teachtmair. In the meantime the revolutionist placed one of the principal conspirators—Cairbré Cinn-Cait (or Cat-head)—on the throne. He only reigned five years, and during his time, and also in the reign of his successor, Elim Mac Conrach, feuds and dissensions prevailed, the land did not yield its increase, and pestilence followed. The people were greatly impressed with these symptoms of the displeasure of the gods, and the old loyalist friends of the former dynasty, taking advantage of this, sent a message to Tuathal to return. He accepted the invitation, and landed in Bregia (Meath), where a number of chiefs joined him with all their followers. He then marched on Tara, where a great battle was fought, in which the reigning monarch, Elim, was slain. And thus the ancient dynasty was again established, and remained until the Norman conquest in the twelfth century.



### CHAPTER III.

THREE MONARCHS OF ERINN: CORMAC MAC ART,  
NIALL OF THE NINE HOSTAGES, AND DATHI.

WE do not propose to give a consecutive narrative of Irish history, but glimpses only, and events which will illustrate the social condition, customs, and modes of thought of the Irish in ancient as well as more modern times. The greatest monarch who reigned in Erin, before the introduction of Christianity by St. Patrick, was Cormac, the son of Art, and grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles, commonly known as Cormac Mac Art. He became monarch about 227 A.D., and was ably assisted in keeping the country in order by Fionn Mac Cumhal (pronounced Finn Mac Cool), who was head of the *Feini*, or standing army, equivalent to our militia. Fionn was a great hunter as well as warrior; the account of his exploits has been handed down in tale and story to the present day. He evidently made a deep impression

on the minds of his countrymen, which time has not yet effaced. It would take a considerable sized volume to give an account of all his doings, including the story of his pursuit of Diarmid and Grainné, who was daughter of the monarch. Her marriage with Fionn had been arranged, but, he being advanced in years at the time, the lady hesitated, and afterwards eloped with Diarmid. According to the legend, Fionn pursued them all over Erin for a year, and overtook them at a place called Ballygrainné, County Sligo, where Diarmid, or Dermott, met his death.

To return to Cormac: he had been hardly dealt with by the ruling monarch, Fergus, and in revenge he raised a large army of Ultonians (Ulstermen), and led them against Fergus. A great battle took place, called in the *Annals of the Four Masters* Crinna (or Comar, in County Meath), which was very stiffly contested. Seven times the Ultonians were repulsed, and as often renewed the attack. The desperate valour of a great champion, called Lughaidh Lagha, turned the fortunes of the day. After performing prodigies of valour, he slew the monarch, as well as his two brothers, cut off their heads, and bore them off the field. On the death of Fergus his army fled, and were pursued by the Ultonians with great slaughter. Cormac then

ascended the throne, which he occupied for forty years afterwards at Tara as supreme monarch. Under his sway the country attained a higher degree of prosperity and power than under any previous ruler. In personal valour, high moral character, and sound judgment, he excelled all his predecessors. During his reign, about the middle of the third century, he fitted out an expedition against Britain, which afterwards returned with great booty. Though Britain was held at this time by the Romans, the Hibernian Scots, in this and the two following reigns, made several successful incursions into Britain and Gaul.

The following interesting history of Cormac Mac Art is copied from the *Annals of the Four Masters*:—

“The age of Christ, 265. The thirty-ninth year of Cormac. Ceallach, son of Cormac, and Cormac’s lawgiver, were mortally wounded, and the eye of Cormac himself was destroyed with one thrust [of a lance] by Aenghus Gaibhuaibh-theach, son of Fiacha Suighdhe, son of Feidhlimidh, the lawgiver.

“Cormac afterwards [fought and] gained seven battles over the Deisi, in revenge of that deed, and he expelled them from their territory, so that they are now in Munster.

“The age of Christ, 266. Forty years was Cormac, son of Art, son of Conn, in the sovereignty of Ireland, when he died at Cleiteach, the bone of a salmon sticking in his throat, on account of the Siabhradh (genii), which Maelgenn, the Druid, incited at him, after Cormac had turned against the Druids, on account of his adoration of God in preference to them. Wherefore a devil attacked him, at the instigation of the Druids, and gave him a painful death. It was Cormac who composed *Teaguse-na-Righ* to preserve manners, morals, and government in the kingdom. He was a famous author in laws, synchronisms, and history, for it was he that established law, rule, and direction for each science and for each covenant according to propriety; and it is his laws that governed all that adhered to them to the present time.

“It was this Cormac, son of Art, also, that collected the chroniclers of Ireland to Teamhair (Tara), and ordered them to write the chronicles of Ireland in one book, which was named the *Psalter of Teamhair*. In that book were entered the coeval exploits and synchronisms of the kings of Ireland with the kings and emperors of the world, and of the kings of the provinces with the monarchs of Ireland. In it was also written what the

monarchs of Ireland were entitled to [receive] from the provincial kings, and the rents and dues of the provincial kings from their subjects, from the noble to the subaltern. In it also were [described] the boundaries and meares of Ireland, from shore to shore, from the province to the cantred, from the cantred to the townland, and from the townland to the traighidh of lands."

Such is the short but interesting history of this great Irish monarch, as related in the *Annals of the Four Masters*.

After he lost his eye he abdicated (according to law), and his son Cairbré succeeded him. He spent the remainder of his days in seclusion and the pursuits of literature. He wrote several books, the last of which, one giving an advice to his son Cairbré, has come down to us. The principles advocated in it do honour to Cormac, particularly as he had not the advantage of that fuller light of the Gospel which was afterwards shed with such effulgent glory over the length and breadth of the land.

It seems evident, from the instructions that Cormac gave before his death as to his burial, that he was not a Pagan. He told his people not to bury him at Brugh, or Brugh-na-Boinne, the great pagan cemetery of his ancestors, be-

cause (he said) they worshipped trees, and fountains, and stones, but to bury him at Ros-na-Righ, with his face to the east. The tradition states—“His servants took council, and came to the resolution of burying him at Brugh, the place where the Kings of Tara, his predecessors, were buried. The body of the king was afterwards thrice raised to be carried to Brugh, but the Boyne swelled up thrice, so as that they could not come; so that they observed that it was violating the judgment of a prince to break through the testament of the king, and they afterwards dug his grave at Ros-na-Righ, as he himself had ordered.”

The following is a short description of Tara in Cormac's time, taken from the *Book of Léinster*:—

“The rath was 900 feet in Cormac's time. His own house was 700 feet in length, and seven bronze candelabra stood in the middle of it. There were nine mounds around the house, three times fifty compartments in it, and three times fifty men in each compartment. Three thousand persons each day is what Cormac used to maintain in pay, besides poets, and satirists, and all the strangers who sought the king—Gauls, and Romans, and Franks, and Frisians, and Longbards, and Albanians, and Saxons, and Picts—for all these used to seek him; and it was with gold and with silver,





palaces of kings. But with the generous imprudence which so commonly qualifies this virtue, his expenditure approached too nearly the limits of his fortune. His guests, too, either conceiving his riches to be exhaustless, or, as is not unfrequently the feeling of the spendthrift's guest, not thinking it necessary to spare one who never spared himself, gave him the most prompt assistance on the road to ruin: the Leinster gentry, not content with the free use and abuse of the most profuse hospitality, seldom left his habitation without carrying off whatever they could take. The departure of the guest was not unlike the plunderer's retreat: the horses and herds of the good host were carried off, without even the trouble of asking leave. Buiciodh's vast wealth was soon exhausted by this double outlet, to which no fortune could be equal. Finding himself at last reduced to a state bordering on poverty, he retired privately from the scene of his past prosperity and splendour, with his wife, his foster child Eithne, and the poor remains of a princely fortune. Leaving home by night, he travelled until he came to a forest in Meath, not far from Cormac's palace. Here, in the resolution to pass his remaining days in peaceful retirement from an ungrateful world, he built a small forest cabin for his small family.

“It chanced one day that Cormac rode in the

direction of the spot; and was attracted by the appearance of a cabin standing by itself in the solitude of forests. Approaching, he saw a young maiden of rare and consummate beauty milking the cows: as he stood concealed among the boughs, he observed, with admiration approaching to wonder, the grace of her action, and the neatness and skill with which she discharged her duty. Retiring with the milk, Eithne, for it was she, came forth again, and showed the same care and nice judgment in the execution of the remaining offices of her household occupation. Cormac now came forward, and with the prompt and facile adroitness which belonged to his character, calmed the fears of the startled maid, and entered into conversation on her rural employments. Professing ignorance and curiosity, he questioned her with an air of simple seriousness on the separation of thin milk and rich strippings, and was surprised at her preference of sound rushes to rotten, and clean water to brackish. In answer to his numerous questions, Eithne told him that her cares were given to one to whom she was bound by the ties of gratitude and duty: but when she mentioned the name of her foster father, Cormac at once remembered the princely herdsman of Leinster, and knew that Eithne, daughter of Dunluing, stood before him. The incident led to

the usual termination of romantic story. Cormac married Eithne, and endowed Buiciodh with an ample territory near the palace of Tara, with plenty of cattle, and all other wealth of the age; so that, as Keating, in the true spirit of a storyteller, says, he was happy for the rest of his life."

*Cormac's advice to his son Cairbré, translated by the celebrated Irish scholar, John O'Donovan.*

"O grandson of Con! O Cormac!" said Cairbré, "what is good for a king?"

"That is plain," said Cormac. "It is good for him to have patience without debate; self-government without anger; affability without haughtiness; diligent attention to history; strict observance of covenants and agreements; strictness, mitigated by mercy, in the execution of the laws; peace with his districts; lawful wages of vassalage; justice in decisions; performance of promises; hosting with justice; protection of his frontiers; honouring the *nemed*s (nobles); respect to the *fileas*; adoration of the great God.

"Boundless charity; fruit upon trees; fish in rivers; fertile land; *to invite ships*; to import valuable jewels across the sea; to purchase and bestow raiment; vigorous swordsmen for protecting his territories; war outside of his own ter-

ritories;\* to attend the sick; to discipline his soldiers; lawful possessions; let him suppress falsehood; let him suppress bad men; let him pass just judgments; let him criminate lying; let him support each person; let him love truth; let him enforce fear; let him perfect peace; much of metheglin and wine; let him pronounce just judgments of light; let him speak all truth, for it is through the truth of a king that God gives favourable seasons."

"O grandson of Con! O Cormac!" said Cairbré, "what are the just laws of a king?"

"I shall relate to thee my knowledge of the law by which the world is governed: suppression of great evils; destroying robbers; exaltation of goodness; prohibition of theft; reconciliation of neighbours; establishing peace; keeping the laws; not to suffer unjust law; condemning bad men; giving liberty to good men; protecting the just; restricting the unjust," &c., &c.

"O grandson of Con! O Cormac!" said Cairbré, "what is good for the welfare of a country?"

"That is plain," said Cormac: "frequent convocation of sapient and good men to investigate its affairs, to abolish each evil, and retain each whole-

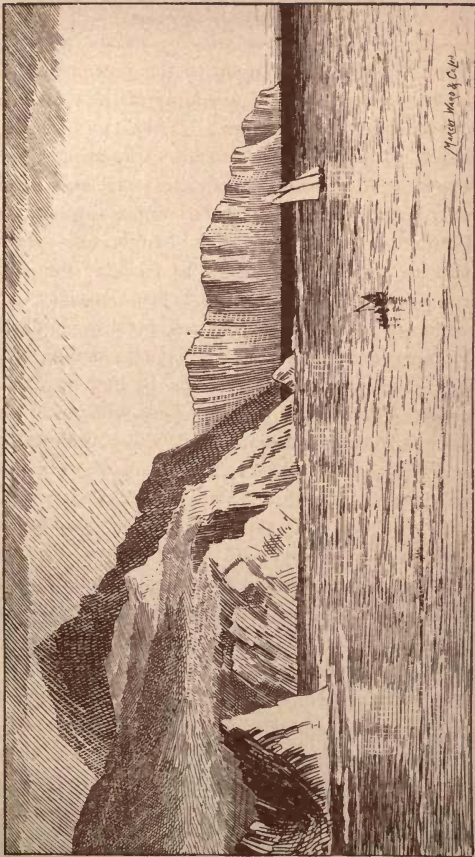
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\* Tigernach informs us, that the large fleet of Cormac Mac Art cruised in the Tyrhenian seas for three years.

some institution ; to attend to the precepts of the elders ; let every *senad* (assembly of the elders) be convened according to law ; let the law be in the hands of the nobles ; let chieftains be upright, and unwilling to oppress the poor ; let peace and friendship reign—mercy and good morals—union and brotherly love ; heroes without haughtiness—sternness to enemies, friendship to friends ; generous compensations ; just sureties ; just decisions, just witnesses ; mild instruction ; respect for soldiers ; learning every art and language ; pleading with knowledge of the *Fenechas* (the Brehon law) ; decision with evidence ; giving alms, charity to the poor ; sureties for covenants ; lawful covenants ; to hearken to the instruction of the wise, to be deaf to the mob ; to purge the laws of the country of all their evils, &c., &c. All these are necessary for the welfare of a country."

"O grandson of Con ! O Cormac !" said Cairbré, "what are the duties of a prince at a banquetting house ?"

"A prince on Saman's day (1st of November) should light his lamps, and welcome his guests with clapping of hands ; procure comfortable seats ; the cup-bearers should be respectable, and active in the distribution of meat and drink ; let there be moderation of music ; short stories ; a welcoming



SLIEVE LIAG, Co. DONEGAL.





countenance ; *failte* for the learned ; pleasant conversations, &c. These are the duties of the prince, and the arrangements of the banquetting house."

"For what qualifications is a king elected over countries, tribes, and people ?"

"From the goodness of his shape and family ; from his experience and wisdom ; from his prudence and magnanimity ; from his eloquence ; bravery in battle ; and from the numbers of his friends."

"What are the qualifications of a prince ?"

"Let him be vigorous, easy of access, and affable ; let him be humble, but majestic ; let him be without personal blemish ; let him be a (*flea*) hero, a sage ; let him be liberal, serene, and good-hearted ; mild in peace, fierce in war ; beloved by his subjects ; discerning, faithful, and patient ; righteous and abstemious ; let him attend the sick ; let him pass just judgments ; let him support each orphan ; let him abominate falsehood ; let him love truth ; let him be forgetful of evil, mindful of good ; let him assemble numerous meetings ; let him communicate his secrets to few ; let him be cheerful with his intimates ; let him appear splendid as the sun, at the banquet in the house of Midchurta (Mecoorta—*i.e.*, the middle house of Tarah) ; let him convene assemblies of the nobles ; let him

be affectionate and intelligent; let him repress evils; let him esteem every person according to his close sureties; let him be sharp but lenient in his judgments and decisions. These are the qualifications by which a chieftain should be esteemed.\*

One more of these sentences should be given, as its sense is biographical.

“O descendant of Con! what was thy deportment when a youth?”

“I was cheerful at the banquet of *Miodh-chuarta*, fierce in battle, vigilant and circumspect; kind to friends; a physician to the sick; merciful to the weak; stern towards the headstrong. Although possessed of knowledge, I was inclined to taciturnity; although strong, I was not haughty; I mocked not the old, although I was young; I was not vain, although I was valiant; when I spoke of a person in his absence, I praised, not defamed him; for it is by these customs that we are known to be courteous and civilised.”†

Spread not the beds of Brugh for me  
When restless death-bed's use is done,  
But bury me at Rossnaree,  
And face me to the rising sun.

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\* *Dublin Penny Journal*, 215, translated by John O'Donovan.

† *Ibid.*, 231.

For all the kings who lie in Brugh  
Put trust in gods of wood and stone;  
And 'twas at Ross that first I knew  
One, unseen, who is God alone.

His glory lightens from the East,  
His message soon shall reach our shore,  
And idol god and cursing priest  
Shall plague us from Moy Slaughter no more.\*

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#### NIALL OF THE NINE HOSTAGES.—A.D. 377.

This monarch was every inch a soldier. We refer to him because he was the first Irish monarch that led his victorious troops beyond Britain and into Gaul. He embarked with an army for Albain, to assist the Caledonian Dalriads against the Picts, who at this time were sorely harassing their neighbours. They naturally looked to their kinsmen in Erin for help, and were not disappointed. It was not necessary for Niall to chastise the Picts, his presence, accompanied by his troops, being sufficient to awe them into submission. A fact worth remembering is, that it was during this visit that the name of the country was changed from Albain to Scotia, or Scotland. Niall, at the request of the Scottish Dalriads, changed the name of the

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\* *Lays of the Western Gael*, by Sir S. Ferguson, p. 55.

country in consequence of their colonisation. Another name for Eire or Erin at this period was Scotia, or the land of the Milesians or Scots; but the new colony in Albain (Scotland) did not choose to lose their ancient name, and asked Niall to give it to their adopted country. He acceded to their request, with this difference—Erin was to be known as Scotia Major, and Albain as Scotia Minor.

We do not mean to wound the national pride of our countrymen in Scotland by directing attention to this portion of history, but it is only fair towards Ireland to state that she colonised Scotland with the Scots.

It was from Dalriada, a portion of the present Co. Antrim, that the colony crossed to found the Scottish kingdom. The Picts preceded them at an earlier period, and planted themselves there with the consent of, and by arrangement with, the Scots of Erin. Referring to the Picts, O'Curry says—“They fled from the oppression of their king in Thrace, and passed into France, where they founded the city of Poicters, or Pictiers, which is believed to have derived its name from them. They next proceeded to Britain, and from thence to Erin, where they landed on the Wexford coast. Here they were well received by a Milesian chief, who availed

himself of their assistance to drive out a tribe of Britons who lived in the forest and fought with poisoned arrows. Having successfully accomplished this, they proceeded to colonise Albain, or Scotland.

To return to Niall: he next led an expedition into Gaul, and ravaged that country as far as the Loire. It is related that while on one of these expeditions he brought back a great many captives to Erin, amongst whom was a youth who afterwards became the Apostle of Erin—St. Patrick. Niall little knew that one amongst his captive train was destined to change the entire social, political, and religious aspect of his country. In another of these expeditions he lost his life at the hand of Eochaidh, a Leinster prince, whose enmity he had excited by various acts of oppression. Eochaidh had enlisted as a volunteer in his army and followed him to France, where, having got an opportunity, he shot Niall dead with an arrow.

The origin of Niall's title arose from the circumstance of his having kept nine hostages—four from Scotland and five from Ireland—as pledges for the peaceable behaviour of both countries.

## DATHI.—A.D. 405.

Dathi was nephew of Niall, being a son of his brother Fiachra, king of Connacht, and was distinguished for his activity and valour. Like his uncle Niall, he carried his arms into Scotland, Britain, and Gaul, and proceeded as far as the Alps, where he was killed.

The story of his expedition to Scotland, and from thence through the centre of England, crossing the channel into France, is fully related in an ancient manuscript tract, the translation of the name of which is *The Expedition of Dathi to the Alpine Mountains*.

This tract, translated by Eugene O'Curry, late Professor of History in the Catholic University of Dublin, gives a particular account of the origin of the expedition. His Druid, knowing how ambitious he was of foreign conquest, excited his ambition still further by saluting him one morning in his bed-chamber thus—"Art thou asleep, O King of Erin and Albain?" "I am not asleep," answered the monarch; "but why have you made an addition to my titles? Although I have taken the sovereignty of Erin, I have not yet attained that of Albain (Scotland)." "Thou shalt not be long so," said the Druid, "for I have consulted the

clouds of the men of Erinn, and found that thou wilt soon return to Tara, where thou wilt invite all the provincial kings and the chiefs of Erinn to the great feast of Tara, and there thou shalt decide with them upon making an expedition into Albain, Britain, and France, following the conquering footsteps of thy great uncle, Niall, and thy grand-uncle, Crimhthann Mór." The king, delighted with this favourable prediction, returned to his camp, where he related what had happened, and disclosed his desire for foreign conquests to such of the great men of the nation as happened to be of his train at the time.

His designs were approved of, and the nobles were dismissed to their respective homes, after having cordially promised to attend on the king at Tara, with all their forces, whenever he should summon them, to discuss further the great project which now wholly seized on his attention. The tale goes on to state that Dathi proceeded to observe certain religious rites with his Druids, and, having all arranged, marched from Tara with his troops to Dundealgan (the present Dundalk), where his fleet was ready for sea. He did not embark at Dundalk, but ordered his fleet to meet him at Cuan Snamha Aighnech (now Carlingford). He proceeded to various places along the coast of the

present Co. Down, until he came to where the town of Donaghadee now stands. Here his fleet awaited him, and having embarked his troops, he set sail for Scotland, where he landed safely at Portpatrick.

Dathj, on his arrival, sent his Druid to Feredach Finn, King of Scotland, who was then at his palace, Tuir-rin brighe-na Righ, calling on him for submission and tribute, or an immediate reason to the contrary on the field of battle. The Scottish king refused either submission or tribute, and accepted the challenge of battle, but required a few days to prepare for such an unexpected event.

The battle was fought at a place called Magh an Chairthi (the plain of the pillar-stone); Dathi at the head of his Gaedhils, and Feredach leading a large force composed of native Scots, Picts, Britons, French, Scandinavians, and Hebridean islanders. A fierce and destructive fight ensued, in which the Scottish forces were at length overthrown, and routed with great slaughter. When the Scottish king saw the death of his son and the discomfiture of his army, he threw himself headlong on the ranks of his enemies, dealing death and destruction around him. In the height of his fury he was laid hold of by Conall Gulban, the great ancestor of St. Columbcille, and of the



O'Donnells of Donegal, who, taking him up in his arms, hurled him against the pillar-stone and dashed out his brains.

The story goes on to relate how Dathi made a triumphant progress through Britain and Gaul, in both of which countries he received hostages and submission wherever he proceeded on his march. He continued his progress until stopped by the Alps, where he was killed by a flash of lightning. His troops returned to Erin, bringing with them the remains of their king, which they interred in the cemetery of his fathers, Releg-na-Riogh, at Rath Cruachan, in Connacht.

We learn from this brief sketch of ancient Irish history that Erin in pagan times was in a considerable state of civilisation, and was ruled by a supreme monarch to whom the provincial kings and chiefs owed allegiance.

It was owing to the union that existed amongst the various estates of Erin at this period, that it became possible to equip and furnish an expedition sufficiently powerful to cross the seas, and to subjugate Scotland, Britain, and France. Had a similar bond of union existed at the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion, it would have been impossible for the mail-clad followers of Strongbow to make good their footing in Ireland.

Dathi received his name because of his agility and expertness in the use of arms, as his original name was Feredach. It is recorded by Duaid Mac Firbis that a red pillar-stone was erected over his grave, which was standing in his day (17th century), and it still stands to mark the spot where this great warrior and last pagan monarch of Erinn lies buried.

Whether owing to the civilising influences of Christianity or other causes, we do not again read of these warlike expeditions to the Continent. The old manuscripts record these events with such minuteness of detail, that it is difficult to doubt the accuracy of the main facts of the narrative.

It occurs to the writer that indirect proofs can be advanced that expeditions such as Niall's and Dathi's did take place. Several extensive finds of Roman coins of that period have been made in various parts of the Co. Antrim, at points near the coast. Roman money was never used in Ireland as a medium of exchange, neither was coined money of any kind used in Ireland for many centuries afterwards. It is rather a strange coincidence—if coincidence it can be called—that such numbers of coins have been found here with dates ranging from A.D. 337 to A.D. 407, which would coincide with the dates of Roman coins

in circulation in Gaul in the time of Niall and Dathi. The prospect of plunder was a powerful inducement to join an expedition in those days. Some soldier of fortune, returning to his home in Erinn laden with booty, may have had occasion to conceal it after landing, intending to come back for it again, but death or other causes may have barred the way. Thus the treasure would long remain undiscovered.

In the year 1827, 300 Roman silver coins were found near Bushmills, Co. Antrim.

In 1830, 500 Roman coins, all silver, were found near the Giant's Causeway.

In 1854, 1,506 Roman silver coins, ranging from A.D. 337 to A.D. 407, were found near Coleraine, together with 200 ounces of silver, part in ingots, and part artistic ornaments of Roman workmanship.

The two first lots were not properly investigated; but the last great find was carefully examined by the late Mr. Carruthers, of Belfast, whose detailed report will be found in the second volume of the *Ulster Journal of Archæology*. The writer has nine of these coins in his collection at present.



## CHAPTER IV.

### DRUIDISM.

WHEN St. Patrick arrived at Tara, he was confronted by the Druids of the monarch, who seemed to have an innate dread that their system was doomed. In consequence, they obstructed the saint in every possible way. It was only when one of them was miraculously destroyed in the presence of the monarch that they fully realised the power with which they had to contend.

We know very little of the system or ritual of the Druids, as they did not commit to writing anything relating to their mystic ceremonies or religious observances. They taught their system to their pupils orally. They worshipped the Sun as their principal deity, and the Moon as their second deity, like the Phœnicians. According to Cormac Mac Art, they also worshipped trees and fountains and stones, which were likewise venerated by many Eastern nations.

The groves of the prophets of Baal, referred to in the Scriptures, were used in connection with Druidical worship, as was also the passing of the children through the fire to Moloch. The lighting of fires on the hill-tops on midsummer eve is another remnant of the old pagan custom, in honour of the Sun having attained his highest altitude in the heavens. These Baal fires were not confined to Ireland, as a similar custom prevails in Greece, which there is reason to believe originated at a very remote period. Stones were also objects of worship and adoration, not alone in Erin, but in many Eastern and European countries as well. From the time that Jacob consecrated the stone at Bethel by pouring oil upon it, stones have been consecrated and also worshipped. They have also been set up as tokens or memorials of covenants, many instances of which might be cited. What may have been at first lawful in itself, was afterwards used for idolatrous purposes. This stone-worship did not immediately disappear on the introduction of Christianity, either in Erin or on the Continent, as will appear from the many references to it, and penalties against it, mentioned in councils of the Church.

At a council held at Nantes in the 7th century, bishops and their servants are exhorted to dig up

and remove, and hide where they cannot be found, those stones which in remote and woody places are still worshipped, and where vows are still made. In 452, a council at Arles decreed that if, in any diocese, any infidel either lighted torches, or worshipped trees or fountains or stones, or neglected to destroy them, he should be found guilty of sacrilege. At a council at Tours, in 567, the clergy are exhorted to excommunicate those who at certain trees, stones, or fountains perpetrate things contrary to the ordinances of the Church. At a council at Toledo, in 681, people who worship idols, or venerate stones, or light torches, or worship fountains or trees, are admonished that they are sacrificing to the devil. A council at Rouen, in the 7th century, denounce all who offer vows to trees or fountains or stones as they would at altars, or offer candles or gifts as if any divinity resided there capable of conferring good or evil. A decree of Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle in 789, utterly condemns and execrates before God, trees, stones, and fountains which foolish people worship. As late as the time of Canute the Great, there is a statute forbidding the barbarous adoration of the sun and moon, fire, fountains, stones, and all kinds of trees and wood.

Ferguson says the "Christian priesthood waged

a continuous war against the worship of stones, trees, and fountains ;” but he says further, “they do not tell us what the forms of the stones were which these benighted people worshipped, whether *Menhirs* or *Dolmens*, or why they worshipped them, or what the form of worship was. Nor do we; for, except an extreme veneration for their dead, and a consequent ancestral worship, mixed with adoration of stones, trees, and fountains, we do not know what the religion was of these rude people.”

Meteoric stones have been observed to fall from heaven from the earliest ages, and were considered as sent directly from the gods : this would naturally lead to the adoration and worship of stones. Many instances could be given of the practice, both in Europe and Asia, of anointing stones with oil and worshipping them; and also of the worship of meteoric stones, as the Caaba stone at Mecca, or the misshapen fragment at Edessa, worshipped as a deity, and transferred to Rome by Heliogabalus, with unbounded reverence and honour.

At or near a consecrated stone it was an ancient Eastern custom to appoint kings or chiefs to their office. We read in Scripture of Abimelech being made king by the plain of the pillar that was in Shechem—the earliest royal appointment perhaps of which we have any traces in history. Joash

had the crown put upon him while he stood by a pillar, as the manner was. Subsequently, amongst the northern nations, the practice was to form a circle of large stones, commonly twelve in number, in the middle of which one was set up much larger than the rest; this was the royal seat, and the nobles occupied those surrounding it, which served also as a barrier to keep off the people who stood without. The kings and chiefs of Erinn were inaugurated on stones, which in pagan times were objects of veneration and worship. In the worship of the Druids, stones and circles of stones were used when approaching their principal deity, the Sun. The following description of a very interesting ceremony, conducted recently in London by the bards from Wales, and evidently a relic of the ancient ritual of the Druids, is taken from one of the London daily papers:—

“There was a temple within a temple yesterday. The Bards of the Isle of Britain, coming, it need hardly be said, chiefly from Wales, had the permission of the Benchers to hold their ‘Gorsedd’ in the Gardens of the Inner Temple.

“The Druidical stones were therefore in the course of the day arranged on the grass, and a primitive temple, or circle of federation, thus set up. Here in the very heart of modern Babylon,



yet in a quiet and seclusion sufficiently suggestive of the solitudes in which such ceremonies were anciently seen, the Bards met in the afternoon to celebrate their mystic rites. Tradition requires that these Gorseddans, or meetings of the Bards, shall be held in the eye of the light and the face of the sun." After describing the robes of the Druids and various symbols, the account goes on to say—"The Arch-Druid, who was a venerable man of fourscore, with long, white flowing locks, mounts the centre stone. He turns his face to the East, and begins the business of the day."

Another class of stones looked upon with peculiar veneration in Ireland are called "Bullan stones." These stones have one or more basin-shaped cavities in them, which have been artificially cut at a remote period. The rain-water collected in these cavities is considered a sure specific for sore or tender eyes. The name *Bullan stones* means little pools, referring to the water which lodges in them. The following reference to one of these stones in the Co. Cork is given by the late Mr. Brash in his work on Ogam inscriptions:—

"This object lay formerly near a holy well in an adjoining field. This well, though of an insignificant appearance and dedicated to no saint, was yet the resort of people from all quarters, but princi-

pally on account of the stone. The upper surface of this monument is indented with four deep basin-shaped hollows. Two of them, the smallest, are quite close to each other at one edge; the other two, of larger size, are at the opposite edge. The devotee placed his or her knees in the smaller hollows, and, repeating a certain number of prayers, dropped an offering of some minute article into the larger. This operation, and certain rounds and washings at the well, were deemed a specific for rheumatic pains and other ailments. These superstitions had become so notorious, that the Roman Catholic clergyman of the parish determined to put a stop to them. He accordingly removed the stone from the well, and had it built into the fence of the road, where it was seen by Mr. Windele in 1851. On the writer's visit, in 1871, it was found pulled out of the fence and lying by the roadside, but still an object of reverence, as was evident by the presence of pins and other small offerings in the large cups. Indeed, a comfortable-looking farmer, who stood by when it was being examined, declared that he himself was not above saying a prayer at the 'blessed stone' when he came that way." Mr. Brash says further—"This and similar instances show the extraordinary tenacity with which the Celts hold

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to ancient usages and superstitions. Here is a pagan cultus which all the power of Christianity, the personal influence of the cleric, and national education have not been able to obliterate."

There is another kind of stone revered in many parts of Ireland, and similar stones are objects of worship in India, particularly about Benares. In Ireland they are called *Dallans*, and are upright standing stones.

These are found all over Ireland. On the island of Innismurray, off the Sligo coast, there are several of these stones to which the old superstition still clings, and gives the key to the idea that they were meant to embody. The same ideas cluster round similar stones in India, which are there known as *Mahadeos*. Matrons in India who have not been blest with offspring offer oblations and pray to Mahadeo that their request may be answered. In Innismurray, women kneel before these stones, and pray that they may be delivered from the perils of childbirth. The religious belief which underlies these customs and is embodied in these monuments may be traced back to nearly all the nations that have sprung from the original Aryan stem.

We will only refer to one other stone, as it was formerly connected with Ireland. It is now placed

under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. There are legends connecting this stone with that consecrated by Jacob at Bethel. It is said that it was brought from the East by the Tuatha de Danaans, and was used by them and their successors, the Milesians, at the inauguration of their kings. It was used at the coronation of all the Milesian monarchs until borrowed by Fergus, who led the colony of Scottish Dalriads to Argyleshire, and founded the Scottish kingdom. His brother at the time was King of Ireland, and Fergus asked him to send it over for his coronation. It was never afterwards returned. It was subsequently used at the coronation of the Scottish kings, until taken by Edward I. from the Abbey of Scone and placed in Westminster, where it still remains. It was called the *Lia Fail*, or Stone of Destiny, and was said to be possessed of wonderful virtue, for it would make a strange noise and be surprisingly disturbed whenever a monarch of Ireland was crowned upon it; which emotion it continued to show till the birth of Christ, who contracted the power of the devil, and in a great measure put an end to this delusion.

“ Unless the fixed decree of fate give way,  
The Scots shall govern, and the sceptre sway,  
Where'er this stone they find, and its dread sound obey.”

In addition to stone and tree worship, there was well worship. The Celtic tribes, starting from hot countries where wells were always of the utmost value, still continued that reverence for them which had been handed down in their traditions.

The early missionaries were wise in their generation, for, instead of rudely breaking the people off their well and stone worship, they baptised their converts at the holy wells, and carved crosses on the pillar-stones, and thus sanctified both to the Christian faith.

It is extremely difficult in a short treatise to give more than the barest outline respecting the Druids and what they taught. A great deal has been written about them, but very few definite facts are known. What is known of Irish Druidism has been collected from tales and stories, where the information can only be gleaned indirectly.

The head-quarters of the British Druids was the Isle of Anglesey, where the Arch-Druid is said to have resided. They are stated to have been divided into several classes or branches, as priests, poets, augurs, civil judges, and instructors of youth. They were also physicians, and studied medicine. They are said to have been great magicians, and to have excelled even the Persians themselves in these arts.

Their great solemnity and festival was that of cutting the mistletoe from the oak. This festival is said to have been kept as near as the age of the moon would permit to the 10th of March, which was their New Year's Day. Of the Druidical creed, it was an article that it was unlawful to build temples to their gods, or to worship them within walls or under roofs. "The Druids," says Pliny, "have so high an esteem for the oak, that they do not perform the least religious ceremonies without being adorned with a garland of its leaves. The Druids had no image, but they worshipped a great oak tree as a symbol of Jupiter."

In reference to the foregoing quotation, O'Curry says that "nothing precise is known of the origin of Druids and Druidism in Britain. It must occur to everyone who has read of Zoroaster, of the Magi of Persia, and of the sorcerers of Egypt mentioned in the seventh chapter of Exodus, that Druids and Druidism did not originate in Britain any more than in Gaul or Erin. It is indeed probable that, notwithstanding Pliny's high opinion of the powers of the British Druids, the European Druidical system was but the offspring of the Eastern augury, somewhat less complete when transplanted to a new soil than in its ancient home."

Frequent references are made in our ancient history of Druids using magical arts to assist their friends. Thus, at the battle of South Moytura, the Druids of both armies stood overlooking the battle, and exerting their powers for the defeat of their opponents, just as the Egyptian magicians were brought forward to use theirs against Moses.

At the time of the landing of the Milesians, the Druids of the Danaans used their utmost skill to prevent that object, whilst the Druids of the Milesians raised a magical mist, and under cover of it made good their landing unperceived.

The divination wand of the Irish Druids was made from the yew tree, and not from the oak, as in other countries. They also used the rowan tree, the yew tree, and the blackthorn in certain ceremonies. O'Curry says he can find no trace of human sacrifices by the Druids of Erin; and says further, "That the people of ancient Erin were idolaters is certain, for they certainly adored the great idol called Crom Cruach in the plain called Magh Slecht, in the present Co. Cavan. But it is remarkable that we find no mention of any connection between this idol and the Druids, or any other class of priests, or special idol-servers. We have only record of the people generally assembling at times to do honour to the idol creation."

The Druids foretold events from the croaking of ravens and the chirping of wrens. Some of the distinctions taken respecting the sounds made by birds are very curious, almost suggesting the recognition of some species of language among them. O'Curry says that the ravens and the wrens, whose croaking and chirping were the subject of the augury, seem to have been domesticated birds kept for that purpose. The different croaks of the raven have a meaning which the old manuscripts explain, but which we have not space to insert. The chirping of the wrens has a similar explanation afforded. Auguries were also made from observations of the stars and clouds at night; instances of Dathi's Druids having conducted divination from this source are referred to. Satire was the most powerful weapon possessed by the Druids. Even kings and chiefs dreaded it. The person satirised was held up to scorn and contempt in poems specially composed. An instance of the ceremony of satirising is thus recorded:—Seven Druids, one of each grade, from the lowest to the highest, went at the rising of the sun to a hill, which should be situated on the boundary of seven farms (or lands), and each of them was to turn his face to a different land; and the Ollamh's face was to be turned towards the land of the king



who was to be satirised; and their backs were to be turned to a hawthorn, which should be growing upon the top of the hill; and the wind should be blowing from the North; and each man was to hold a perforated stone and a thorn of the hawthorn in his hand; and each man was to sing a verse of this composition for the king—the Ollamh, or chief poet, to take the lead with his own verse, and the others in concert after him with theirs; and each should then place his stone and his thorn under the stem of the hawthorn; and if it was they that were in the wrong in the case, the ground of the hill would swallow them; and if it was the king that was in the wrong, the ground would swallow him, and his wife, and his son, and his steed, and his robes, and his hound.

The satire of the Mac Fiuirmedh fell on the hound; the satire of Fochlac on the robes; the satire of the Doss on the arms; the satire of the Cana on the wife; the satire of the Cli on the son; the satire of the Anrad on the steed; and the satire of the Ollamh on the king.

“It is now too late,” O’Curry says, “in the world’s age to canvass the power and nature of satire. All that I can say on the subject is this: that from the remotest times down to our own, its power was dreaded in Erin; and that we have

numerous instances on record of its having driven men out of their senses, and even to death itself."

When St. Patrick had purified the laws and the course of education in Erin in the ninth year of his mission (about the year 443), he of course prohibited all Druidical rites and performances, but particularly those which required sacrifice to idols. "He left, however, to the lawfully elected territorial poet liberty to write satires, according to ancient custom, upon the kings or chiefs in whose service he was retained, whenever the poet wrote a historical, a genealogical, or a laudatory poem for his patron, and was not paid for it the reward which custom or the law of the land had provided in such cases." No doubt, the dread of satire acted in those days as a check on unscrupulous men transgressing the laws or usual observances of society. The poet's person was sacred; no matter how bitter or keen his satire, he need not dread reprisals.

Such are a few of the features of a system which existed in Erin for a thousand years before the Christian faith was known.



## CHAPTER V.

### CHRISTIANITY IN ERINN.

THE popular opinion is that St. Patrick was the first Christian missionary to Erin ; and that, previous to his arrival, the country lay in pagan gloom, without one glimmering ray of light to illumine the dark horizon. This opinion cannot be sustained in the face of modern research. A most interesting and exhaustive work on *Ireland and the Celtic Church* has recently been issued from the press, written by Dr. Stokes, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Trinity College, Dublin. He has embodied in it the substance of his University Lectures in a most entertaining manner. He shows that a Gallic, and also a British Celtic Church existed before the Irish, and that Christianity was known in Erin before the time of St. Patrick. From the middle of the fifth century, the Christian faith made great progress in Erin, and the country became rapidly converted.

In the true spirit of missionary enterprise, the Irish, after they had received the faith, proceeded to preach the Gospel in other countries. St. Columba, a native of Donegal, first taught the Picts a knowledge of Christ. He afterwards built a monastery on the island of Iona, where he died,



THE CROSS OF CONG AND CROSIERS.

mourned and regretted by the good and great of his native as well as of his adopted country.

Camden says—"No men came up to the Irish monks for sanctity and learning, and they sent forth swarms of holy men all over Europe, to whom the monasteries of Luxueil in Burgundy,

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Pavia in Italy, Wurtzburgh in Franconia, St. Gall in Switzerland, owe their origin. The Saxons also at that time flocked to Ireland from all quarters, as to a mart of literature. Whence we frequently meet, in our writers of the lives of the saints, 'such an one was sent over to Ireland for education.'" Mosheim, the German historian, referring to this period in Irish history, says—"The Irish, or Hibernians, who in this century were known by the name of Scots, were the only divines who refused to dishonour their reason by submitting it implicitly to the dictates of authority. Naturally subtle and sagacious, they applied their philosophy, such as it was, to the illustration of the truth and doctrines of religion; a method which was almost generally abhorred and exploded in all other nations." He also says—"The Hibernians were lovers of learning, and distinguished themselves in those times of ignorance by the culture of the sciences beyond all other European nations, traveling through the most distant lands, both with a view to improve and to communicate their knowledge, as we see them in the most authentic records of antiquity, discharging with the highest reputation and applause the functions of doctors in France, Germany, and Italy. But that these Hibernians were the first teachers of the scholastic theology in

Europe, and so early as the eighth century illustrated the doctrines of religion by the principles of philosophy, I learned but lately from the testimony of Benedict Abbot of Ariane, in the province of Languedoc, who lived in this period, and some of whose productions are published by Baliesius in the fifth volume of his *Miscellanies*."

Mosheim further says—"Johannes Scotus Eri-gena, the friend and companion of Charles the Bald, an eminent philosopher and a learned divine, whose erudition was accompanied with uncommon marks of sagacity and genius, and whose various performances, as well as his translations from the Greek, gained him a shining and lasting reputation."

Sir James Mackintosh, referring to the Irish, says—"Their island possessed a multitude of saints and learned men, venerated alike in England and in Gaul; for no country had furnished a greater number of Christian missionaries, animated by no other motive than pure zeal, and an ardent desire of communicating to foreign nations the opinions and the faith of their native country. The Irish were great travellers, and always gained the hearts of those whom they visited by the extreme ease with which they conformed to their customs and ways of life."

Examples could be multiplied of Irishmen gaining honour and renown for their learning and piety in almost every European country from the sixth to the ninth centuries. Dr. Stokes says the best chronology fixes the time of St. Patrick's captivity in Ireland some time towards the end of the fourth century. In reference to his birth-place, when discussing the claims laid by various countries to that honour, he states that where Dumbarton, on Clyde, now stands, is the most likely spot. Its ancient name was Alcluith, and it formed the western termination of the great Roman wall, which extended from the Forth to the Clyde.

The Irish made frequent incursions to the Roman settlements along this coast, and it is said St. Patrick was brought from this place with other captives. Ireland was well known to Agricola, the Roman general in Britain, who at one time had formed the idea of annexing it, and frequent intercourse was held between it and Britain during the entire period of the Roman occupation. It is also recorded that many Irish soldiers served in the Roman legions.

Dr. Stokes says—"British Christianity does not, however, appear in history till the fourth century. The British Church is seen fully organised at the

Synod of Arles, in A.D. 314, when three metropolitan bishops signed the acts of the Council—Eborius, of York; Restitutus, of London; and Adelfius, of Caerieon-on-Risk, representing the three great centres of Roman life in Britain. At this time Britain was under the rule of Constantius, father of Constantine the Great, who greatly mitigated the severity of a persecution that was then raging over the whole empire against the Christians."

The constant intercourse between Britain and Ireland, and the numerous captives, including no doubt many Christians who were brought from that country to Ireland, lead us to believe that the Irish must of necessity have known something of Christianity before the time of St. Patrick.

Dr. Stokes refers to Pelagius, the founder of the Pelagian heresy, and says he was born in Britain, but spent his earlier manhood in Rome, whence about the year 410 he passed to Sicily, Africa, Syria, and Asia Minor. His bosom friend, the chosen companion of all his journeys and labours, was Cœlestius, an Irishman.

Cœlestius, during the first thirty years of the fifth century, was one of the most prominent figures in the religious and political world of that day. In his early days he was a lawyer, was



converted from the law to theology, but, like most lawyers, made a bad theologian. He travelled over every part of the then known world to Rome, Carthage, and the most distant East, and was last heard of at Constantinople. He brought down on himself the wrath of St. Jerome, who describes him in his usual style as "an Alpine cur reared upon Scotch porridge."

The case of Cœlestius shows that some Irishmen at least knew of Christianity before the time of St. Patrick. The fact of his being such a prominent character and controversialist directed the attention of the Pope to Ireland, and in consequence Palladius was consecrated by Pope Cœlestine, and sent as the first bishop to the Scots (or Irish) who believed in Christ. Palladius was a native of Gaul, and doubtless had been chosen for this important mission on account of his peculiar fitness, and because he had some knowledge of the country to which he was going. He landed in the present county of Wicklow, and immediately proceeded to preach the Gospel to the people in those parts, but his labours were not crowned with success. Having failed to gain their goodwill, he was ultimately expelled by them, and obliged to re-embark for Britain, where he afterwards died.

Thus ended the first public effort on the part of the Roman Church to Christianise Ireland. She was not, however, to remain long in heathen darkness, as help was near at hand from a totally unexpected quarter. An Irish chieftain, returning from a successful expedition, brought back amongst his captives a youth about sixteen years, called Patrick. This youth was placed as herd with a farmer called Milchu, who lived in a part of Dalaradia (Co. Antrim) near to where the village of Broughshane is situated. He remained here for six years, and occupied himself, whilst tending his flocks, in meditation and prayer. His father, whose name was Colpurnius, was a deacon in the Christian Church, and had instructed his son, whilst a youth under his roof, in the principles of the Christian religion.

Patrick longed to return to the home of his youth, and prayed fervently to God to release him from bondage. His prayers were answered. He had a dream, in which he heard a voice saying unto him, "Thou shalt soon return to thy own country." He then fled towards the coast, where he found a vessel which he had seen in his dream. Embarking on this, he was brought to France, to which country his family, meantime, seems to have removed.

Having, during his stay in Erinn, learned the language of the people and their manners and customs, he was consequently fitted to be a successful missionary. In his confession he says—“Again, after a few years, I was with my parents in Britain, who received me as a son, and earnestly besought me that then, at least, after I had gone through so many tribulations, I would go nowhere from them. And then I saw, in the midst of the night, a man who appeared to come from Ireland, named Victoricus, and he had innumerable letters with him, one of which he gave to me. I read the commencement of the epistle, containing ‘The voice of the Irish,’ and as I read aloud the beginning of the letter, I thought I heard in my mind the voice of those who were near the wood of Fochlut, which is near the Western Sea, and they cried out, ‘We entreat thee, holy youth, that thou come and walk still amongst us.’ And my heart was greatly touched, so that I could not read any more. So I awoke. Thanks to God that, after very many years, the Lord hath granted them their desire.”

How very like is this call to another we read of in the Scriptures, where the apostle Paul, in his vision, saw a man who cried, “Come over into Macedonia, and help us.” Patrick received a call from God to come to Erinn, and having received

it, he obeyed. His success was assured, as he came with the power of God to assist him to influence and open the hearts of his hearers to receive the message he had to deliver. Contrast this mission with that of Palladius, and observe the results in each case.

Space will not permit us to enter further into the mission of St. Patrick, or to show how he was enabled to overcome all obstacles that lay in his path, and how he became the apostle of Ireland.\* The country now rapidly forsook Druidism and pagan customs, so that it was known a century afterwards as the Island of Saints.

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#### THE VISION OF ST. GRANUAILLE.

In Ireland, in the Northern land,  
Where Foyle goes softly to the sea  
Through a broad bay, high mountains stand  
Around; a dreary stretch of sand  
Keeps off the storm-vest outer sea  
That surges round it ceaselessly;  
And where the sandbank joins the shore,  
A high cliff fronts the Arctic snows.

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\* Those who wish to study this subject more fully, should read a work published by Hodges, Figgis & Co. of Dublin, entitled *The Writings of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland.* By the Rev. George T. Stokes, D.D., and Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, D.D.

Once on its ridge a bare tower rose,  
Where faintly came th' Atlantic roar,  
Where the wind wails hopeless evermore,  
And the homeless streams are never still;  
And there the lady Granuaille,  
The great king's child—a saint, and fair—  
Lived lonely in the strong-walled tower  
Her father built her there.  
Strange building for a lady's bower!  
But she would leave the world, she said,  
Its vain tumultuous joy and woe,  
And to some far-off dwelling go,  
Where she could be alone with God.  
Unto her room a narrow stair  
Wound wearily. No foot e'er trod  
Its stones, save of a holy man,  
Who daily, as the stars began  
To whiten in the eastern red,  
Left the chapel at the base  
Of the steep rock, and reached her place  
With the consecrated bread,  
Left it at her window shelf;  
But he never saw her face.  
Such her food, and she herself  
Laid out on the tower a cup  
Which the rains of heaven filled up;  
And as the hermit passed away  
He heard sweet singing far o'erhead.  
Listening, he crossed himself, and said—  
"The angels feast with her to-day;  
On Christ's sweet body they are fed."

But on the tower's topmost stone  
The lady knelt, and knelt alone,  
With eager eyes and hair back blown,  
Her thin hands folded palm to palm,  
Waiting the coming of the sun  
Into her stone-encircled sky.  
Though day had long on earth begun,  
The battlements were built so high  
No highest top of hill was seen,  
Nor the fair Foyle, nor pleasant green  
Far-reaching valley of Tyrone:  
She looked on heaven, and heaven alone.  
From dawn to dusk, from dusk to dawn,  
She saw the blue above her spread—  
Now flooded with the moonlight wan,  
Now pulsing through th' aurora dread,  
Or flushing in the dawn fire red.  
She saw the clouds go wandering by,  
Star after star wheel slowly down,  
Out of her narrow tract of sky,  
And knew they reached the mountain's crown.  
But had she then forgotten earth,  
Where every wreathing cloud had birth,  
Where every wandering star took rest  
On high hill peak or ocean's breast?  
Ah, no! She saw in cloudy shapes  
The spots of earth she used to love,  
The thunder clouds were split as capes,  
The fiery sunset sea above.  
Perhaps the young moon pushed her prow  
Into a bay of calmest blue

Between high snow-clad hills; and now  
A large bright star came shining through,  
As beacon light across the bay,  
Guiding the vessel on her way.  
She sees the blue clouds curling past,  
Like smoke from happy homestead fires,  
Hiding the heaven that she aspires  
To dwell in; and a shade is cast  
Across her soul, and she will pray,  
And weep, and direful penance do  
For these vain thoughts for many a day:  
She dreams if they but bide away,  
The farthest depths of heaven's blue  
Will open to her waiting soul,  
And angels' songs on her hearing roll.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once on a blessed Christmas-tide,  
The eve before the holiest morn  
As feast day kept since Christ was born,  
The clouds were thronging in the wide  
Waste heaven, and saintly Granuaille  
Sat on her tower, sad and pale.  
Her eyes were dim with rising tears,  
And upturned to a starless night;  
Here she has dwelt for three long years,  
And will no vision bless her sight?  
She says—"To-night I will not sleep,  
Nor go down to my sheltered room,  
But here, beneath the heaven's gloom,  
I will kneel down and pray and weep.  
Who knows but God may hear my cry,

And bless my faith, or let me die?"  
Upon the middle of the night  
The clouds began to wheel apart;  
Behind them glowed a stronger light,  
And loudly beat the lady's heart.  
The air seemed full of heavenly things  
Floating to earth on outspread wings,  
And then into full glory burst  
The angels' song of "Peace on earth."  
They sang the infant Saviour's birth.  
The joy bells rang out clear and loud,  
And earthward went th' angelic crowd,  
Till the sky was blue and bare;  
And then the lonely lady there  
Heard the far sweet words—"Goodwill  
To men we sing on Christmas morn;  
On earth the King of Heaven is born."  
Then wept the lady Granuaille.  
"On earth goodwill!" She made her moan.  
"On earth is peace! there Christ is born.  
All heaven has left me; I alone  
Must bide this blessed Christmas morn."  
And there she sat with meek head bowed  
Unto her hands, whilst hot tears stole  
Between her fingers. "I have vowed  
A sinful vow, and lost my soul.  
I have not done my Father's will,  
Who sent me on His earth to dwell,  
To do His work in patience, till  
He called me thence. I have found hell  
Instead of heaven. 'Twas sin to hate



The world that God had loved so well:  
I will depart before too late."  
She rose. She sought the narrow stair,  
And through the darkness downward came.  
The cold wind moved her long black hair,  
The frost smote to her heart like flame,  
As she stepped out into the air.  
Her feet were buried deep in snow,  
She looked unto the world below;  
That world she had not known for years  
Rushed on her sight through dimming tears.  
The ocean, calm, and broad, and bright,  
The hollow hills, the stately trees,  
And mountains in their winter white,  
And faint and far the Hebrides  
And Causeway cliffs stood on the seas.  
"Oh, God! the world is good," she cried.  
She turned. Lo! one stood by her side  
Like to the Son of man, and He  
Said—"Daughter, thou hast loved the world,  
Come, know what heaven's glories be."

As the sun rose burning red,  
From the chapel 'neath the hill  
The hermit brought the holy bread  
For the lady Granuaille;  
But he found her lying dead,  
On the earth was sunk her head,  
She was cold and still.

A. L. M.

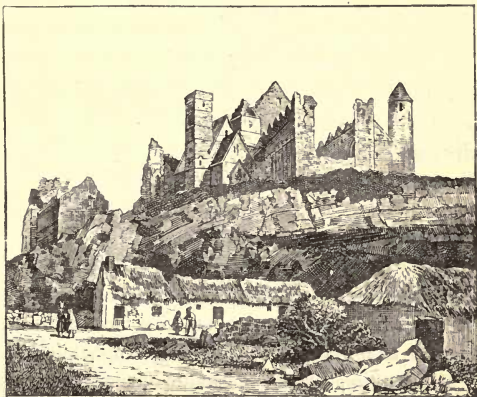


## CHAPTER VI.

### INVASION OF THE NORTHMEN.

A RETROSPECT of Ireland would be incomplete which did not refer to the invasion of the Northmen in the early part of the 9th century. The tales and traditions of the country still point in the most unmistakable manner to the great social revolution caused by the inroads of those fierce pagan warriors. They arrived at a time when sanctity and learning were progressing. Irish schools were then celebrated over Western Europe for the excellence of their religious and literary attainments. The men who presided over these seats of learning were celebrated as much for their sanctity as for their knowledge of the arts and sciences. The youth, however, were not trained in those martial exercises which had been part of their education under the *Fileas* or Druids in the pagan time, and they were, consequently, less able to

repel the sudden onslaughts of the fierce and warlike Northmen. They were taught afterwards by bitter experience in the rude school of adversity, so that they changed their habits, and became more than a match for their enemies, whom they ultimately expelled from their shores. Had the



THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

Danes made a similar attempt in the days of Niall or Dathi, the result would probably have been different. The youth of the country were then trained to arms, and the restraining and mellowing influence of Christianity had not changed the habits or warlike dispositions of the clans.

Referring to this time, Miss Stokes says—"Ireland became the battle-field of the first struggle between Paganism and Christianity in Western Europe, and the result of the effort then made in defence of her faith is marked in the ecclesiastical architecture of the country by the apparently simultaneous erection of a number of lofty towers, rising in strength of 'defence and faithfulness of watch' before the doorways of those churches most liable to be attacked."

Miss Stokes further shows that one of the principal causes which led to the great influx of the Danes and Scandinavians on the Irish and British coasts was to be attributed to the conquests of Charlemagne in the North of Germany, and to the strong barrier he there interposed against their inroads, as well as to the introduction of Christianity. Causes were also at work in their own country to initiate these great social upheavals.

Mallet says—"The Scandinavians neglected agriculture, their flocks being almost their only income; they were neither obliged to a constant abode on the same spot, nor to wait for the time of harvest, and consequently such a people were able on short notice to levy numerous armies."

From earliest childhood they were inured to a seafaring life; they courted the dangers of the

deep, and seemed as much at home upon sea as upon land. Their country was comparatively poor; and to such a people, with instincts so warlike, the sea presented a most convenient highway for their operations. During the life of Charlemagne, being checked in their conquests southward, they directed their energies towards Ireland and Britain as offering the easiest and most tempting prizes. As soon as a Danish or Norwegian prince attained his eighteenth or twentieth year, he commonly requested his father to supply him with a small fleet, so that he might not only obtain spoil, but also honour and glory.

In the year 794, these heathen Vikings made their first descent on the Irish shores by landing on the island of Lambay, and plundering its sacred shrine. For some years afterwards their incursions did not extend beyond the islands lying off the coast, such as Innishmurray and Rathlin. About the year 818, a regularly organised invasion of the country was undertaken by a leader afterwards well-known in Irish history as Turgesius. His aim was to establish himself permanently in the country, and subject the native princes to his sway.

The land was kept in a continuous state of insecurity and unrest by these freebooters. Keating

thus describes the state of affairs at this time:—  
 “It was not allowed to give instruction in letters,  
 nor to live in religious communities, for the  
 Lochlannaigh dwelt in the temples and in the  
 duns (earthen forts); no scholars, no clerics, no  
 books, no holy relics were kept in church or  
 monastery through dread of them; neither bard



IRISH FOOT-SOLDIER.

nor philosopher nor musician pursued their wonted professions in the land. The result of the heavy oppression of this thralldom of the Gaels under the Lochlannaigh was, that great weariness thereof came upon the men of Ireland, and the few of the clergy that survived had fled for safety to the

forests and wildernesses, where they lived in misery.” Keating further says:—“When the chieftains of Ireland saw that Turgesius had brought confusion upon their country, and that he was assuming supreme authority over themselves, and reducing them to thralldom and vassalage, they became inspired with a fortitude of mind, and a loftiness of spirit, and a hardihood and firmness of

purpose, that urged them to work in right earnest, and to toil zealously in battle against him and his plundering hordes." There were intervals of peace after Irish victories, which enabled the country to recruit itself and prepare for a fresh effort against the common foe.

Mallet says that "the vessels of these corsairs were always well provided with offensive arms, such as stones, arrows, and cables, with which they upset small vessels, and grappling irons for boarding. Every individual was skilful in swimming, and as their engagements were seldom far distant from the shore, the vanquished party often saved themselves by swimming to land. Each band had its own peculiar stations, ports, places of rendezvous, and magazines; and many cities in the North owe their present prosperity to the advantage they had of affording them retreats."

In Denmark and Norway, the land was so divided that the proprietors were bound to contribute, in proportion to what they held, a certain sum, which was devoted to keeping up the fleet, and the districts were named according to the number of vessels each supported. Their vessels were built to contain from 100 to 120 men, and were propelled by sails and oars, as might be most convenient.

Ireland was not the only country that suffered from these freebooters. Britain, France, Spain, Italy, and Greece all suffered in turn. Central Europe did not escape; after the death of Charlemagne they overran Friesland, Holland, Flanders, and the banks of the Rhine as far as Mentz. They ruined France, levied immense tribute on its monarchs, burnt the palace of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, and finally caused one of the finest provinces of the kingdom to be ceded to them. From this province of Normandy their descendants afterwards proceeded to the conquest of England.

In Ireland they formed settlements all round the coast—at Waterford (Reginald's Tower still stands as a memento of their occupation), Wexford, Limerick, and Carlingford. Dublin was their headquarters, where their kings ruled for over two centuries. Their craft were on all the inland lakes and rivers; in fact, no part of Ireland seems to have escaped their ravages. It is greatly to the honour of the Irish that they never submitted to them; they waged against them continuous warfare. Had there been more unanimity in the councils of the Irish, their occupation of the country would not have lasted so long. Unfortunately, internal feuds and jealousies amongst rival



chieftains on many occasions led some of them to aid the Danes against their own countrymen.

From the early part of the ninth century until the eleventh the *Annals of the Four Masters* constantly refer to the devastation caused by the Danes. They plundered the churches and monasteries, and burned what they could not take away. The manuscripts, particularly copies of the Scriptures, were destroyed wherever found. The Irish distinguished these foreigners as *Finnghoill*, or *Finn-Lochlannaigh*—viz., fair strangers, or fair Gentiles, who were Norwegians. The Danes were called *Dubh-Lochlannaigh*, or black Gentiles.

We will give a few extracts from *Irish Annals* referring to this period, which will show more clearly the state of the country under the Danes than any words of ours. The following passage occurs in the *Annals of Clonmacnoise*, under the year A.D. 829:—"The first outrages and spoyles committed by the Danes in Armagh was this year, and they ransacked these ensuing churches. Louth, Mucksnawe, Oameith, Droym-Mac-Awley, and divers other religious houses, were by them most profanely ransacked."

The same *Annals*, A.D. 829, state—"The Danes, intending the full conquest of Ireland, continued their invasions from time to time, using all manner

of cruelties. Divers great fleets and armies of them arrived in Ireland, one after another, under the leading of sundry great and valiant captains." Then follows a list of the names of some thirty captains, ending with Awley, King of Denmark. A.D. 833—"The church of Gleandalogha was burnt and the church of Kildare ransacked by the Danes. The Danes, upon the nativity of our Lord, in the night entered the church of Clonmore-Moycog, and there used many cruelties, killed many of the clergy, and took many of them captives." A.D. 838, *Annals of the Four Masters*—"A marine fleet of the foreigners took up on Loch Eathach (Lough Neagh). The territories and churches of the North of Ireland were plundered and spoiled by them."

Duald Mac Firbis, in his account of Danish families, refers to Turgeis, who lived in the middle of the ninth century. He says he took possession of and held his residence at Clonmacnoise, and that his wife was wont to issue her orders to the people from the high altar of the cathedral church there.

A.D. 848—"Olchover, King of Cashel, did overthrow the Danes in a battle in Munster, where he slew 1,200 of their best men." A.D. 831 refers to a battle between the white and black Gentiles, which lasted three days, in which the latter were

victorious. This was a sea fight, and took place in Carlingford Lough. A.D. 861 refers to the plundering of the burial mounds of Nowth, Dowth, and New Grange by the Danes. A.D. 918—"Kelles was altogether ransacked and spoyled by the Danes, and they razed down the church thereof. In the same year a battle was gained by Donnchadh, son of Flann, over the foreigners, wherein a countless number of the foreigners were slain. Indeed, in this battle revenge was had of them for the battle of Ath-Cliath (Dublin), for there fell of nobles of the Norsemen here as many as had fallen of the nobles and plebeians of the Irish in the battle of Ath-Cliath." A.D. 947—"Blacar Mac Gofrith, King of the Gentiles, was killed by Congalach Mac Maelmihi, with 1,600 of his men killed and wounded."



CLONMACNOISE.

We see from these extracts that the Irish bravely held their own with these invaders, and never willingly submitted to their yoke. The Danes had possession of the sea, and their numbers were constantly recruited from Denmark and Norway. They never, however, recovered

from the disastrous defeat of Clontarf. The only cloud on the bright sky of Erin on that day was caused by the death of the aged monarch and his brave son, who had swept before them off the field the mail-clad warriors of the North, who had deemed themselves invincible.

Nine centuries have almost passed away since these events occurred. The Danes no longer harass Europe. The rivalry that now exists between the descendants of the victors and the vanquished of Clontarf is of a more friendly character. Both are engaged in the capital of the Saxon, competing in the peaceful pursuits of commerce. The contest now is of a totally different character. It is not between mail-clad warriors as of yore. It is Canon Bagot, with his strapping dairymaids and Kerry cows, against similar opposing forces from the North. May all the differences between the Saxon and the Gael disappear in the friendly rivalry of commercial and agricultural pursuits, now so happily inaugurated. England will then find that, with the Scots of Erin and of Albain at her back, she is invincible against the world.



## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

“Of old sat Freedom on the heights,  
The thunder breaking at her feet;  
Above her shook the starry lights:  
She heard the torrents meet.”

THE manners and customs of European races have changed wonderfully within the last thousand years, and most people agree that the change has been, on the whole, for the better. There are some people, it is true, who, influenced by poems and romances, which paint the past in glowing colours, are for ever lamenting that “the age of chivalry is gone:” they even try to counteract the spirit of these degenerate days by attiring themselves in mediæval costume, and filling their houses with furniture which is uncomfortable, but antique. Could they but realise how rough was the life led in baronial halls, how very miserable the poor were, they would perhaps

be more content with the prosaic comforts of the present day.

We no longer need the portcullis, the moat, and the drawbridge, simply because there are fewer rogues in the world. Those who make their living by plundering their fellow-men do not now boast of their exploits openly and boldly. The police force, and locks and keys, are, as a general rule, sufficient protection.

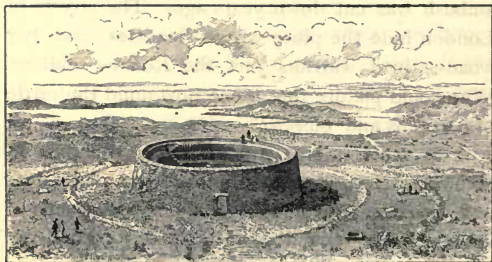
Even Nature has in some cases conformed to the fashion, and is as much changed and civilised as human society. Emerson, accustomed to the wilder aspects of American scenery, was very much struck with the neat appearance of England. He has in the following words recorded his impressions—"Under an ash-coloured sky, the fields have been combed and rolled till they appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plough. The solidity of the structures that compose the towns speak of the industry of ages. Nothing is left as it was made. Rivers, hills, valleys, the sea itself, feel the hand of a master. The long habitation of a powerful race has turned every rood of land to its best use, has found all the capabilities; the arable soil, the quarriable rock, and the new arts of industry meet you everywhere." It is old England no longer, and, except in

the grounds of some old castle or abbey, historical places are no longer recognisable. How are we to understand any the better some battlefield, if, when visiting the spot, we find the swamp dried up in which the vanquished cavalry were trapped, thus turning the fate of the day? The hill is levelled on which the victorious party established themselves; the wood in which they lay in ambush was cut down years ago. The streets of London hide the place where Boadicea and her woad-stained warriors met the Roman soldiery. Who could picture that scene now amid the rattle of hansoms and 'busses?"

It is much more easy to recall the past in Ireland. Here a visit to a historical place does not overtax the imagination. Vast tracts of country have remained unchanged for hundreds of years. The Tuatha de Danaans might return to life, and feel quite at home again.

Not long since, the writer climbed the steep road that leads from the shores of Foyle to the hills that look down on Swilly. On one of these hills stands the Grianan of Aileach, one of the oldest and most historic forts in Ireland, from whose walls can be seen a wide view of the surrounding country. From the walls of Aileach one sees nothing which recalls to mind the changes which have taken

place since this was a stronghold of northern princes. The "lake of shadows" lies almost at the foot of the hill, circled by bleak and rugged mountains. To the eastern side are the mountains of Innishowen, strange in form, scarred and cleft by precipices. The slopes of the mountains are covered with heather. The peaks look as if they were made of solid grey rock, on which even



THE GRIANAN OF AILEACH.

heather could not grow. To the west of the lough lies Tyrconnel. No wide-reaching pastures or valleys are seen there; nothing but the mountain wall along the shore and the grey peaks behind. True, there are some neat houses and fields scattered along the shore by Fahan, but these signs of civilisation are lost in the magnificent prospect. The train, too, which creeps along the yellow strand, makes a less part of the scene than the streamer



of mist which floats from the summit of Slieve Scalp. The present system, viewed in the long period of time which one recalls on this historic spot, is even as "the vapour that vanisheth."

The hills and the sea are unchanged since the turbulent O'Neills and O'Donnells waged war here, and one can easily picture scenes such as often were looked upon from the walls of Aileach. Perhaps it is a chief who returns from the wilds of Tyrconnel in triumph, bringing hostages and herds of cattle, whilst the bard of the clan sings a song in his honour, praising the valour of the chief's ancestors, but declaring that the present Prince of Aileach surpasses them all in glory. Or perhaps it is the enemy that creeps up the heathery hill by night. All is silence till the shouts of the sentinels arouse the sleeping defenders of the fort. Then the hills around echo with the rattle of spears and the battle-cries of the rival clans. Perhaps the fort is taken and sacked, as in the twelfth century, when an O'Brien of Munster carried away many of the stones as mementoes of his victory; or perhaps the assailants flee down the hill and along the strand of Swilly, bearing to their own country tidings which will cause lamentation among the bards and women for those who have been left dead or captive upon Grianan Hill.

One needs to see the mountain strongholds and passes of Ireland in order to understand how it was that this country was found unconquerable by that Norman race which in a few years subdued the Saxon inhabitants of England and imposed upon them the feudal system.

In 1066 William of Normandy landed in England. In five years he had conquered "the last of the English"—the hero Hereward, who was driven from his refuge in the swamps of Ely. Who would award to any English invader of Ireland the proud title of "conqueror"? Strongbow did not conquer Ireland; nor did the Elizabethan heroes, who had tamed the pride of Spain; nor did Cromwell, the victor of Dunbar, the conqueror of kings.

"Who was the last of the Irish?" Not Roderic O'Connor, nor Art Mac Murrough; not Shane O'Neill, nor the more virtuous and valiant Hugh. As one troublesome chief is got rid of or dies, another appears on the scene, till the reader of Irish history asks, with Macbeth—

"What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?"

It is not merely poetic fancy which has made men call the mountains the home of Liberty. As Wordsworth's says in one of his sonnets—

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“There are two voices—one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice.  
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice:  
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!”

History teaches us that this is true. Guarded by sea and mountain, nations can fortify themselves against invasion, and defend themselves when invaded.

England has but one guardian of liberty. Once the invader had landed on her shores, and had defeated the Saxon leader, his victory was sure. The vanquished could flee to no mountain strongholds. A hero like Hereward might have remained unconquered till his death, had his camp of refuge been among hills like those of Donegal, or in a ravine like Glenmalure. The first William could not then have assumed his proud title, and we might have seen rebellions of the English seven hundred years later.

The character of the country must always be remembered in reading history. The danger and difficulty of Irish warfare is thus described by Edmund Spenser, who knew Ireland well, having filled the post of secretary to the Lord Deputy—  
“It is well known that he is a flying enemy, hiding himself in woods and bogs, from whence he will not draw forth but into some straight passage or perilous ford, where he knows the army must needs

pass; there will he lie in wait, and, if he find advantage fit, will dangerously hazard the troubled soldier."

So it was when Richard II. led his army through the wood of Catherlough. A French knight who came on this expedition has left a full account



IRISH SOLDIERS.

of the dangers encountered, and of the restless valour of Art Mac Murrough, the Leinster king, who defended his land against invasion, reducing the king's army to starvation. In answer to Richard's offer of reward if he would submit, Art sent a defiant message—"He would do no such thing for all the treasures of the sea, but would

continue to fight and harass them." When King Richard left Ireland to cope with rebellion at home, Art was still unconquered.

In Elizabeth's reign, again, we have examples of the strength of the mountain strongholds and the valour with which they were defended. In the valley of Aharlow, among the Galtee hills, Sir James Fitzmaurice, then in revolt against the queen, defended himself against his pursuers. In Glenmalure, among the Wicklow hills, Feagh O'Byrne maintained for years a strong position. A royal army which entered the glen met with a disastrous defeat. Lord Grey, the general in command, retreated, having lost many of his men and principal officers. Stanley, one of the officers in command, wrote a letter to Walsingham, in which the battle and its scene are described.

"When we entered the glen," he writes, "we were forced to slide sometimes three or four fathoms ere we could stay our feet. It was in depth, where we entered, at least a mile, full of stones, rocks, bogs, and wood; in the bottom thereof a river full of loose stones, which we were driven to cross divers times. Before we were half through the glen, which is four miles in length, the enemy charged us very hotly. It was the hottest piece of service that ever I saw."

When Hugh O'Neill was attacked by English forces in his native Ulster, his knowledge of the mountains and glens enabled him to baffle his foes for a long time. To subdue him, it was found necessary to resort to a cruel expedient. The standing corn was reaped by the swords of the English army, and set on fire. Thousands lay dead of famine on the mountain sides, and in the valleys of Tyrone. Then, and not till then, did O'Neill condescend to submit on honourable terms.

After the siege of Limerick, the mountains afforded refuge to many of the brave defenders of the city, and to other Irish Jacobites who chose to lead an outlaw life among the hills rather than enter any foreign service. The Irish soldiers who went abroad at this time are known in ballad and song as "the wild geese." The outlaws of the mountains are known as "rapparees," and were long a terror to English settlers. The native peasantry took a secret pride in the daring exploits of these men, and celebrated their deeds in song and story.

Again, when the '98 rebellion was suppressed, some brave leaders—as Holt and Dwyer—eluded arrest, and, gathering round them other refugees, held out till they obtained favourable terms on

which to surrender. Dwyer was still uncaptured in 1803, and joined in the ill-fated conspiracy of Robert Emmet, promising to lead his band of outlaws to Dublin. After the failure of this plot, Dwyer surrendered on being allowed to emigrate. He died in Australia, 1825.

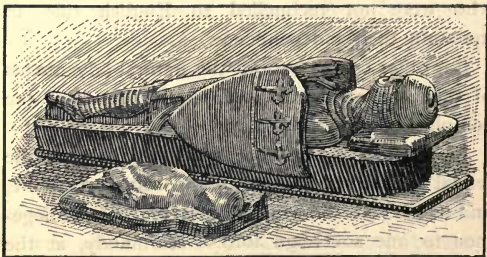
Up to this very century, we see that the mountainous character of the country assisted those who were not reconciled to English rule to maintain their independence.

But other causes besides the natural advantages of the country contributed to the delay of the complete conquest of Ireland.

In England, after the Norman conquest, the feudal system had been established everywhere, and had bound the whole nation together as liegemen to one sovereign lord. Normandy, at the Conqueror's death, was separated from England for a time, and though the countries were again united under Henry I., the Norman nobles holding lands and power in England had centred all their hopes there. The loss of Normandy in John's reign was decisive, and after this date the barons were less like the oppressors of a conquered country, and more like native Englishmen. The Conqueror and his successors lived principally in England, and so were able to exercise a controlling

influence, preventing their followers quarrelling over the division of the spoil.

In Ireland all was different. Before Henry II. came over, his subjects had made conquests on their own account. Strongbow had been acknowledged heir to the king of Leinster, Dermot Mac Murrough. When the city of Waterford was taken, Strongbow had married Eva, daughter of



TOMB OF STRONGBOW.

King Dermot. He might reasonably have hoped to found a kingdom equal in dignity to that of his royal master.

In 1171, Henry II. came to Ireland to assert his dignity, and reduce to dependence his subjects in that country. In his train were nobles eager for a share of the spoil, and these new-comers were regarded with jealousy by the original invaders.

The king remained in Ireland for seven months,





GLENCAR WATERFALL,  
Co. SLIGO.



and received the homage of certain Irish chiefs. He did not, however, assume the title of King of Ireland, and seems to have claimed nothing more than his rights as feudal lord over those subjects who held land in the country. O'Connor's title of Ard-righ was acknowledged in the Treaty of Windsor, 1175, though Henry claimed an annual tribute. He conciliated the native princes, and many of these were friendly to the crown, and hostile to the tyranny of the Norman-Irish landholders; so at the very beginning we see those elements of discord introduced which were to prevent any complete conquest, and to keep the country unsettled to the present day.

First, we have to remember the existence of the family feuds which prevented the Irish princes joining against the common foe and spoiler. Indeed, we often find an Irish prince allying himself with a Norman baron in order to gain an advantage over some hereditary foe. Disputes about succession to the chieftainship also brought discord into the clans. The English encouraged this strife, and profited by it.

We have also to keep in mind the jealousy existing between the crown and the landowners. The latter were anxious to escape the exactions of the feudal system, and had in many cases

adopted the Irish laws and customs. In the Irish districts the old Brehon laws were administered as before. Spenser shows plainly that English law was never really acknowledged by them—"To whom did King Henry II. oppose these laws? Not to the Irish, for the most part of them fled from his power into deserts and mountains, leaving the wide country to the conqueror, who in their stead eftsoones placed Englishmen, who possessed all their lands, and did quite shut out the Irish, or the most part of them; and to these new inhabitants and colonies he gave his laws—to wit, the same law under which they were born and bred; the which it was no difficulty to place amongst them, being formerly well inured thereunto. Thus was not the law of England ever properly applied unto the Irish nation, as by a purposed plot of government."

There was really a good deal of difficulty in maintaining the English laws. The English settlers, though "formerly well inured thereunto," seemed to have no great love for law and order, and encouraged rebellions among the Irish when it suited their purpose. For example, after the invasion of Edward Bruce, the administration of the laws was suspended, owing to the disorderly state of the country. Afterwards the judges could

not enter Munster on circuit, for between Dublin and the South lay a tract of country inhabited by some of the wild Irish tribes, such as the Byrnes and Kavanaghs. These barred the way of the judges, and it is supposed that they did so at the instigation of the Anglo-Irish lords, who were rapidly becoming more Irish than the Irish themselves, intermarrying with the native race, and uniting themselves with these by the ties of fosterage and gossipred. They adopted the dress and speech of the country, and rapidly drifted away from all connection with the country of their descent. The interests of England re-



NATIVE IRISH.

quired that this tendency should be counteracted, and laws were framed accordingly. Favour was shown to those who looked with disdain on the Irish customs, and upheld the dignity of England. From this time—the reign of Edward III.—we must distinguish between these “new English” and the “old English” descendants of the first conquerors.

The policy of isolating the races was now fully determined on, and to overawe the turbulent lords, it was decided that one of the royal princes should be sent over to govern the country. The necessity of such a step is shown by Spenser. In his dialogue on the state of Ireland one of the speakers (Eudoxus) asks—"Had they not governors to curb and keep them still in awe and obedience?" Ireneus answers—"They had; but it was for the most part such as did more hurt than good, for they had governors for the most part of themselves, and commonly out of the two families of the Geraldines and Butlers, both adversaries and co-rivals one against the other; of which Butlers and Geraldines, albeit (I must confess) they were very brave and worthy men, yet through greatness of their late conquests they grew insolent, and bent both the regal authority and also their private powers one against another, to the utter subversion of themselves and strengthening of the Irish again."

Lionel of Clarence, the ancestor of the House of York, came to Ireland in 1361. In 1367, at a parliament which met at Kilkenny, it was enacted that, "since many of the English had forsaken the English language, manners, mode of riding, laws, and usages, and lived according to the customs of the Irish enemy, all intermarriages, fosterings,

gossiped, and buying or selling with the enemy shall be accounted treason." All English names and customs were to be resumed on pain of confiscation of lands. The Brehon laws were to have no force—the English law was to be supreme.

In the last year of this reign an effort was made further to increase the dependence of Ireland upon England. The king ordered that representatives should be sent to London to consider the state of English possessions in Ireland. A remonstrance was sent to the king. It was urged that the Irish had never been accustomed to meet out of Ireland. The representatives, however, consented to come, provided their action should not be taken as a precedent.

The Duke of York, descended from Lionel Clarence, and lawful heir to the English throne, was sent to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant in the reign of Henry VI. He made himself popular with the Irish people and with the great Anglo-Irish lords.

In the Wars of the Roses many Irishmen were among the adherents of the House of York, and after the restoration of the House of Lancaster in the person of Henry VII., the pretenders—Simmel and Warbeck—who personated the descendants of the Duke of York, were welcomed

to Ireland, Simnel being actually crowned king in Christ Church Cathedral. Of course the Wars of the Roses drew most of the great English lords away from their Irish possessions; then, as Spenser tells, "the Irish, whom before they had banished into the mountains, seeing now their lands so dispeopled and weakened, came down into all the plains adjoining, and thence expelling those few English that remained, repossessed them again; since which they have remained in them, and, growing, have brought under them many of the English which were before their lords." The conquest of Ireland was again deferred. The House of Tudor had to struggle with the same difficulties which the Plantagenets had done so much to overcome. They had to meet with opposition from English lords who had adopted the speech, customs, and some of the wild, free spirit of the Irish enemy. Spenser, who wrote in the reign of the last of the Tudors, shows how much was still to do towards conquering the country, and draws out an elaborate scheme for fortifying it. It would thus be well to alter the date assigned to the conquest of Ireland in many histories.

The Irish had not adopted Norman customs or modes of warfare. They retained their contempt for armour, and went to battle in shirts of linen



dyed with saffron, and would not hide themselves behind the walls of cities. They were still ruled by the Brehon laws, and looked upon land as the common property of the tribe. They would not, therefore, acknowledge the feudal custom of forfeiture.

The Normans, on the contrary, had become "degenerate," as it was called, maintaining bards and brehons like their neighbours. They loved the Irish freedom of manners, but loved best the Irish lands, and their whole object was, by fair means or foul, to increase their share. Rebellions of the Irish were always welcome, for rebellion was followed by forfeiture. An O'Neill of the fourteenth century has left an account of the tyranny of the Normans which we may accept as typical. This account is given in a remonstrance addressed by Donald O'Neill to the Pope of that day, who had sent a rescript to Ireland at the request of Edward the Second. The English king was anxious that the papal authority should be exercised in support of English interests. The Pope sent O'Neill's complaint to Edward, advising him to redress the wrongs complained of.

The following passage occurs in the remonstrance:—"They oblige us by open force to give up to them our houses and our lands, and to

seek shelter like wild beasts upon the mountains, in woods, marshes, and caves. Even there we are not secure against their fury; they even envy us those dreary and terrible abodes. They are incessant and unremitting in their pursuit after us, endeavouring to chase us from among them. They lay claim to every place in which they can discover us with unwarranted audacity and injustice. They allege that the whole kingdom belongs to them of right, and that an Irishman has no longer a right to remain in his own country." Such was the Norman warfare.

We may well be astonished that, in spite of superiority of arms, in spite of every effort made to subdue the Irish race, they remained as independent as ever, and taxed all the energy of Henry VIII. and of his warlike daughter Elizabeth.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### IRELAND UNDER THE TUDORS.

“Rude years, but ennobled by battle and toil;  
Proud years that still rise o’er the ages at rest,  
Like turrets that look o’er a fertilised soil,  
As they moulder in mist on the skirt of the west.”

T. IRWIN.

WE have seen how, at the end of the Wars of the Roses, the English power in Ireland had declined to a low point. When peace returned with the accession of Henry VII., attempts were made to bring again into subjection those who had assumed an independent or rebellious attitude. We have already told how the Yorkist pretenders, Simnel and Warbeck, were welcomed by that nation over which their supposed ancestor, Duke Richard, had ruled. The Yorkist party were still strong in Ireland; and the Earl of Kildare, who favoured the Yorkist claims, was at the same time the King’s Lord Deputy. Henry was a politic

monarch: he saw that the Earl of Kildare would be able to humble the royal power if exerted against him, and so, though hostile to the Crown, this brave nobleman ruled in its name. "All Ireland could not rule this man," and so he ruled all Ireland.

But one great step was taken towards the subjection of Ireland by the passing of Poyning's Act, by which it was decreed that no bill should be put before the Irish Parliament before receiving the sanction of the English House. When the young king, Henry VIII., came to the throne of his cautious father, he was determined to brook no such resistance to his supreme will. His chancellor, Wolsey, pursued the policy of reconciling the native chiefs, and making them instruments of humiliation to the English lords. This policy was carried out to the letter. The Lord of Tyrconnel—a branch of the house of O'Neill and Cormac MacCarthy—were among the king's allies, whilst the Earl of Kildare (son of Henry VII.'s deputy), was detained in an English prison. His son, Lord Thomas, was incited to rebellion by a rumour that the earl had been executed. This rebellion ended in the almost total extinction of the Kildare branch of the Geraldine House. The earl died in prison; five of his brothers, and his son, Lord Thomas,

suffered the penalty of death. One boy alone remained, and he had to flee for his life to the wilds of Donegal and Connaught, and finally to France.

Henry, having made an example of this great house—sufficient to strike terror to the hearts of the boldest and most ambitious—proceeded in further adding to his royal dignity.

At a parliament in 1541, attended by Milesian chiefs and English nobles, Henry was acknowledged King of Ireland. The native chiefs who thus served the king were rewarded by titles. Con, the first O'Neill chieftain who had submitted, was made Earl of Tyrone, Burke became Earl of Clanrickarde, and Murrough O'Brien became Earl of Thomond. Henry granted these chiefs royal patents for their lands, and so they were drawn into acknowledging the supremacy of English land laws, and annulling the Brehon code. The chiefs did this on their own responsibility, and had in some cases to meet the opposition of their tribes. Con O'Neill, on his return to the North, was imprisoned and dethroned by his son, the famous Shane.

Some time before taking the title of King of Ireland, Henry had begun to "reform" abuses in the Church by seizing the property of the monas-

teries. The wealth obtained played an important part in reconciling the irreconcilables.

This new element of discord—namely, difference of the religions of England and Ireland—was introduced just at the time of the union of the crowns. Had this religious question not come up, it is probable that the policy of Henry VIII. would have triumphed; but by plundering shrines and church lands, electing bishops contrary to the will of the people, and imposing his supremacy in spiritual matters, he undid what work he had accomplished. The question of religion has entered into every rebellion and agitation to the present day. The work commenced by Henry VIII. was urged on in the reign of his son. The reign of Mary brought a cessation of it; but Elizabeth, who inherited her father's vigour and violence, turned her attention to Ireland, and in Church and State government of that country showed herself his worthy successor. She attempted to conciliate the native chiefs; but when they opposed her, she met them with merciless severity.

Shane O'Neill had declared that his father Con had no right to surrender his lands to the king, as he had but a life interest in them, and could not deprive Shane himself, the tanist of the clan, of his rights. A royal army was sent against this in-

surgent chief, who had threatened Dublin with his arms. He was pursued to the banks of Foyle, and there, after negotiation, made peace with the queen, and consented to visit her at her own court. This journey was accomplished. Shane caused as great a sensation in the London society of that day as Buffalo Bill and his cowboys caused sometime lately. The nobles and ladies of the court were greatly amazed at the appearance of this chieftain from the wild West, with his train of warriors.

This was in 1562. Many who saw Shakspeare's Richard II. acted about 1693 would be reminded, by the reference to the Irish wars, of Shane and his followers; they would also think of Hugh O'Neill, who had lately rebelled, when the following passages were spoken :—

“ Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,  
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,  
Ere further leisure yield them further means  
For their advantage and your highness' loss.”

And again :—

“ Now for our Irish wars :  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,  
Which live like venom where no venom else  
But only they have privilege to live.”

Shane, on his return to Ireland, had to cope with the enmity of the Scotch allies, whom he had promised to expel from Ireland. He did not keep

his peace with the English, and was driven to his northern territories by Lough Foyle. Another enemy met him here in O'Donnell, whose lands bordered on O'Neill's country. Shane had wronged this chief, who was in alliance with the English, and their forces met on the strand of Lough Swilly, where Shane was defeated, hemmed in by an army of his own nation and the waves of his native shore, in sight of Aileach Fort, which his ancestors had made glorious by their deeds. In despair, he fled for refuge to the Scots in Antrim, those men, once his allies, whom he had so deeply offended.

We are reminded by what follows of Coriolanus among the Volscians. A strife soon arose, and the O'Neill was hacked to death, his head being sent as a trophy to Dublin, where it was spiked upon the castle gates.

John Savage, an Irish writer of the present day, in a spirited poem, has represented one of Shane's clansmen coming by night to look upon the ghastly face of his former chief, and thus addressing it:—

“Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin's  
Castle tower,  
Thy shaggy hair is wind-tossed, and thy brow seems  
rough with power;



Thy wrathful lips, like sentinels, by foulest treachery  
stung,  
Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy  
fiery tongue.

. . . . .  
The Scots are on the border, Shaun! Ye saints, he  
makes no breath :

I remember when that cry would wake him up almost  
from death !

He's truly dead! he must be dead! nor is his ghost  
about—

And yet no tomb would hold his spirit tame to such a  
shout :

The pale face droopeth northward—ah! his soul must  
loom up there,

By old Armagh, or Antrim's glyns, Lough Foyle, or  
Bann the fair ;

I'll speed me Ulsterwards—your ghost must wander  
there, proud Shane,

In search of some O'Neill through whom to throb its  
hate again."

It seems as if the spirit of Shane—yes, the spirits  
of all the O'Neills who had opposed the English—  
entered into the body of Hugh, the next O'Neill  
who stood up against the foreign power. If the  
soul of Shane was in him, it seems to have profited  
by the lesson of his defeat. It was the enmity with  
the O'Donnells which ruined Shane—alliance with  
the O'Donnells was the strength of Hugh. Hugh

first comes on the scene as an English courtier in arms against the queen's enemies in the South. These enemies were the Desmond branch of the Geraldine family, who appear as champions of the Catholic religion, in league with Spain and Rome. The incidents of the rebellion, and the severity with which it was suppressed, remind us of the extinction of the Kildare Geraldines in Henry's reign.



HUGH O'NEILL.

The adventures of Sir James Fitz Maurice, and of the fugitive Earl of Desmond, are exciting and tragic in the extreme. For years the old earl hid from his enemies in bogs, in woods, and in mountains. Once he escaped from his pursuers by rushing into a river and standing in water

up to the chin, unperceived, among the weeds. He was accompanied in this adventure, and in all his wanderings, by his wife. He was taken at last, by night, in a hut among the Kerry mountains, and ruthlessly butchered on the spot. His lands were declared forfeit to the Crown, and were distributed among favourites of the queen, and courtiers who had distinguished themselves in the war. Among these was Raleigh, who had assisted at the capture

of the fort at Smerwick, defended by a Spanish garrison. There eight hundred prisoners of war were by his order flung over the rocks into the sea. On Raleigh's Irish estate the potato was first cultivated.

Edmund Spenser, the poet, got a little estate, including Kilcolman Castle, where he wrote the "Faërie Queen." In this poem, the wars of Ireland figure in allegorical guise. Lord Grey, under the name of Artegal, is represented as coming to rescue Irena from the power of a tyrant Grantorto (Spain). The squire of Artegal is Talus, an iron man, armed with a flail, and representing Lord Grey's coercive policy.

The following verses sum up Spenser's account of his patron's government and recall :—

"During which time that he did there remain,  
His study was true justice how to deal,  
And day and night employed his busy brain  
How to reform that ragged commonweal;  
And that same iron man which could reveal  
All hidden crimes, through all that realm he sent  
To search out those that used to rob and steal,  
Or did rebel 'gainst lawful government,  
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

"But ere he could reform it thoroughly,  
He through occasion callèd was away  
To faërie court, that of necessity

His course of justice he was forced to stay,  
And Talus to revoke from the right way  
In which he was that kingdom to redress:  
But envy's cloud still dimmeth virtue's ray!  
So having freed Irena from distress,  
He took his leave of her there left in heaviness."

There are many references to Irish places and scenery in this great poem. The poet seems to have genuinely loved his country retreat by "Mulla's wave," but he was driven thence when, in Hugh O'Neill's rebellion, the Desmonds returned to their plundered home.

Hugh O'Neill, second Earl of Tyrone (Shane scorned to assume the title), had up to the time of the Spanish Armada been in alliance with the crown. When that great fleet was scattered and wrecked upon the British coasts, many ships came ashore in Ireland. The shipwrecked Spaniards were hospitably received by the Irish. O'Neill was accused by Fitzwilliam the deputy, and by Bagenal the marshal, of sheltering the queen's enemies. The Irish chief was not anxious to take up arms against England, and seems to have been forced into his career of rebellion. The reason of this is evident. The queen herself had once, when a rebellion was imminent, written to Lord Sussex, asking him to assure the English lords that if the

rebellion took place "it would be for their advantage," as there would be "estates for them who want."

It has already been stated that O'Neill allied himself in this war with the O'Donnells. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, the son of the chieftain of the time, was a captive in Dublin Castle. When but a boy, he had been treacherously carried away on board an English ship, which came into Lough Swilly under the pretence of being a Spanish merchantman. Young Hugh was invited on board, and entertained with Spanish wine in the cabin; meantime the clansmen on the shore saw the ship hoist sail and leave the lough. For years the young O'Donnell was not seen by his friends. O'Neill, when preparing his scheme of rebellion, bribed the Lord Deputy to assist his escape from Dublin Castle. He was received with enthusiasm by the clan. The old chief—his father—resigned in his favour. He made an alliance with O'Neill, and, till the defeat at Kinsale, he fought with vigour against that government which had kept him so long a prisoner.

Elizabeth's bravest soldiers, her most skilled generals, were sent against the Ulster chiefs, who inflicted on them defeat after defeat. They were recognised as the champions of the Catholic faith,

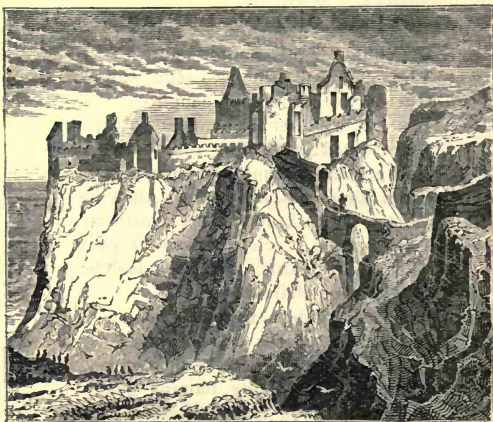
and made an alliance with Spain. They carried the war into Munster, uniting with a member of the Desmond house whom they recognised as earl. At last defeat came. A Spanish force, which had been sent to their assistance, held Kinsale, which was attacked by Mountjoy. The Irish chiefs planned a surprise on the English forces. They failed, by losing their way on the night arranged for the attack, and arrived at dawn before the English camp to find it roused and in arms.

After the defeat, O'Donnell sailed to Spain, where he shortly afterwards died. O'Neill retired to Ulster, where he held out till the death of the queen. He submitted on honourable terms, securing freedom of worship for his fellow Catholics, and did not hear of the queen's death till terms had been made. Some few years after the accession of James I., he was suspected of having formed a conspiracy to restore and defend the Catholic religion. To avoid arrest, he left the country, sailing from Lough Swilly with the new chief of the O'Donnells, his wife, and other relatives.

His estates were declared forfeit to the crown, and he died in exile. So Ireland was left for a time without any great defender; but another O'Neill was soon to return from foreign wars to play in his native land as brave a part as Hugh.

## THE LORD OF DUNLUCE.

On cliffs Atlantic surges smite  
Were founded firm his castle walls,  
Girt by no gardens of delight—  
His lady's bower or banquet halls;  
But clothed in flashing robe of white,  
And echoed through by ocean's calls,  
What king has lordlier halls than he  
Whose bulwarks break the Northern sea?  
With marble precious monarchs pave  
Their castle yards. No need had he  
Of agate or chalcedony,  
His castle gate a vaulted cave,  
His path upon the crystal wave;  
More royal road there could not be.  
Morning and evening, flaming gold,  
The wind-driven water landward rolled  
His boats to harbour at the base,  
By night it was their resting-place;  
Beneath the moon the sea was spread  
All silvered, and a pathway led  
To where the distant Hebrides  
Looked o'er the drear edge of the seas.  
In dungeon deep the rock below  
The captives wandered to and fro,  
As savage beasts in prison cage  
Dash themselves and wildly rage.  
Such captives these as never king  
Nor Aileach's prince nor Rathmore's lord  
Did ever home in triumph bring  
As hostage to a conquering sword;



DUNLUCE CASTLE.

Kings and lords they held, but he  
The wild waves of the Northern sea.  
Fearless of heart and strong of hand,  
Lords of wide water and fair land ;  
But lords of fate they could not be,  
So Erin knows their rule no more,  
But still upon our island shore,  
Unmoved above the water's roar,  
The castle fronts the Northern sea.

A. L. M.

Dunluce Castle, situated midway between Portrush and Bushmills, is erected on an isolated



promontory facing the sea, and cut off on the land side by a deep chasm, which was formerly crossed by a draw-bridge. This is now replaced by a stone arch—the only means of entrance. It is supposed to have been built by the M'Quillans in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and was afterwards owned by the Mac Donnells of Antrim. The Lords of Dunluce took a prominent part in the wars of Elizabeth. The castle was besieged by Perrot for nine months in the year 1584, and afterwards surrendered to him.





## CHAPTER IX.

### IRELAND UNDER THE STUARTS.

“Destiny sat by and said,  
‘Pang for pang your seed shall pay;  
Hide in false peace your coward head,  
I bring round the harvest day.’”

WHEN James I. ascended the throne of England, his Catholic subjects were hopeful that they would have freedom of worship, as O'Neill had secured it for them in the articles drawn up at the time of his surrender; but they were yet to learn the faithless character of the king. In 1605 a royal proclamation contradicted the rumours that Catholicism was to be tolerated. The king himself had no such violent objection to the Catholic religion, and was inclined, as long as he was carrying on negotiations with Spain, to deal mildly with the Irish Catholics, but all his inclination to do so was frustrated by the fanatic violence of the Puritan party in Parliament. The king valued his

safety more than his honour, and broke his faith by violating the articles agreed upon with O'Neill. His son, Charles I., and his grandson, Charles II., were quite as unscrupulous, we shall see, in all their dealings.

The flight of the Earls was followed by the forfeiture of the greater part of Ulster. Estates there were offered to such English and Scotch settlers as would undertake to employ no Catholics on their lands. The Church and Trinity College received large grants, as did also the various London trade guilds. On the estates of the latter was the town of Derry. It was fortified, and under the new name of Londonderry was a refuge for the Protestant settlers in the wars of the Revolution.

To assure settlers of safety, the native Irish were transferred to desolate places in Connaught and Munster; but many were retained as labourers by the English, in spite of their undertaking to the contrary. It was impossible for them to till their land without labourers, and the Irish alone could be got.

It may be mentioned that no Irish Parliament was called or consulted about the plantation. The king's proceedings were arbitrary throughout. In the beginning of Charles's reign the hunger for Irish lands had not abated. A commission formed

to inquire into defective titles declared vast tracts in Connaught, Wicklow, and the midland counties to be forfeited. It is alleged that this commission extorted evidence by use of torture. Witnesses were placed on gridirons, over a charcoal fire, till they undertook to give the desired evidence.

The king evidently intended to make a plantation in Connaught like that which his father had made in Ulster.

It is at this time that Strafford and his *thorough* system appear on the scene. A remonstrance had been forwarded to Charles by the Catholic landowners and more moderate Protestants, in which many grievances were set forth. They complained of the insecurity of property, and of the tyranny of the army and the ecclesiastical courts. They undertook, if these grievances were remedied, to raise £100,000 for the crown, and to protect the Protestant settlers. At the same time, the extreme Protestant party assembled and protested against any toleration being granted to Catholicism. Charles was in a dilemma—he was anxious to get the money, but afraid of the opposition of the fanatics. Strafford advised the king to take the money, and grant “the graces,” as they were called, on paper. The king followed this advice, and Strafford went to Ireland to prevent the fulfilment

of the promised graces. Under one pretext or another, the wily deputy postponed the carrying out of the king's part of the compact. He managed, during his period of power, to collect money and an army for the king, and by the help of those he hoped to render his master independent of the turbulent English commons; but he was unwittingly preparing material for a rebellion in Ireland, and for the grounds of his own impeachment and death-sentence. His master was as faithless to him as to the Irish Catholics, and his words might have served as a warning to the oppressed Irish nation—"Put not your trust in princes."

The Irish, meantime, had been preparing once more to strike a blow at the power of the conqueror. Rory O'More and Phelim O'Neill organised their forces in Ulster, and communicated with the exiled chiefs on the Continent. Among these were the son of Hugh O'Neill, and his nephew, Owen Roe, an experienced and brave soldier.

The rebellion broke out in the North on the 23rd October, 1641, when Sir Phelim O'Neill seized Mountjoy and Charlemont. Everywhere the Irish, who had been banished from their homes, came down from the mountains and expelled the planters. It has been alleged that at this time

there was perpetrated a great massacre of Protestants, and that the 23rd October was another St. Bartholomew. Mr. Prendergast, in his work on the Cromwellian Settlement, shows clearly that this was not the case, and quotes from an account of the rebellion, written by a clergyman of the day, for the express purpose of exciting compassion. It may be assumed that in such an account the very worst side of the conduct of the rebels would be exposed. The title of the pamphlet speaks for itself. It is as follows:—“*A brief Declaration of the Barbarous and Inhuman Dealings of the Northern Irish Rebels, written to excite the English Nation to relieve our poor Wives and Children that have escaped the Rebels' savage Crueltie.*” In it occurs this passage—“It was the intention of the Irish to massacre all the English. On Saturday they were to disarm them; on Sunday, to seize all their cattle and goods; on Monday, at the watchword ‘Skeane,’ they were to cut all the English throats. The former they executed, the third only they failed in.” Mr. Prendergast also quotes a proclamation of the Lords Justices of 1642, in which it is stated that the massacre had failed. How it was found out that a massacre had been intended is a mystery. When we remember that the excuse

offered for the confiscations and slaughter of Cromwell's time was that they were a righteous punishment inflicted on the perpetrators of a massacre, we can understand how the fiction arose.

The English soldiers sent against the rebels were often unpardonably cruel. In the County Antrim, the garrison of Carrickfergus drove those who had taken refuge in the Isle of Magee over the cliffs into the sea. After this outrage had been committed, the followers of Sir Phelim O'Neill were sometimes guilty of acts of cruelty which cannot be excused. War is always accompanied by deeds of violence; but even in that rough age, examples of humanity were not wanting. In Cavan, Philip O'Reilly protected Bishop Bedel and many Protestant fugitives, and the Jesuits of Cashel sheltered among themselves an English clergyman.

When the Catholic lords of the Pale joined the insurrection, a confederation was formed, consisting of the leaders and clergy, for the purpose of controlling and arranging affairs. They met at Kilkenny; and having declared their allegiance to King Charles, who was then contending with his rebellious English subjects, they proceeded to declare the objects of the war to be for the support of the Irish Constitution, and to gain toleration

for the Catholic religion. They arranged for the meeting of provincial councils and one supreme national council, and condemned plunder and murder during the war.

In the war which followed, Owen Roe O'Neill,



OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

who returned from the Continent to take command, played a distinguished part. His most striking success was a victory at Benburb, where Monroe, the English general, declared, "The Lord of Hosts has rubbed shame on our faces." Three thousand of

his army lay dead upon the field, whilst O'Neill's loss was insignificant.

Irish affairs were at this time complicated by the relations of English political parties. Those who were carrying on the war in Ireland were divided among themselves into Parliamentarians and Royalists. With the latter party, to which the Duke of Ormond belonged, the Catholic confederates were disposed to negotiate. After a truce had been made, they were anxious to join with Ormond against the Puritans under Monroe, but the duke refused to act thus. The king, who was hard pressed, was really anxious to get the



Catholic confederates on his side, and sent over an English Catholic nobleman, the Earl of Glamorgan, to treat with them.

After some delay, Ormond and Glamorgan signed articles of peace, which secured the emancipation of the Catholics and the independence of the Irish Parliament. The Irish, to fulfil their share of the compact, prepared to lead an army to the relief of Chester, but the king, rather than shock the prejudices of his Protestant followers, disclaimed all knowledge of Glamorgan's negotiations. So by his dishonourable conduct he rendered vain that long and gallant fight for freedom, just as his father had broken faith with O'Neill, and just as his grandson, William III., broke faith with the defenders of Limerick. Thrice have the Irish nation fought for freedom of worship, and bravely won what they fought for. Thrice did an English king grant free worship, and refuse it when his opponents had laid down their arms. The violated treaties of Mellifont, of Kilkenny, and of Limerick are the most glaring instances of the proverbial faithlessness of the royal house of Stuart.

The king's imprisonment, trial, and execution followed this breach of faith. The fact of his having negotiated with the Catholics was urged

against him, and every effort was made to show that he was fully responsible for Glamorgan's treaty.

In contrast with the conduct of Charles appears that of Phelim O'Neill, who was brought to the scaffold at the close of Cromwell's campaign. He was offered his life at the place of execution, and in the very presence of a terrible death, if he would say something to implicate the king; but he scorned to do so, and died rather than break faith with the faithless Charles. We do not wish to grant any large measure of praise to this much-abused rebel, but without doing so we can safely say that he was nobler and braver than "the royal martyr."

The time between the violation of the treaty and the king's death was one of utter confusion in Ireland. The Royalist party had on the one hand to oppose the forces of the Parliament, and on the other to avoid compromising the king by accepting assistance from the Catholics. It was in this interval that the battle already mentioned took place.

When the king died on the scaffold at Whitehall, the newly-established Council of State sent over the most renowned parliamentary general, Oliver Cromwell, to finish the Irish war. Shortly after

his arrival in Ireland, Owen Roe O'Neill died, and Ormond, who had at last allied himself with the Catholic party, left the country. Oliver's path of victory was therefore obstructed by no great leader equal in renown to himself; he had no united army to meet, and so the work which fell to him was the reduction of the towns which held out for the Royalist or national cause.

Jones had already seized Dublin for the Parliament; upwards of twenty towns were taken during Cromwell's campaign. These included Drogheda and Wexford, whose garrisons were slaughtered without mercy. In Drogheda, 3,000 died by fire and sword; a few survivors were sent to the Barbadoes. The account of this affair is nowhere more horribly told than in Oliver's letters, where calmly and prosaically he sets down his brutalities as if they were great deeds "well pleasing to the Lord." He seems to have especially relished the shrieks of those who were burned in the steeple of the church, and remarks with satisfaction that most of the friars were knocked on the head.

Cromwell left his son-in-law, Ireton, to complete the work of conquest. He reduced Limerick after a sharp contest, and died, leaving Ludlow in command. With the fall of Galway, in 1651, the confederate war may be said to close, after a

duration of ten years. As was usual after the close of an Irish rebellion, the forfeiture of lands and plantation of settlers followed. But this Cromwellian settlement was on a scale far surpassing those of Elizabeth after the Desmond war, and of James after the flight of the Earls.

Cromwell contemplated nothing less than the subjection of all the Irish nation, including the old English nobles and landowners, to a state of servitude, and banishment from their houses to the wild and rocky region of Connaught. The excuse urged for this harsh conduct was, of course, the great massacre. Mr. Prendergast plainly shows the absurdity of such an excuse:—

“It might perhaps be imagined,” he says, “that this fearful sentence was a penalty upon the supposed bloodthirstiness of the Irish. But for blood, death—not banishment—was the punishment; and the class most likely to be guilty of blood—the ploughmen, labourers, and others of the lower order of poor people—were excepted from transplantation. The nobility and gentry of ancient descent—proprieters of landed estates—were incapable of murder or massacre; but it was they that were particularly required to transplant. Their properties were wanted for the new English settlers.”

During the war, the Parliament had offered Irish lands to such "adventurers" as would subscribe to the expense of putting it down, or would serve in it themselves. An army was thus actually prepared, but it never went to Ireland, owing to the outbreak of the Civil War in England. The "adventurers," however, remained to be paid. The Cromwellian army in Ireland was also ready to disband, and clamoured for arrears of pay. It was determined to reward them by a share of the country which they had helped to conquer. The Act of Settlement was passed in 1652 by the Long Parliament. By this measure the officers who had carried arms in the rebellion were banished, forfeiting two-thirds of their estates. Those who had not been in arms, but who were supposed to sympathise with the Catholic or Royalist cause, were to forfeit one-third of their lands. The fraction not forfeited was in each case to be exchanged for an equivalent grant in Connaught.

The lands thus vacated were surveyed and mapped out for division among the adventurers and soldiers. Labourers who had not borne arms against the Parliament were not transplanted, as they were necessary to the new settlers. The full reason of their exemption from the sentence of banishment is quoted by Prendergast as having

been given by a Protestant statesman of the day: "First," he said, "they are useful to the English as earth-tillers and herdsmen; secondly, deprived of their priests and gentry, and living among the English, it is hoped they will become Protestants; and thirdly, the gentry without them must work for themselves and their families, or, if they don't, must die, and, if they do, will in time turn into common peasants."

The transplantation was to take place in winter, the men going first to prepare shelter for their wives and children, who were to follow before May 1st. The greatest difficulty was found in carrying out the arrangements. Many absolutely refused to go to Connaught, and so the jails were filled with them; and occasionally some one was hanged for an example and a warning, with placards on back and breast, which announced the crime to be—"For not transplanting."

Some idea of the difficulties encountered by the Government is gained by studying the questions disputed by those entrusted with the carrying out of the plantation. Mr. Prendergast enumerates many that must have been puzzling to decide, such as—"What shall be done with the Irishwomen that are Papists which are married to Englishmen and Protestants? What shall be done with the Irishmen

who are turned Protestants and come to hear the Word of God?" The Commissioners at Loughrea asked whether by Popish recusants of the Irish nation, and therefore transplantable, might be understood those whose fathers, or mothers, or both were English, only themselves born in Ireland? Whether men marrying transplantable widows became themselves transplantable?

These and other questions had to be decided, and a great number of petitions to be considered, and finally, when they had settled in their estates, they found the country a desolation. Wolves prowled in the woods and even near the towns, women and children were found starving on their way to Connaught, the earth had not been tilled, and there was scarcity everywhere. The soldiers occupied their spare time in hunting down the wolves, the Tories (Irish Catholics who had not transplanted), and the priests.

The penal laws were strictly enforced, and large rewards were offered for the capture of priests, the penalty for concealing such being death.

The atrocities committed by the Tories, who concealed themselves in the mountains, surpassed the moonlighting horrors of our own day. When they gathered in sufficient numbers, they would descend from their mountain hiding-places and

murder some planter and his family. To the cruelty of these plantations, and the outrages on the part of the evicted which always followed them, we trace the origin of unending agrarian outrages, to which the Irish people have become accustomed, and which they have come to regard with callous indifference.

The last incident to be noticed in connection with the Cromwellian settlement is the sale of prisoners, and the wives and families of banished officers and soldiers. These were sent to the Barbadoes or to Jamaica, and it is reckoned that some 8,400 were sent out of Ireland in this way.

Such was the work performed in Ireland by Cromwell, whom some regard as the apostle of liberty. Carlyle has tried to elevate him to the rank of a hero, but even so great a writer cannot persuade us of the purity of his motives. Charles I. believed in the divine right of kings, and overawed the Parliament by force; Cromwell believed himself a heaven-sent instrument of vengeance, and likewise expelled the Long Parliament with the help of his soldiers, establishing the most absolute tyranny which has ever been known in England. The great Civil War may have secured the liberties of England, but it was not because those on either side fought



for liberty or toleration. Their treatment of the Irish confederates shows that they had no love for either.

Cromwell was buried, with others of his family, beneath the east window of the chapel of Henry VII., near the tombs of the royal Tudors. That grave is now empty, the bodies having been removed after the Restoration to a more fitting place. No one of Irish birth should look with disapproval on the alteration that was made.

On the accession of Charles II., only a small proportion of the lands forfeited by the Act of Settlement was restored to the original owners. The penal laws were enforced as usual. James II. attempted to make less strict the laws against Catholics, but this, joined to other impolitic acts, cost him his crown.

To the war which took place in Ireland at this time is given a full share of attention in the pages of English history. The Irish fought for a religious object rather than for any devotion to the House of Stuart. In a parliament called by James in 1689, at Dublin, religious toleration, political freedom, and the repeal of the Act of Settlement were assured. It was for these that Sarsfield held Limerick—for these that the Catholic Irish charged at the battle of the

Boyne. For King James they had no personal regard or devotion. "Change kings," they called to their enemies after their defeat on that fatal day—"change kings, and we will fight you over again." This campaign in Ireland was unstained by any brutality on either side. It would have brought nothing but honour to the new king, but for the violation of the treaty of Limerick. William was tolerant, but he was not his own master, and he was a Stuart. The motto of that royal house seems to have been "Safety before honour."

The battle of the Boyne and the siege of Limerick may be said to finish the conquest of Ireland. For one hundred years England's supremacy was not disputed in the battle-field. The contest was transferred to the bloodless arena of political agitation. We have seen that it was mainly the religious question which caused wars and rebellions from the time of Henry VIII. From the time of the fall of Limerick till 1829, the religious question was the subject of a war of words carried on in Parliament and on paper. Swift, Grattan, and Flood were the warriors who fought the battle—O'Connell was the victor.

In '98 there was a return to the more brutal method of argument, when the success of the

French Revolution incited Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and others to ally themselves with France, and plan a revolution in this country. In the North of Ireland the religious question was not the cause of the rebellion, and the Society of United Irishmen embraced all creeds. But in Wexford and the South, where the most menacing outbreak took place, the religious question alone incited the people. Their leaders were priests like Fathers John Murphy, Michael Murphy, and Philip Roche.

We promised to abstain from talking politics, and so must not enter into any discussion on the event which followed the '98 rebellion—namely, the Union. On both sides we can talk calmly now about the Plantation of Ulster or the Cromwellian Settlement; but it would be impossible at the present day to speak of the Union without becoming a politician. To avoid this, we close this brief outline of Irish history.

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MARY BANNAN.

A NIGHT SCENE IN '98.

“Come to the fire and shut the door, Mary Bannan!

Mary Bannan!

The wild winds in the chimney roar,  
And whirl the ashes round the floor,

The rain is wet upon your cheek,  
And your eyes are startled, Mary, speak!  
Where have you been in rain and wind?  
Why do you look to the dark behind, Mary Bannan?

"Tell us now where you have been."

"To draw from the well by the old raheen," said Mary Bannan.

"Then, Alannah, have you seen  
The fairy folk that come by night?  
Have you seen them dance, that your cheek is white?  
To watch their frolics did you stay? for you've been  
near an hour away, Mary Bannan."

"I saw no fairies dance at all," said Mary Bannan;

"Nor did I hear the Banshee call;

I rested my cans by the old rath wall,  
And looked to the shining lake of Shannon.

I saw the moon and stars fly fast,  
And grey clouds whiten as they passed."

"Saw you no more, then, Mary Bannan?"

"I heard the tramp of marching men," said Mary Bannan.

"I climbed the hill and looked again;  
The moon shone out awhile, and then  
Up the lane that leads from the shore of Shannon  
I saw them marching straight and tall;  
They turned about towards the old rath wall."

"How did you hide, then, Mary Bannan?"

"I did not run away nor hide," said Mary Bannan.

"I took my pails that stood beside,  
And passed down toward the lake of Shannon.

I met them on the narrow path,  
For they were marching to the rath,  
With pike and gun they came along,  
And they were near a hundred strong."

"And did you tremble, Mary Bannan?"

"No; I was proud I knew no fear;  
I said, 'God save our country dear.'  
One said, 'God bless you, Mary Bannan.'  
They fell aside; I walked between;  
No faces in the dark were seen;  
They passed on to the old raheen,  
And I straight to the shore of Shannon,  
And my pails are full," said Mary Bannan.

A. L. M.

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### WEXFORD BRIDGE.

A STORY OF '98.

Oh, short and troubled was their sleep in Wexford  
prison cells,

They heard in dreams the rolling drums and boom of  
chapel bells,

And horror seized on many a heart when, at the  
dawn of day,

Was heard the cry, To arms! to arms! and cannon  
far away,

And then outside the prison walls the hurried tramp  
of feet.

Some hopeful said, " Help must be near ; they march  
the foe to meet."

" Our friends are near," reply was made ; " they'll  
march here without fail,

But they'll hardly find a soul alive in the cells of  
Wexford gaol."

All through that summer morning did the captives  
trembling wait,

Then tears were shed, wild prayers were said ; some  
cursed their cruel fate.

One sat and smiled, that grief made wild, and boldly  
sang the song

That stung to rage those rebel hearts oppressed by  
many a wrong.

When noon was past, a golden beam fell through the  
darkened room ;

But never a ray of hope was sent to light their  
sorrow's gloom ;

Only the gaolers came and took a band of prisoners  
down

To where the river seaward runs through the bridge  
by Wexford town.

And there was done a dreadful deed in Freedom's  
holy name :

The pikemen ready stood in rows, and down the  
captives came,

And walked, their hands fast made with bands, the  
rebel ranks between.

The pikemen pierced them as they passed, then sights  
of woe were seen,

Wailing was heard of weaker hearts, defiance from  
the brave.

They fell and died, the rolling tide served as their  
sudden grave.

Over the bridge's battlements their corpses were  
hurled down,

And, stained with blood, the guilty flood flowed on  
past Wexford town.

The sky, blood red, flamed overhead, as evening  
hour drew nigh,

Nor yet were all the prisoners slain, and some had  
come to die.

The leaders, from the fight returned, for mercy  
begged in vain.

The people yelled, "The yeomen come, shall these  
go free again,

To trample on our holy church and sing their  
mocking songs?

Nay, slay them all, and if we die, we have avenged  
our wrongs."

Then mounted on the battlements, arranged in  
priestly gown,

Bold Father Corrin, well beloved by all in Wexford  
town.

He spake, and signed the holy cross against the fiery  
West,

"Brothers, the work you do this day must now by  
heaven be blessed;

Then kneel and pray the words I say. For a holy  
cause you fight,

To free belovèd Ireland, and our Church's wrongs to  
right.

Down! every pikeman, down and pray! your weapon  
ready place

Against your victim's heart, and look him calmly  
in the face."

He raised his hands in prayer to God, a few pale  
stars looked down,

And the booming guns were heard by all on the  
bridge in Wexford town.

The priest stood on the battlements, his voice was  
clear and loud;

Slowly and solemnly he prayed, and after him the  
crowd,

The prisoners and the pikemen too, eager their foes  
to slay,

And the words were those the Lord Christ taught His  
followers to say.

"Forgive our sins, as we forgive." They paused, nor  
said the rest;

But each pikeman took his weapon's point from his  
kneeling foeman's breast,

And with trembling voice the good priest prayed  
God's blessing might come down.

So no more blood was shed that night on the bridge  
of Wexford town.

A. L. M.





## CHAPTER X.

### SKETCHES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

“ Even now methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness are there,  
And piety, with wishes placed above,  
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.”

GOLDSMITH.

WHERE have lately appeared in some American magazines “average” photographs, in which the features of some sixty or seventy persons were blended into one face which had in it something of them all. The resulting picture gave an idea of the average student in some school of art or medicine. It would, I fear, be impossible on this principle to give a picture of the average Irishman, but some of his leading characteristics may be roughly sketched and his general circumstances stated.

The great majority of the people are *countrified*,

living on farms or in small country towns. Large towns are few and far between, there being just seven in Ireland with a population of over 15,000. Their united populations amount to something over three-quarters of a million, or one-seventh of the population of Ireland. Even in these large towns the people can know much of country life, as many of them are merely enlarged market towns, into which the country people come regularly with cattle and corn, butter and eggs. Dublin, Belfast, and Cork alone in any way resemble English cities, and even the two latter are lacking in many of the advantages found in English towns of smaller size. A description, then, of the life of the country people will best give a general idea of Irish life.

The inhabitants of an Irish country town may be broadly divided into three classes—the gentry, the middle class (made up of farmers and business people), and the working classes. The upper classes—the landowners and titled people—are not represented to any extent, or rather they are only represented, as is Royalty in this country, by deputy. Their houses are closed up, and they themselves are in London or abroad. We do not know them as public benefactors or employers of labour, but as

collectors of rent. To this there are a few notable exceptions amongst the very highest of the nobility and the older landed gentry. Would that such exceptions were more general in Ireland. There would not then exist between landlord and tenant that antagonistic feeling which has been so prevalent in recent years.

In the "gentry," or "quality," of an Irish town are included the landed proprietors, the Episcopalian clergy, the magistracy, the military, the district inspector of police, and the county officials. The doctor may be included, but that depends upon who his father was; he is not an *ex-officio* member of the select circle. The professional classes are all of doubtful standing on the border land between the gentry and the business people. It depends greatly on their personal qualifications whether they can associate with the former or the latter.

Among the common people are included broadly all Dissenters and Roman Catholics, except where they are landowners or "military people;" the farmers, the business people, the Presbyterian and Methodist ministers, and the priests.

The reasons of this wide distinction between classes are various—one is the absence of wealth among the business people. Wealth is a leveller

of the differences of birth, more so than education or personal worth. The business people and upper farming classes are not, as a general rule, well off; but they are intelligent, and value any means of education presented to their children. They are not making a struggle to keep up appearances, as are the poor magistrates and military people, and so they often save enough to send the clever one of the family to college in Dublin, or even to Oxford or Cambridge. It is from among these classes that the law, the dissenting ministry, the Catholic priesthood, and the professions mainly obtain their recruits.

Emerson has lavished high praise on country life and country people. Of the farmer he says—“He is a hoarded capital of health, as the farm is the capital of wealth; and it is from him that the health and power, moral and intellectual, of the cities come. The city is always recruited from the country. The men in cities who are the centres of energy, the driving wheels of trade, politics, or practical arts, and the women of beauty and genius, are the children or grandchildren of farmers who are spending the energy which their fathers' hardy, silent life accumulated in frosty furrows, in poverty, necessity, and darkness.”

But, in Ireland, any youth ambitious of wealth or

a distinguished career must look abroad. There is a continual selection of the fittest going on in the country, and the best of our strength and intelligence and commercial enterprise goes to enrich the colonies or foreign countries. The labourers leave the country in great numbers, the farmers at home have increased difficulty in getting men to work for them, and so the complicated land question becomes more complicated still. This subject of dispute was originated by the legislation in the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne, which destroyed the rising industries. It is only now that the woollen manufacture is beginning to recover from the effects of that adverse policy. It is a hopeful sign of our times that English people are taking an interest in, and helping to revive, our industries. Commercial prosperity in Ireland would go far towards solving the vexed land question, by decreasing the competition for farms, and giving some occupation in their own country to those who, failing to get land, go to Australia or America. A market would be created for agricultural produce at home among the commercial and manufacturing classes, and the endless agrarian disputes and outrages would cease with the struggle for a bit of ground. Even private families are subject to envyings and disputes, a

farmer's sons being rivals in his favour for the land. One of them alone can hope to make his home in Ireland; the others have only emigration before them. So whilst appreciating the good points in agricultural life, we should desire to see in this country more manufacturing towns. We shall further discuss this point when we come to look at the question of education, but shall now attempt to give a description of country life in Ireland.

The degree of comfort and style of a farmhouse depends, of course, on the size, value, and situation of the farm. Many small farms are worked by the owner and his family, who live in a thatched house of some three rooms, with a bit of garden, a pig-sty, and a cow-house. The farmer may have a share in the plough and team of a neighbour, or pay for the use of farming implements in a given number of days' labour. There are many grades of farm and house between this and the property of the gentleman farmer. His house is slated; he has gardens, an orchard, and a horse and car; he employs labourers and servant girls, though his own family help in the lighter work, the girls being able to dress the butter and do the baking for the house, in spite of having been "finished" at a ladies' school. Knowing French and music should

not unfit a girl for making good bread or dressing butter nicely. Even the gentleman farmer is not always prosperous; he may be comfortable, but it is questionable whether he is at all able to save money, or to look forward to an old age of ease. But in all Irish farm houses, from the poorest to the most comfortable, hospitality is the rule. In the kitchen the travelling beggar is given a corner by the fire, and while resting and refreshing himself, he tells the news of the country round. He also tells stories of the past. If he is an old man, he will delight the hearts of the children with tales of what happened in the days of their great-grandfathers. The weddings, the funerals, the christenings of long ago are described, for on such occasions the local beggars do not fail to turn up to partake of the good cheer. Perhaps he is a dealer in charms or an adept in telling fortunes; if so, he is the more welcome, and his bag is replenished by a more liberal measure of meal. The cripple and the idiot are kindly treated, as a general rule. Goldsmith's description of the guests in the parsonage kitchen in "Sweet Auburn" is true of many a country house in Ireland at the present day:—

"His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;

The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,  
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won."

Even the poorest among the people are willing to share their little means with their fellow-sufferers, the following instance of which came under the writer's own observation:—

Visiting not long since a wild and desolate part of Donegal, among the barren heathery mountains we came upon a cottage of the most miserable description. Its sole inhabitant was a "widdy" woman, who stood at her doorway peeling potatoes. She addressed us heartily, asking where we came from, and when we named a place some miles off, she asked us to come into her house to rest. Stooping under the narrow doorway, we entered a clay-floored room, full of smoke from a turf fire, on which the dinner for herself and the pig was boiling. As she chatted, now in Irish, now in English, she had frequently to give the pig a friendly push with her bare foot, as it too desired to welcome the strangers. She apologised for the untidiness of her kitchen, saying that an old beggar-



man had come in, and when resting by the fire took ill. She had nursed him, but he died. "We waked him," she said, pointing to a bier draped in white where the body had rested; "he was buried to-day, and so the house is all through-other. But," she added, her eyes brightening, "when Miss X. (naming the landlord's daughter) heard tell of his dyin' here, and that he was an old tenant of her father's, she sent up a *shillin'* to help the funeral." We were more astonished at the hospitality of this poor woman than at the generosity of Miss X., and thought of the Scripture story of the widow's mites.

Family affection and good humour are almost universal among the peasantry. Their wit is well known. They have in many cases a strongly poetic temperament, and have a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature. When parting with the woman just mentioned, she said—"If you come in summer, Miss, I wouldn't stop to go with you to the top of Knockalla," and she pointed to a rugged mountain some miles beyond, describing the view to be had from its summit. A carman not long ago insisted on driving us two miles beyond an arranged route that we might see a place he admired. It was not a dodge to obtain extra money, as he refused to accept more

than had been at first agreed upon. The same man, when driving some English ladies, and hearing them say that they hadn't seen a good sunset lately, remarked, "Didn't yez see the sun go down on Wednesday?" and then he launched forth into a description of its glories. He drove them home by a roundabout way, and when he had reached the proper point of the road, he pointed his whip to the west, and said—"Yon's where I seen the sunset I tould yez of; yez can see it here any evenin'." Such instances of the poetic and artistic taste of the peasantry might be multiplied.

But to return to an account of their life. The market day is of course the event of the week. On that morning anyone taking his stand on the road leading to a market town would see it thronged with carts and people from miles round. Here comes an old woman with a basket on her arm containing butter and eggs. She wears a clean frilled cap, with a spotted handkerchief tied over it; a cloak or shawl covers her shoulders; her skirts are carefully pinned up, and her feet are bare. On a convenient green bank near the town she seats herself with dozens of others, puts on her stockings and boots, shakes out her skirts, and goes on her way to the market. The rattle of carts never ceases. One passes full of the

clean-scraped bodies of the gentlemen who used to pay the rent: their feet are turned to the skies, and the voice of their grunting is hushed for ever. The next cart has a far different load. A boy balanced on the side of the cart whips up the horse. Two pretty girls sit on the clean straw within, in all the glory of holiday attire, if it be a bright day. Their hair is oiled and shining, their hats are gay with ribbons and flowers of rainbow hue, and their dresses are gorgeous. But in spite of these little vanities they are hard-working girls, and have churned and dressed the little keg of butter which is in the cart. It is a pity, however, that their earnings should be spent on tawdry finery which does not improve their appearance, for they look far better in their simple everyday attire. In certain parts of Ireland the simple caps and kerchiefs are still worn by the women. We could mention a parish where the priest, evidently a man of taste, has opposed the fashions with success, using argument and influence in such a way that hats and bonnets have been done away with in his little kingdom. The peasant girls go to mass and market with no head ornament save the braids of their dark hair and a simple kerchief. The matrons wear frilled caps. Would that every *soggarth* (priest) in Ireland were inspired

by like æsthetic taste and a like spirit of reform. In Connaught the picturesque red cloaks are still to be seen on women, and the knee breeches and tailed coats are worn by men. English civilisation and the fashions take long to travel thither.

In the streets of the town the scene of gaiety contrasts with the usual sleepy quietness. The shop windows are gaily decked, and though there are special market places, a good deal of business goes on in the streets. Stalls have been erected by propping handcarts in a horizontal position—some of them are shaded by a canopy. Here are spread out gingerbread, sugarstick, and dulse (an edible seaweed much liked in Ireland). Other stalls display cheap jewellery and knickknacks, flower vases, cups and saucers, and cheaply framed pictures of the saints, or the Irish leaders. Here an old woman presides, comforting herself, as she waits for customers, with a short cutty pipe which she puffs vigorously. Further on is a shooting gallery, where the boys display their skill as marksmen. Elsewhere there is an auction going on, where the salesman uses all the forces of his Celtic eloquence in lauding a second-hand hat or coat. He stands on a cart, in the middle of an ever-decreasing pile of shawls, petticoats, skirts, and coats. Sometimes he dons a coat, and revolves

slowly before the eyes of the admiring crowd, addressing in flattering terms some young fellow whom it would suit. At other places, tin cans, crocks, and deal furniture are being disposed of.

In the milliner's shop, if it be spring-time, a busy trade is going on in bonnets and hats—wonderful erections of gauze and gay ribbons. Here Biddy is trying on a hat before a glass, turning her head this way and that, whilst the smart shop girl induces her to buy. The purchase made, she puts it on, and has her old hat parcelled up in a paper bag. Street tumblers and jugglers, the owners of peepshows, fiddles, and bagpipes, minister to the diversion of the people. The ballad-singer has an attentive audience, as he roars out the story of murder or love, or an account of the woes of the emigrant "far across the say." The listener is admonished—

"Don't forget where'er ye go that you're an Irish man."

Sometimes there is a new ballad on some stirring political event; and the singer has a bundle of leaflets for sale, recounting the horrors of Mitchelstown, the sufferings of Father M'Fadden, the miraculous descent of the suit of Blarney down the chimney to Tullamore gaol, or some years ago, how "The light of Ireland's eye was laid in dark Kilmainham gaol."

But politics are dangerous, as the minstrel sometimes finds to his cost. Once, shortly after the death of the informer Carey, when Patrick O'Donnell's trial was going on, we saw a crowd round a woman who was singing a ballad on the subject. Its literary merit was not high. It began in the usual way—

“Good people all, give ear to me,”

and so on. The last verse ran thus:—

“O'Donnell brave, he shot the knave,  
And done his work right well ;  
I hope no harrum will come to the arrum  
That sent the knave to ——,”—

well, to use Carey's own euphemism, “removed” him to another place.

As the sale of the ballad was commencing, a censor of the press appeared on the scene in the shape of a stalwart policeman, who scattered the crowd right and left, and “removed” the singer. Her leaflets, like those of Virgil's sybil, were scattered by the wind, and the writer secured one of these curiosities of literature free of charge.

In the evening, one may watch the procession of carts and people go home. The drivers are perhaps a bit “hearty,” and standing erect, like the ancient charioteers, they whip up the horses and

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race one another, the rattling of the clumsy vehicles over the stony roads making a thunderous noise. Here is a driver who is so dead drunk that he lies in the bottom of the cart, and trusts to the horse to bring him home. Girls are assisting their brothers or their "boys." Here a tipsy Orangeman comes along; he is in a warlike mood, and offers to fight any number of Fenians, whilst he is scarcely able to keep himself from falling in the gutter. It is a pity that there should be so much drunkenness on market day, but in most country towns there are no refreshment rooms save the public houses, which drive a flourishing trade on these occasions. Twice a-year a special market is held, in which the hiring of farm servants is carried on. It differs from an ordinary market in being more crowded and gay. All servants go to the market, whether they intend changing situations or not, "just for the fun." It is interesting to linger near a group where a bargain is being driven between a farmer and the parents of some able boy or girl. When all is arranged, "they shake hands" on the bargain, and probably go off to a public house to have a friendly glass together.

On a fair day\* there is less gaiety and more

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\* "Fairs" are held in Ireland at stated periods, not so frequently as markets, and are specially intended for the sale of cattle.

business going on. The streets are thronged with horses and pigs and cows; the drovers, armed with stout ash sticks, rush about whooping like red Indians, "kepping" cows at the street corners, and coaxing refractory pigs to move forward by pulling their tails in an opposite direction. Horses are being raced up and down the street to show off their capabilities, and the day closes with more drunkenness than is customary even on a market day.

The party celebrations of the Twelfth of July and St. Patrick's Day are, of course, of great importance in the country. The splendour and length of a procession depends on the part of Ireland in which the celebration takes place. In Ulster the Orangemen are numerous, and a grand demonstration is held on "the Twelfth." In the summer evenings, for weeks before the eventful day, the drum is heard, for the drummer requires considerable practice in order to be in good form, and to fill with credit his difficult post. The orange lilies in the cottage gardens are carefully kept and watched, with anxious hopes that they will be ready in good time for "the walk." On the Sunday before the Twelfth of July, the brethren come to church wearing their orange sashes and decorations, and the parson preaches a special sermon

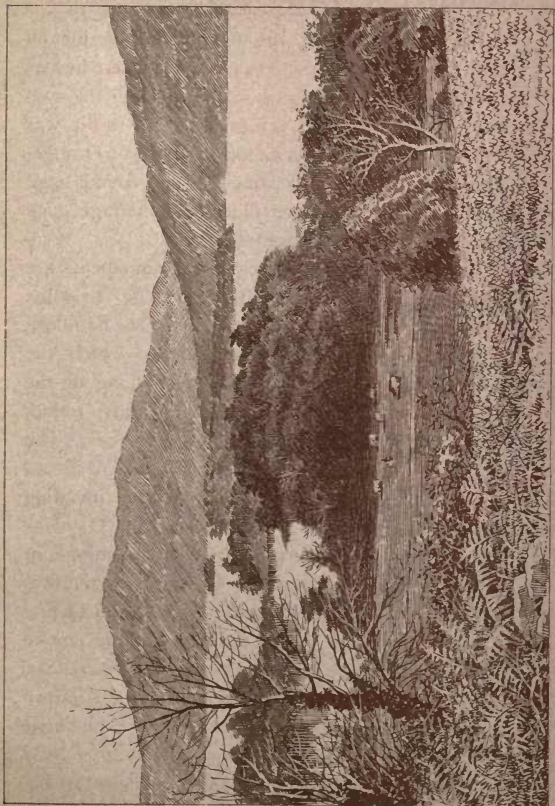


on the glories of Protestantism and the evils of Popery; the politics of the day are mentioned; reference is made to the "arch-fiend Gladstone" (we quote the expression of a country parson), and, above all, William of "glorious, pious, and immortal memory" is lauded.

An Ulster curate lately, when preaching to the Orangemen, adopted a different tone, taking as his text the words, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." He urged toleration. Relating the horrors of the penal laws, he asked his hearers whether they thought they were acting as Christians in celebrating an event which meant persecution and degradation to Roman Catholics; whether they thought it manly to be constantly reminding their enemies of their defeat? He spoke of the coming 200th anniversary of the Boyne, and expressed a wish that it could be celebrated by the destruction of all Orange flags and drums in the waters of the historic stream. The first effect of the sermon was to raise a very bitter feeling against the clergyman for such an unusual discourse, and a meeting was convened at which his conduct was to be specially considered. In the most plucky manner he attended the meeting, and for over two hours reasoned the matter with them, commencing at

the text, and taking the sermon bit by bit all through, and asking them to point out where he was wrong. His reasoning was most convincing, and no one present could refute it. The result was that the clergyman was victorious, and the Orangemen, to their credit, became his fast friends ever after, as they like to see pluck and courage even in those who are opposed to them.

As the "Twelfth" approaches, arrangements are made for the gathering of all local lodges to some central place. A Protestant farmer or landlord grants the use of a suitable field to which the procession is to march. On the morning of the day the bands come in from all the country round, and form in procession at the Orange hall. The flags are unfurled, the bands begin to play, and for some time one would think that an invading force had taken possession of the town. The flags are very gorgeous—purple fringed with orange, or royal blue edged with gold. On some are pictures of William crossing the Boyne; mounted on a white charger, he points across the river to the smoke of the battle. The motto is—*No Surrender*. An open Bible, and a Bible supporting a crown and guarded by swords, are other favourite designs. Behind each flag comes a band, usually of fifes and drums. The man who beats the big



LOUGH GILL, Co. Sligo.



drum is an important person, and is chosen for his powers of endurance. Under the broiling July sun he swings his arms and thunders away, while the sweat stands out upon his brow.

As one band follows another, each playing a different tune, the effect is surprising, but not musical. The uniforms of the bands are usually very stylish, gold lace being lavishly laid on. With each band walk the people of the townland from which it comes—the brethren in orange sashes, with lilies in their hats; the women in their gayest finery, with floating ribbons of orange and blue. Some men are mounted on cart-horses, which do not seem accustomed to martial music; others are on shaggy ponies. Some of these steeds have their manes plaited and tied up with orange ribbons; others wear what appear to be antimacassars over their heads. These are head covers made for the occasion; the covers of the ears end in tassels, and bunches of lilies and purple rocket nod like plumes above the eyes. The young men have their hats decorated with ribbons and feathers, probably taken for "the walk" from the Sunday hat of an obliging sister or "girl." The streets are crossed by "arches," which are formed of ropes hung from window to window, or from chimney to chimney, and twisted with orange lilies, paper roses,

and evergreens ; from the centre is suspended an imperial crown, or a picture of the Queen or Lord Beaconsfield. As the procession passes beneath the arch, the men raise their hats. In the field, speechmaking, feasting, and games go on, and when the time comes for the return march some of the men are "hearty." When there is danger of a breach of the peace, the band does not play inside the town ; but party fights are happily now of less common occurrence.

The processions of Catholic bands resemble those of the Orangemen in the general features. Their principal colours are green and white, and their uniforms are as elaborate as those of the opposite party. Their bands are, as a rule, pretty well trained, and the fifes and drums are not so predominant.

Troops of the soldierly Irish constabulary often swell the ranks of a party procession. They are there, of course, on duty ; but they improve the appearance of the turnout as they march along with guns on shoulder.

A country wedding is an interesting sight. One often meets on the road a succession of cars rattling along, and on these the bridal party are suitably arranged in couples. White ribbons adorn the ears of the horses and the coats of the guests, and

everyone turns out of the houses to give them a cheer as they pass. The wedding tour consists of a drive round the country after the ceremony. In County Donegal we have seen a wedding of forty couples marching in procession two deep, with a piper and a fiddler leading the way.

The wake is perhaps the most curious of Irish institutions. Mourning and merrymaking go on together, and laughter and "keening" are alternately heard. The corpse is said to be laid "under the board," for it is hidden from sight by boards laid across stools or barrels, and draped with white sheets. On the board are placed pipes and tobacco for the guests.

The following extracts from Carleton will give a good idea of what goes on. He is describing a wake where man and wife lie dead together:—"When the corpses were washed and dressed, they looked uncommonly well, consitherin'. Larry indeed didn't bear death so well as Sally; but you couldn't meet a purtier corpse than she was in a day's travelling. Then their friends and neighbours knelt down round them and offered up a *Pather* or *Ave* apiece for the good of their souls. When this was done they all raised the *keena*, stooping over them at a half bend, clapping their hands, and praising them as far as they could say any

good of them. After the first 'keening,' the friends and neighbours took their sates about the corpses. In a short time, whiskey, pipes, snuff, and tobacco came, and everyone about the place got a glass and a fresh pipe. As soon as night came, all the young boys and girls from the country side about them flocked to it in scores. In a short time the house was crowded; and maybe there wasn't laughing and story-telling, and singing, and smoking, and drinking, and crying—all going on, helter-skelter, together. When they'd be all in full chorus this way, maybe, some new friend or relation, that wasn't there before, would come in, and raise the *keena*. As soon as he'd raise the shout, the merry folks would rise up, begin to pelt their hands together, and cry along with him till their eyes would be as red as a ferret's. That once over, they'd be down again at the songs, and divarsion, and divilment just as if nothing of the kind had taken place." The young people then went to a neighbouring barn, where dancing and games went on. "In regard to poor Larry's wake we had all this, and more at it; for, as I obsarved a while ago, the man had made himself no friends when he was living, and the neighbours gave a loose to all kinds of divilment when he was



dead. Although there's no man would be guilty of any disrespect where the dead are, yet when a person has led a good life, and conducted themselves dacently and honestly, the young people of the neighbourhood show their respect by going through their little plays and divarsions quieter and with less noise; but, as I said, whenever the person didn't live as he ought to do, there's no stop to their noise and rollickin'."

This account of a wake sounds somewhat barbarous to English ears, but the origin of the merrymaking is a desire to divert the minds of the bereaved from their sorrow.

One of the saddest sights to be seen in the country is the departure of a party of emigrants. Their friends "convoy" them to the railway station, and sometimes to the seaport. As the train or steamer starts, a heartrending wail goes up from "the convoy," and the emigrants weep bitterly. If they are "Scots of Ulster," the grief is not so manifest, though perhaps none the less real. The emigrants are generally the ablest and cleverest of the young people, who go to "push their fortune" in a distant land. They are often very successful, and send home help in the shape of money to their friends.

Dickens, during his tour in America, saw many

things which displeased him; but in his book, written on that occasion, he has recorded an incident which delighted him. He has been describing the gay and frivolous scene in Broadway, New York. After describing the fops, he says—"Byrons of the desk and counter, pass on, and let us see what kind of men are those behind ye: those two labourers in holiday clothes, of whom one carries in his hand a crumpled scrap of paper, from which he tries to spell out a hard name, while the other looks about for it on all the doors and windows. Irishmen both! It would be hard to keep your model republics going without the countrymen and countrywomen of those two labourers. For who else would dig, and delve, and drudge, and do domestic work, and make canals and roads, and execute great lines of internal improvement. Irishmen both, and sorely puzzled too, to find out what they seek." He then goes down and helps them to read the address and find the place they were seeking for. "They are brothers, those men. One crossed the sea alone, and working very hard for one half-year, and living harder, saved funds enough to bring the other out. That done, they worked together side by side, and then their sisters came, and then another brother, and lastly

their old mother. And what now? Why, the poor old crone is restless in a strange land, and yearns to lay her bones in the old graveyard at home; and so they go to pay her passage back; and God help her and them, and all who turn to the Jerusalem of their younger days, and have an altar fire upon the cold hearth of their fathers."

Goldsmith more than a hundred years ago told the sad tale of emigration. In the words quoted at the head of this chapter he shows what wealth is lost to this country in the persons of the emigrants. It is better for them to go from misery and idleness to some country where they can show their ability to work; but why should their native land be the one place in the world where prosperity or even comfort is not to be hoped for? The reason is to be sought for in the pages of history, and we should look upon those black pages with hope for the future. Many of the causes of Ireland's misfortunes have disappeared; others are disappearing. She may hope to live in friendship with England, and share in the welfare of that great country. She may hope to realise the words of Scripture, addressed to another nation unfortunate as she:—

"Lift up thine eyes round about and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to

thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side. Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations."





## CHAPTER XI.

### LEARNING AND CULTURE.

CARLETON, who has given the most impartial account of the characteristics of the Irish people, bears trustworthy evidence to their desire for learning. "There never was," he writes, "a more unfounded calumny than that which would impute to the Irish peasantry an indifference to education. I may, on the contrary, fearlessly assert that the lower orders of no country ever manifested such a positive inclination for literary acquirements, and that, too, under circumstances strongly calculated to produce apathy on this particular subject." English laws, during the 17th and 18th centuries, were framed with the evident object of preventing any possibility of culture among the Catholics in Ireland; and as the vast majority of the Irish people belonged to the

Catholic Church, nothing less than the degradation of a nation was aimed at. Many schoolmasters and priests defied the law, and, gathering pupils around them in secret, taught as well as they could, often without the shelter of a roof. Scholars were sent abroad to Catholic colleges, although the law forbade this under a heavy penalty; and so the enthusiasm of the people for learning, and their determination to obtain it, counteracted to some extent the evil effect of these barbarous laws. If people who laughed at the ignorance of the Irish peasantry had considered the causes of it, they would have found a subject for admiration rather than for ridicule. This love which the Irish people have shown for culture, is closely bound up with their history from the earliest period.

Before the introduction of Christianity, when other nations in Europe, with the exception of those influenced by Roman and Greek civilisation, were in a state of barbarism, Ireland had a system of education which deserves the admiration of modern days. Education was in the hands of the *fileas*, or bards, and these teachers had gone through a long and laborious training before they were entitled to teach others. This training extended over a period of twelve years,

during which the scholar advanced from one degree to another, passing seven in all before attaining to the final title of *filea*. An important part of the curriculum was the study of history and genealogy. The candidate for a degree was obliged to repeat from memory a given number of historical narratives, the number varying according to the stage of learning to which he had attained. For the lowest of the seven degrees twenty were required; for the degree of *filea* seven fifties. Important privileges were granted to these scholars; but they were degraded and deprived of their rights if at any time they were found guilty of falsifying history. Thus accuracy was assured. Besides educating the young, the *filea* acted as arbiter in disputes on points of history and genealogy, recited poems at the great assemblies of the people, and improvised verses on public occasions. When engaged in instructing the youth, the *filea* lived under the protection of some chief or king, his pupils coming to his abode, or travelling with him if at any time he changed his residence. If he had a great number of pupils, many were entertained and supported by the people in the neighbourhood, who took a pleasure in thus honouring learning.

After the introduction of Christianity many changes took place, but education still flourished and learning was remunerated, the Christian priests and bishops taking the place of the pagan *fileas*. The instruction imparted was not merely literary. Horsemanship and military and athletic exercises were included, also the game of chess, which requires no small degree of skill and intelligence on the part of the players.

The accounts of these ancient Irish tutors recall to mind the education which the Greek heroes, Theseus and Hercules and Achilles, received from the centaur Chiron. Matthew Arnold has thus described the education of Achilles:—

“The Centaur taught him to explore  
The mountains, where the glens are dry,  
And the tired Centaurs come to rest,  
And where the soaking springs abound,  
And the straight ashes grow for spears,  
And where the hill goats come to feed,  
And the sea eagles build their nest.

• • • • •  
He told him of the gods, the stars,  
The tides; and then of mortal wars,  
And of the life which heroes lead  
Before they reach the Elysian place  
And rest in the immortal mead;  
And all the wisdom of his race.”



The education of women was not neglected. They too heard the recitations of the bards, and knew the history of their land; but they paid special attention to the womanly arts of sewing and embroidery.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere, in some beautiful lines, has described the education of a young girl by a bard called Ethell. The girl had heard the old bard sing, and in delight followed him down the hill on which her house stood to ask him

“To teach her all that a woman should know.”

So the bard undertook the education of the girl and her brother, and gives the following account:—

“So I taught her the hymn of Patrick the Apostle,  
And the marvels of Bridget and Columbkille;  
And ere long she sang like the lark or the throstle,  
Sang the deeds of the servants of God's high will:  
I told her of Brendan, who found afar  
Another world 'neath the western star;  
To her brother I spake of Oisin and Fionn,  
And they wept at the death of great Oisin's son.  
I taught the heart of the boy to revel  
In tales of old greatness that never tire;  
And the virgin's upspringing from earth's low level,  
To wed with heaven like the altar fire.”

Public schools were established, to which scholars

flocked even from England and Scotland. The poor were not forgotten, for youths who had talents but small means, by attending on the rich scholars and through the generosity of the people around, were able to support themselves during their years of study. This system reminds us of the sizarships in modern colleges, and of the "poor scholars," of whom more will be said presently.

The following is an ancient story, which shows the way in which poor students made a living:—  
"A king, attended by a numerous train, was travelling towards Clonard, in Meath, the site of one of these public schools. On his way he passed a student who was trudging in the same direction, carrying on his shoulder a little churn full of milk. In his haste to get out of the path of the horsemen the youth stumbled, breaking the churn and spilling the milk. The royal party went on, but the youth followed, running till he attracted the king's attention. He spoke to the king, whom he did not recognise, in the following words:—'Oh, good man, I have cause to be grieved, for there are three noble students in one house, and there are three lads of us that wait upon them. One of us goes round the neighbourhood to collect support for the other five, and it was my turn to

do so to-day. All that I got for them has been lost, and the borrowed vessel has been broken, whilst I have not the means of paying for it.' The king compensated the student for his loss, and granted him protection. This very youth, Adamnan, became a famous Christian scholar and abbot of Iona, and was also the founder of the church of Raphoe, in Donegal."

Here we have a national system of education, where the people, instead of paying a tax grudgingly, entertained generously the scholars who came to live in their neighbourhood. Up to the present century the Irish people have shown this generosity for learning's sake. When a clever boy wished to go to some famous schoolmaster at a distance, it was the custom for the priest to make a collection from the altar, and preach a sermon on his behalf. Carleton, in his story of *The Poor Scholar*, has given a lively account of such a collection. The appeal was in this case made by a "hedge priest," one of those who, before the establishment of Maynooth, had no other education than that obtained in the hedge schools. He paints, with all the powers of his unpolished eloquence, the possible sorrows of the "poor scholar," melting his congregation to tears, and putting them into a charitable frame of mind.

“Picture to yourselves a fellow-creature in distress. Suppose him to have neither hat, shoe, nor stocking, and altogether in a state of utter destitution. Can there be a more melancholy picture than this? He hasn’t a rap in his company! Moneyless, friendless, houseless, an’ homeless! Ay, my friends, you all have homes, but he has none! Look at your own childer, my friends! Bring the case home to yourselves! Suppose he was one of them, alone on the earth, and none to pity him in his sorrows! Your own childer, I say, in a strange land! An’ this may all be Jemmy M’Evoy’s case, that’s going in a week or two to Munster, as a poor scholar; may be his case, I say, except you befriend him, and show your dacency and your feelings, like Christians and Catholics; and for either dacency or kindness, I’d turn yez against any other congregation in the diocese, or in the kingdom; ay, or against Dublin itself, if it was convanient, or in the neighbourhood.” A liberal sum was collected as a result of this eloquent appeal, and the boy started on his journey. The kindness with which he was treated on the way was as great as that shown by the friends at home. The best bit and sup were placed before him; and while his poor but warm-hearted entertainer could

afford only potatoes and salt to his own half-starved family, he would make a struggle to procure something better for the poor scholar, "because he's far from his own, the crathur, an' sure the intintion in him is good, anyhow; the Lord prosper him, an' everyone that has the heart set upon the larnin'." When the poor scholar arrived at his destination, he was as liberally treated by the farmers around, living in their houses, and in return helping their sons at "the larnin'."

The "hedge school," in which learning was imparted, was generally a long clay-floored room built against a ditch, which served as one wall of the house. In fine weather the teaching was carried on in the open air, hence the schools got their nickname. The masters were often men of considerable learning, but they generally took much pleasure in showing off their knowledge, and amazing their rustic hearers by

"Words of learned length and thundering sound."

Goldsmith's description of the village school-master is a very faithful picture of one of these country pedants.

When a scholar thought that he had learned all that it was in his master's power to teach him, he summoned the latter to a combat of learning, the

clergy acting as umpires. If he "sacked" his former instructor, he went as a "poor scholar" to some more famous man. Travelling scholars often summoned schoolmasters to these contests with a view of deposing them. If the stranger was victorious, the master retired and went in search of a new place.

Here we have a competitive examination system which required masters to be constantly prepared, as they did not know when some strange scholar might arrive on the scene, and put them to shame before the whole parish.

The presence of a learned master in a townland was greatly prized. Carleton tells a story of a district where there was no schoolmaster. Advertisements were drawn up in vain. At last the Findramore men determined to carry off Mat. Kavanagh from a neighbouring place. They formed a strong band, and rode by night to his house. Pretending that they were on their way to a fair, they stopped for refreshments, and managed to make him dead drunk. He was then put in a sack, and conveyed safely to Findramore. Would that all moonlighting raids had as laudable an object as had this. The nation that has this traditional respect for learning may surely, now that such vast improvements have taken place in the

means of education, hope to make progress in arts and scholarship, and acquire all that makes a nation truly great.

In the past, the greatest minds of Ireland devoted themselves to the study of oratory, literature, to a great extent, being neglected. The political circumstances of the country naturally caused this state of affairs, for men contending for liberty of conscience and person have little time to devote to the peaceful pursuits of art and literature. But every "cause" was supported or opposed by orators and pamphleteers. Sir Anthony Malone, Flood, Grattan, and Curran upheld Ireland's reputation for eloquence in the 18th century. The greatest orators of the 19th century have been Irishmen—such as Burke, Francis, Sheridan, Canning, O'Connell, Shiel, and Butt. In the present day Irishmen are as eloquent as ever, and, as the proverb says, "able to talk the birds off the bushes." The names of Irishmen distinguished in literature are comparatively few; yet, if we remember the disadvantages under which the country laboured, we need not be ashamed of a list which contains the names of Swift and Steele, Sterne and Sheridan, Goldsmith and Moore. With peaceful times much may be hoped for, from the recent improvements in

education in Ireland. When circumstances permit Irishmen to think and write, instead of talking, orators may be rarer, but we will be endowed with a more lasting wealth of literature. This may be at no distant date, but, as Milton says, "in a still time, not in these noises."

The various educational systems now at work in Ireland are by no means perfect, but much attention has been given to legislation on the subject, and it has been amply repaid. There cannot, in fact, be too much attention paid to this important subject. Emerson writes—"Let us make our education brave and preventive. Politics is an after-work, a poor patching. We shall one day learn to supersede politics by education."

The education question has certainly not been forgotten in recent legislation. We have now a National system of education, an Intermediate Board of Examination, and a University which requires no great outlay for residence or lectures at any college as a qualification for taking a degree. The average daily attendance at the National Schools for the past year was 515,388 children, and the actual number of names on the rolls was 1,071,768. It is just as well that the average attendance was not higher, as there is



only healthy accommodation in the school-houses for 73,438 children. This attendance shows an increase on last year's figures, and the improvement is in quality as well as quantity, the percentage of answering being on the average higher.

An examination under the Intermediate Education Board is held yearly, in June. The first examination took place in June, 1879, and the tenth examination is being conducted this year. A marked improvement in the general teaching and an increase in the number of schools have been the result of the establishment of this system. The scholars presenting themselves are divided into three grades, according to age—the senior grade including students not over eighteen, the middle grade those not over seventeen, and the junior grade those not over sixteen years of age. Children begin to enter for the examinations from the age of ten, and many youthful prodigies carry off exhibitions before they are in their teens. The money awards are valuable, and the competition keen. The boys and girls are examined separately, but at no distant date the girls will perhaps claim equality, and be allowed to compete with the boys. Every subject taught in schools is a subject of examination, but

students are limited as to the number they may take up. In the junior grade are awarded some thirty or forty exhibitions of £20 for three years, and about the same number of £15, and more than one hundred book prizes are also awarded. In the middle grade the exhibitions are £25 for two years; in the senior, £40 for one year. In order to retain these exhibitions after the first year, the students are obliged to compete and pass in higher grades. Medals are given for first place in the more important subjects. Those who pass receive a handsome certificate. Thousands of students compete for these awards. Teachers can obtain result fees up to £4 10s. on a junior, £6 10s. on a middle, and £8 10s. on a senior grade student. The system has its disadvantages, the principal being the possibility of the student selecting his studies with reference to the intermediate marking rather than to his natural proclivities. A student often takes up a subject because it will pay, both figuratively and practically. Teachers in guiding students in the selection of subjects may be actuated by the same motive; but the advantages quite counterbalance this. A student is obliged to take a wide range of subjects, and so he lays a foundation of general knowledge. After eighteen, dur-

ing his college career, there is time enough to specialise.

The competition between schools affords an approximate standard by which to judge them, and principals are compelled to employ the best available teaching staff if they wish their schools to take a creditable position. The money awards give young people of ability, but small means, an opportunity of paying part or all of the expenses of education. A boy or girl who gets a £40 prize in the senior grade can begin a university career, even if no scholarship is taken. The winner of such a prize is, however, certain of further money awards from the Royal University. Parents have, in the results of the Intermediate, tolerably safe grounds on which to judge whether their boys and girls are fit for a college career, and thus waste of money is avoided.

The Royal University was established quite recently on much the same lines as the London University. Men and women are alike admitted to degrees, and can study for their examinations where they like. The lectures at the Queen's and certain denominational colleges are arranged to prepare students for the various degrees, but many go through their Arts course without attending any college. Much would, of course, be gained by

attendance at lectures, but it is well that in this new university no regulations exist which would practically exclude the poorer classes. It is, however, a pity that there are no arrangements for residence in connection with the Queen's Colleges; they are at present merely teaching establishments, and however excellently they fulfil this function, they are not regarded by students with the affection which is felt for a college which has been in some sort a home. The scholarships of the Royal University are keenly contested, and the holders of these, or the winners of honour degrees, need not be despised by members of more famous English universities. A goodly number of them have within a short time won distinction at Oxford and Cambridge. Thus we are enabled to estimate the value of Royal University distinctions. We need only mention that the Senior Wrangler of this year (1888) was an Intermediate mathematical medallist and a scholar of the Royal University. The following extract from a report just issued by a Belfast school speaks for itself. It shows that Ireland is regaining some of her ancient glory as a seat of learning:—"It is a most remarkable fact that, during the past twelve months, the foremost mathematical honour at degree examination in the four chief universities respectively has been

obtained by a former pupil of the Methodist College, Belfast. The first of senior moderators and mathematical student in Trinity College, Dublin, is Mr. Benjamin Steede; the mathematical student in the Royal University of Ireland is Mr. Orr; the senior mathematical scholar in Oxford is Mr. Campbell; and the Senior Wrangler at Cambridge is Mr. Orr. Mr. Orr's success has naturally attracted a good deal of attention, and has brought honour to his school, to Belfast, and to Ireland generally." Two former pupils of the Royal Academical Institution, Belfast—Mr. Allen and Mr. Larmour—also gained the same high honour of Senior Wrangler at Cambridge. Thus, within a period of ten years, three Irishmen have carried off the most coveted mathematical prize in the Empire.

Trinity is the only famous Irish college. It alone has all the advantages of a venerable past. It has educated famous men, and its various debating societies have been the training ground of Irish eloquence. Its museum and library contain treasures which could only have been accumulated through the course of centuries. The Irish have long been famed as enthusiastic bookworms. A writer of the time of Queen Elizabeth has left the following account of the earnestness with which the

young Irishmen of that day devoted themselves to study—"They speak Latin like a vulgar language, learned in their common schools of leachcraft and law, whereat they begin children, and hold on sixteen or twenty years. I have seen them where they kept school, ten in some one chamber, grovelling upon couches of straw, their books at their noses, themselves lying prostrate, and so to chaunt out their lessons by piecemeal." If we exchange the "couches of straw" for hard-backed chairs and desks, the above passage would describe very well the appearance of many a school in Ireland before an examination.

With the exception of those who live in or near Dublin, the Irish people have few opportunities of visiting museums, art galleries, or free libraries. Belfast, the second town in Ireland, possesses no art gallery, and till this very year (1888) had no free library, whilst its museum is the property of private individuals.

"Sweet is the lore which nature brings."

Those who live in the country are under the refining influence of nature's beauty, but in towns the absence of this influence should be compensated by art collections and museums. If these are wanting, the townspeople are sure

to be uncultured. It is to be hoped that in time this want will be remedied, and that technical and artistic education will receive as much attention as mere book learning. In this respect we have much to learn from the people of ancient Erin, who trained the eye and the hand as well as the head, and have left behind them many examples of their artistic design and skilful workmanship.





## APPENDIX.

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### TOURS OFF THE BEATEN TRACK.\*

#### I.—SLIGO AND THE WEST.

**S**HOULD we compare the present portion of the nineteenth century with the corresponding part of the eighteenth, a striking contrast is observable in the customs and mode of life of the greater number of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. As a result of the changed conditions under which life now exists, diseases unknown to our grandfathers are common in our day, whilst others, which were formerly a scourge to mankind, have been almost stamped out.

The introduction of the steam-engine and the locomotive seems to have accelerated our national as well as our commercial life. The pulse of the country beats quicker, from the great central citadel of the Empire down to the smallest village. We had entered the forties in the present century before railway travelling had commenced to influence our mode of living. During the old coaching days men took things more calmly, and did not live at such a rapid pace as now. The energy and nerve force expended in the latter part of this century were inherited from the reserve accumulated by our easy-going forefathers. It is unlikely that

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\* See Map of Ireland, with Tourist Routes, pp. 282, 283.



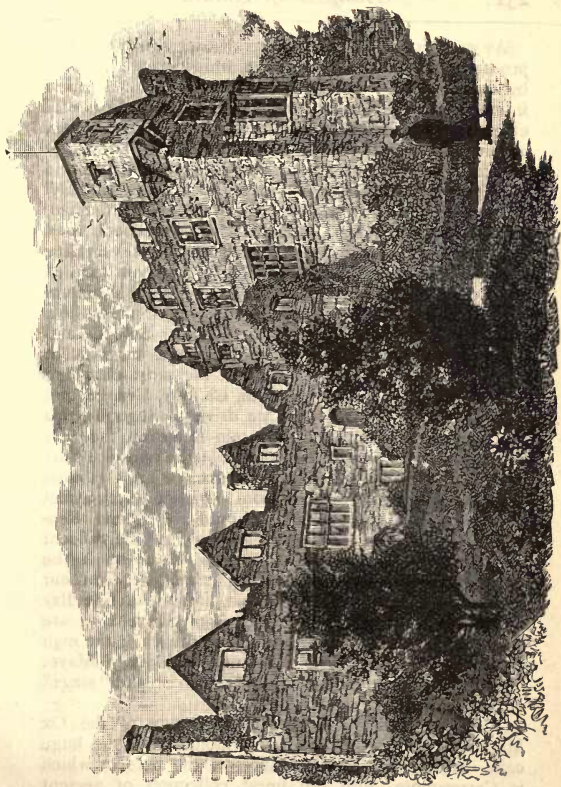
the present generation will bequeath to their children a similar inheritance; but they should by every possible means try to make the best of the conditions under which they live, by the development of manly sports for the young, and holidays for those more advanced in years. This is not only a matter of personal, but also of national importance. We learn from history that the most refined and civilised nations of antiquity, having lapsed into an effeminate state, were overrun and conquered by hordes of wild, uncultured barbarians; hence we see the necessity for improving the national physique.

The greater number of professional and business men are at present subjected to a more severe ordeal of worry and nervous tension than their fathers were. The annual holiday, in consequence, has become indispensable, and is now a recognised institution that cannot safely be dispensed with. To meet the increased demands of travellers, railway and steamboat companies find it advantageous, during the summer and early autumn, to be more liberal in their arrangements. There are, however, other agencies at work which have done more to popularise travelling than the carrying companies themselves. Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son have had a great deal to do in developing the tourist traffic, and in increasing the facilities for travel; in this respect their work has been a national advantage. The lengthened experience and great resources of this house have enabled them to make their system and arrangements for the comfort and convenience of travellers almost perfect. We are pleased to observe that they are now turning their attention more fully to Ireland. They have published an interesting "Programme of Tours and Excursions in the Emerald Isle," which describes the principal places of interest in the country. They have also opened an office in Royal Avenue, Belfast, which will be of great service to tourists and regular travellers. Perusing their book, we

observe that they do not depart much from the ordinary groove or track to which tourists seem to adhere. Killarney, Wicklow, Connemara, the Causeway, and the Antrim coast are referred to. This is as it should be; but this Guide, as well as most others we have seen, do not refer to places equally beautiful, and possessing, besides, the additional charm of structures hoary with the lapse of centuries, and surrounded with the halo of tradition and romance.

We propose in the following pages to supplement what has been omitted in almost all the Guides, and give a description of districts and places which are comparatively unknown to the ordinary tourist. In addition to the scenery, we will give a brief description of some of those interesting remains of past ages that tend to throw light on the civilisation and knowledge of the arts possessed by the inhabitants in remote times. We will confine ourselves principally to two counties—Sligo and Donegal—whose unexplored beauties temptingly invite travellers off the beaten track. The former county is not mentioned in Messrs. Cook's tours, and it has also been omitted in a very interesting and enlarged Guide Book just published by the *Irish Times*, which should be in the hands of all travellers visiting Ireland.

County Donegal lies to the west of the Great Northern line from Derry to Dublin, along which tourists coming from the direction of the Giant's Causeway travel. Should they make a break in their forward journey, and change at Strabane for Donegal by the Finn Valley line, they may easily reach Carrick the following day, stopping on the way at the beautifully situated town of Killybegs. But if time is a consideration, it may be reached the same evening. Once at Carrick, the traveller can revel in some of the finest mountain and cliff scenery in the United Kingdom, or perhaps in Europe.



DONEGAL CASTLE.

As we purpose referring to this district again, we shall proceed to describe County Sligo, which may be reached by the Midland Great Western line from Dublin, or from Belfast and Londonderry by the Great Northern, changing at Enniskillen to the Sligo and Leitrim line, which proceeds direct to Sligo. Another and most beautiful route is to go to Bundoran by train, and thence by Walsh's van, which leaves for Sligo twice daily.

By whatever road the visitor approaches County Sligo, beautiful scenery meets the view. The old coach road from Enniskillen through Manorhamilton is very fine —“over the Irish Alps,” as a driver of Bianconi's called the picturesque pass which leads over Marah Mountain towards Sligo. The scenery on the road from Ballina, after passing Dromore West, through Screen and Ballisodare, with its ancient church and magnificent cascades, is also very striking. But the most charming road of all is that by Bundoran, Cliffony, Grange, and Drumcliffe. On our left, as we drive to Sligo by this route, there is a splendid mountain range all the way, and varying glimpses of the Atlantic on the opposite side.

Benweeskin, Benbulbin, and Truskmore are the most prominent heights, varying from 1,722 to 2,213 feet above the level of the sea. Should we ascend Benbulbin, which is comparatively easy, a magnificent panorama lies before us. Towards the west is the Atlantic Ocean, which, extending inland between our standpoint and the opposite coast, forms the fine Bay of Donegal. The magnificent cliffs of Slieve Liag are clearly seen guarding the entrance to the bay; the high cone-shaped peak called Neaphin, in County Mayo, may also be seen; and, off the Erris coast, the “stags” of Broadhaven.

Nearer us, to the south, is the range of the Ox Mountains, also Knocknarea, surmounted by the huge cairn called “Misgaun Meave,” at the base of which is Carrowmore, with the finest collection of ancient

sepulchral monuments in Europe. Below us, to the east, is Glencar valley, in which is situated the beautiful lake of that name, with its crannoges and waterfalls. Lying between us and the ocean is the plain of Magherow, which is referred to in the *Annals of the Four Masters* as the place where one of the first colonies of the Nemedians settled.

Looking from the summit of Benbulbin, we can see Drumcliffe beneath us, where an ancient church was founded by St. Columbcille, A.D. 575. A fine Celtic cross still remains, and a portion of the round tower, but the church has disappeared. An English tourist, we are sorry to state, was recently found by the resident clergyman trying to hammer a piece off the cross to put with his geological specimens.

Some  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles off the coast lies the island of Innishmurray, noted for the fine "mountain dew" distilled there, until a garrison of the Royal Irish Constabulary was placed on the island. It was celebrated in the early Christian period as the residence of St. Molaise (called now by the islanders Father Molash). The remains of a primitive church, a cashel, sculptured stones, and other ancient monuments belonging both to the pagan and Christian period, have been fully described in a recent number of the *Journal of the Royal Historical and Archæological Society*.

It was by the route that lay along the base of these mountains by Bundoran that the armies of Ulster used to march when invading Connaught—sometimes led by an O'Neill, and at other times by an O'Donnell. Between Sligo and Drumcliffe a great battle was fought, to which we will refer, as it illustrates the value attached to books in ancient times in Ireland. St. Columbcille on one occasion paid a visit to St. Finnen, and while on the visit he borrowed St. Finnen's copy of the Psalms. Feeling anxious to have a copy of the book, he secretly worked at it while the book

remained in his hands. This came to the knowledge of St. Finnen, who did not seem to care until the work was completed. He then claimed the copy as his own, on the ground that he had not given permission to execute it. St. Columbcille refused to surrender the work, but offered to leave the matter to the arbitration of Diarmid, the monarch of Erinn. The monarch then gave a judgment which has become proverbial. He said—“*Le gach boin a boinin,*” that is, “To every cow belongeth her calf,” and in the same way to every book belongeth its copy; and accordingly, said the king, “the book that you wrote, O Columbcille, belongs by right to St. Finnen.” The other replied, “That is an unjust decision, O Diarmid, and I will avenge it on you.” This rankled in the breast of Columbcille, and an incident that occurred shortly afterwards brought the matter to a climax. A youth who had fled for sanctuary to Columbcille was dragged from the arms of the saint, and put to death by the monarch’s orders. This led to a complete rupture. The saint immediately left the court, and proceeded to his kinsmen—the O’Donnells and O’Neills of Ulster—to ask them to avenge the insult. These warlike clans immediately responded to the appeal, collecting their forces, and marching to meet the monarch, as we have already stated, between Drumcliffe and Sligo. The latter was defeated with great loss, and returned discomfited to Tara. St. Columbcille repented of his having caused the battle, and, to ease his conscience, went to Devenish Island, in Lough Erne, to confess to St. Molaise,\* who resided there. The penance inflicted by St. Molaise was that he should leave Erinn, and never again see its land. St. Columbcille obeyed, and departed for Scotland, finding an island from which

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\* A namesake and cotemporary of St. Molaise of Innishmurray.

the beloved hills of his native country could not be seen, and where he founded a monastery.

“Where the Northern Ocean in vast whirls  
Boils round the naked, melancholy isle  
Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge  
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides.”

The island of Iona, where St. Columbcille and those ecclesiastics who accompanied him took up their abode, became afterwards one of the most famous centres of piety and learning in Britain. From there he proceeded to preach to the Picts, whom he converted from paganism. He returned once afterwards to his native land to attend the great convention of Drumceat, at which a question concerning the bards of Ireland was settled; but he came blindfolded, so that he might not see the country, and thus break his vow to St. Molaise. The book that was the origin of the dispute, and that led to the battle, fell into the hands of the O'Donnells, and has ever since remained in that family.

The late Sir Richard O'Donnell, of Newport, County Mayo, a descendant of the O'Donnells, Princes of Tyrconnel, left this literary and artistic treasure for exhibition in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. It is known as *The Cathach*, and was always taken with the O'Donnells in ancient times to battle, and carried round the host before engaging.

The most charming and diversified scenery perhaps in Ireland is found within the borders of Co. Sligo—mountain tarns, lovely lakes studded with islands, and winding rivers flowing lazily through quiet meadows, or tumbling with precipitous haste over magnificent cascades, as at Ballisodare; a sea-girt coast, pierced by bays and inlets, which are bounded landward by mountain chains, from whose high peaks the most splendid views may be obtained, and down whose scarred sides the torrent tumbles or the waterfall leaps; pleasant

green valleys, surmounted by hills wooded to the top. We may add to these a flora as varied as any within the British Isles, and monuments of antiquity whose history is associated with a race whose bards sang the story of love and war before the days of Homer. These and other attractions await the lover of Nature, the botanist, the painter, and the antiquarian. The angler can have unlimited sport at Glencar Lake, Lough Gill, and Lough Arrow, with the rivers Garvogue, Owenmore, Moy, and many others; whilst Benbulbin, Slieve Dæne, and Knocknarea offer equally strong temptations to the mountaineer. Why should Irishmen explore Norway, Switzerland, or Italy, whilst our own green isle remains neglected and forsaken!

A great many of the most charming spots are found in sequestered glens and places distant from the leading highways. It is quite possible that many travellers who do not take the trouble to inquire, or whose time may be limited, pass on without seeing these places, and afterwards give an unfavourable report of the country.

We purpose giving a series of trips extending over six days—each trip complete in itself—from which the traveller can make selection according to his bent. These trips can be made from the town of Sligo as a centre, and none of them extend beyond an outward journey of twelve miles, which is only a two hours' drive. There are two excellent hotels in Sligo, in one of which (the Victoria) the writer has stopped at intervals for the past thirty years, during the late owner's time, as well as since the present enterprising proprietor undertook the management. It is only just to say that a cleaner or more comfortable house cannot be desired.

The first trip we propose may not necessarily occupy an entire day; but if the weather is fine, and the traveller takes luncheon with him, he can spend his



time in the most enjoyable manner amongst scenery as varied and as beautiful as any Killarney can boast of. We will hire a boat and proceed up the river, taking with us a boatman who knows the lake. Pulling up the river we get glimpses of what is in store for us. To the right, about Cleveragh, the hills are splendidly wooded from the margin of the river to their very tops. A little further up to the right, where the river emerges from the lake, is Belvoir Hill, wooded from the water's edge right up to the summit. The left bank, or Hazelwood side, is flat, but also well wooded. Towards the end of summer, when the trees begin to put on their autumn tints, the picture is exquisitely beautiful. On the east and south the view is bounded by distant mountains, whilst on the south-western side are the hills already mentioned.

Hazelwood demesne should be visited, where nature and art vie with each other to enhance the beauty of the scenery. There are lovely grottoes and pleasure-houses, where a whole party may sit in the cool shade, and thick woods which the beautiful winding paths tempt one to explore. The laurels and bays grow into great trees here, and the arbutus flourishes as luxuriantly as at Killarney.

Leaving Hazelwood, we next proceed across the entrance of the lake to a holy well called Tober N'alt. The high limestone cliffs bear a verdant crown of trees; their sides are covered with ivy and bramble; from their base issues the cool crystal stream—the whole forming a picture that will not soon fade from the memory of anyone who has seen it. Close to the holy well is an altar, where, it is said, mass was celebrated in the penal times. Along the river bank and on the hills above the holy well a great battle was fought in ancient times. The writer, going over these hills, found the remains of three cashels, or cyclopean stone forts, on a commanding position overlooking the lake.

The *Annals of the Four Masters* relate that in the year 535 a great battle was fought between Eoghan Bel, King of Connaught, and the Clanna Nial from Ulster, at a place called Crinder. The *Annals* state that "the Sligeach River bore to the sea the blood of men with their flesh." It is related in another ancient manuscript, translated by the late John O'Donovan, that "Eoghan Bel was mortally wounded, and his troops beaten by the Ulstermen; also that he lived for three days." And another account states that "he survived a week, during which time he arranged for his son to succeed him, who was then studying under St. Kieran at Clonmacnoise. He also requested to be buried on the south side of Sligeach, on the hill at the base of which the Ulstermen fled when pursued by the armies of Connaught, and that he was to be buried standing, with his red javelin in his hand, with his face looking towards Ulster, that he might watch over his countrymen when engaged in battle with Ulster. It is stated that so long as his body remained in this position the Connaughtmen were victorious; but the Ulstermen coming to know of it, came with a great army, and removed the body of Eoghan Bel, and carried it northward across the Sligeach River, and buried him with his face downwards at Aenach Locha Gille, thus destroying the talismanic effect of the first interment." We are strongly inclined to believe that the great cairn situated on Belvoir Hill, overlooking the lake, is the place where Eoghan Bel was interred, and from which his body was removed. The cairn has been disturbed on the side next the lake, or the eastern side, which may be accounted for by the removal of the body.

The next place to visit is Doonie Rock, situated on a commanding position on the opposite shore of the lake. Doonie is a flat-topped, rocky eminence projecting into the water, from which a view of the entire lake may

be had. It is a favourite spot for pic-nics and dances. This is referred to in the following lines :—

DOONIE ROCK.

She came to dance on Doonie rock,  
That on Lough Gill looks down;  
The month was May, and green and gay  
The trees were buddin' roun'.

The hawthorn was all white with flowers,  
The sky above was blue,  
The lake below was all awake,  
For fresh winds o'er it flew.

But not a soul looked nigh the lake  
To see the wavelets dancin',  
For white as surf on Doonie's turf  
My Mollie's feet were glancin'.

For she had laid her shoes aside,  
And danced upon the daisy  
With a foot so white, the lovely sight  
Set all that saw half crazy.

But while she danced, what did I do?  
When not a soul looked nigh me,  
I stole a shoe, and stockin' too,  
And hid them safely by me.

The dancin' done, she raised a cry—  
Soon all around were flockin'—  
"Ochone! ochone! what's to be done,  
I've lost my shoe and stockin'."

"You'll have to walk, ma colleen, down,"  
I answered boldly, mockin',  
"Through Sligo street in your bare feet,  
Or with one shoe and stockin'.

"Or, if the boys will search for them,  
Say will you kiss the finder?"  
She blushes while the boys come round,  
And with a promise bind her.

And then they all begin the search,  
While Mollie stands lamentin';  
She weeps and sighs, and wipes her eyes,  
Till I am near repentin'.

They ran from stone to stone in vain,  
And through the bushes panted,  
They would have run the whole lake round.  
When shoe and stockin' I had found,  
Breathless they stood, and sighed and frowned,  
While my reward was granted.

A. L. M.

A traveller who visited it in 1834 says—"The extent of Lough Gill is highly favourable to its beauty. The eye embraces at once its whole length and breadth, the whole circumference of its shores, all their varieties and contrasts at once, and all its islands. One charm is not lost in the contemplation of another, as in a greater lake. The whole is seen at once, and enjoyed. I remained many hours on Lough Gill, rowing here and there, or not moving at all; landing on its islands, two of which—Church Island and Cottage Island—are full of beauty; putting ashore in little coves and inlets, and visiting a holy well two or three hundred yards from the banks, where I saw eleven devotees, four of whom went from station to station on their knees."

Our second tour includes a visit to Carrowmore, the Glen, and Knocknarea. Those who do not feel disposed to walk much should hire a car for the whole, or at least for the outward journey, which does not exceed six miles. A circular drive may be taken around the base of Knocknarea, during which a good view of the bays of Ballisodare and Sligo may be had. On the level ground lying on the Sligo side of the hill, the battle of North Moytura, already referred to, was fought. There still remain here a collection of about seventy sepulchral stone monuments, which are mementoes of that great struggle. They are scattered

over a district of about two square miles, and an examination of them would well repay a visitor with antiquarian tastes, since, except in the district of Carnac in Brittany, there is no other collection of Celtic sepulchral monuments equal to them. The Cromleac, of which we annex an illustration, is one of the finest of the Carrowmore series. It stands seven feet high, and may be entered by stooping slightly. Its ancient name is Leaba-na-bhfian; it is now called by



CROMLEAC AT CARROWMORE, CO. SLIGO.

the peasants the "Kissing Stone"—we need not explain why. The Glen, which is situated near to the base of Knocknarea, is of an extremely curious formation, and is well worthy of a visit. It contains many rare ferns and plants, some of which grow high up on the almost perpendicular rocks which enclose it on either side. Knocknarea rises to a height of 1,075 feet above the sea, on the shore of which it is situated. Crowning its summit is a great sepulchral monument, which may be

seen from a distance of twenty miles round. It is a cairn, formed of a collection of loose stones, in the shape of a pyramid. It is about 600 feet in circumference at the base, the sloping sides rise to a height of over 60 feet, and it is 80 feet in breadth at the top. It is known to all the country as the *Misgaun*, or the *Misgaun Meave*. The first portion of the name refers to its shape, which is like a butter vessel; and the second, *Meave*, was the name of a queen of Connaught who reigned at the period of the Christian Era. Meave was in her day a prominent personage in Irish history. She was queen in her own right, and married three husbands, two of whom were named Ailill. Towards the end of her reign, during the lifetime of her third husband, she raised a great army to invade Ulster. The story of this expedition is told in an old Irish manuscript, called "The Táin Bo Chualigne." On this occasion most extraordinary feats of prowess were performed by an Ulster hero called Cuchulaind, who, in single combat, defeated the bravest champions in Meave's army. No queen in Europe has a more lasting monument. It has probably stood for the past 2,000 years, and will probably remain as long as the hill itself.

The view from the top of the cairn is magnificent. Words cannot possibly express the admiration that possesses the mind on looking round on such a stupendous picture. The feeling the writer had while looking from this isolated hill was such as one would experience looking down in mid-air from a balloon. To the west was the Atlantic Ocean stretching out to the distant horizon. The great cliffs of Slieve Liag, about twenty-five miles distant, were as distinctly visible as if close at hand. The Gap of Barnesmore, seven miles distant from the town of Donegal, and over fifty from where we stood, was most distinctly seen. Further to the right was the range of hills extending from Lough Erne to Benbulbin, and the latter moun-

tain, with its great prow like that of an enormous ironclad, appeared quite near to us on the far side of Sligo Bay. Next were the hills between us and Manor-



EAST WINDOW, SLIGO ABBEY.

This abbey was erected by Maurice Fitzgerald, A.D. 1253, and presented to the Dominicans.

hamilton; and, round to the south, the chain of the Ox Mountains, with the peak of Slieve Dæne on the

opposite shore of Lough Gill, stand out in bold relief. Sligo seems almost at our feet. Ballisodare, Collooney, and Ballymote are all distinctly seen, behind which, bounding the horizon to the south, are the Curlew hills, near Boyle. The bays of Sligo and Ballisodare, the great ocean beyond, the stupendous cliffs and high mountains, the lakes and rivers within a circle of fifty miles, are all under our eye, and form a picture whose varied beauty and sublimity words fail to describe.

Meave's cairn has never been opened, and what treasures of antiquity it may contain we need not speculate upon. Other sepulchral structures of a humbler character surround it. The people who used these mountain heights as burial-grounds must have had a love for the sublime and beautiful, which has always been a characteristic of the Celtic race. There were funeral games celebrated at stated intervals in ancient times around the cairns and graves of chiefs and kings. The people collected in great numbers, and pitched tents and booths to dwell in whilst the assembly lasted. Traders also attended these great meetings to dispose of their wares, for, besides the sports, there was a fair or market held. Jugglers and all sorts of strollers were likewise present. This is the origin of the fairs and markets which are held in the present day.

*car*  
We propose for our third day a trip to Glencar Lake (see *Frontispiece*) and waterfall, distant about nine miles from Sligo. Our road for the first four miles leads through a beautiful park-like country, with well-tilled fields and comfortable houses on every side, the sparkle of a river giving a touch of animation to the scene. When four or five miles have been covered, the road begins to rise gradually, and the scenery to assume a wilder look. We drive along the base of precipitous hills, behind which the mountains tower still higher. The road steadily ascends until we round the shoulder of a mountain which lies at one end of the valley, when the lake bursts



in all its beauty upon our view. From the opposite shore thickly wooded hills rise abruptly, which present ever-varying tints of green as the breeze sweeps over them. High mountains rise behind, and close the view. The stretch of green is broken in one place by a white line, which we afterwards find to be the waterfall. Our road at first lies along the mountain side high above the lake, then descends almost to its level, and sweeps around its western end. On the occasion of the writer's last visit he was accompanied by some friends, and during their stay an obliging farmer gave stabling and accommodation for the horses and cars of the party. A little pic-nic was intended. Close to the foot of the waterfall a cloth was spread on a patch of level sward. Nature's music in the waterfall, and the musical voices of some of the party, caused the time to pass right pleasantly. After luncheon we separated. Some ascended by a narrow, zig-zag path to the higher ground behind the waterfall. Here—just before taking its final perpendicular plunge of fully fifty feet—the stream has cut a channel deep into the rocky bed. The hill, down whose face the stream rushes, forms the southern slope of the Glencar Mountains, which rise farther back. This range strikes off almost at right angles from Benbulbin in an easterly direction. Cope's Mountain is on the opposite side of the valley, with the lake between. There is rather a peculiar phenomenon observed in connection with the waterfall. When the wind blows strongly from a particular point, the water is either driven upwards and back against the mountain, or it is blown outwards from it in spray. There is a pathway cut along the face of the hill from the waterfall, along which some of our party proceeded. A belt of trees hides the valley from our view, except where, through openings in them, we see framed in arches of living green magnificent panoramas of lake, woods, hills, and misty mountains. The path emerges from the wood at

its western end, and descends to the shore of the lake. There is excellent salmon and trout fishing to be had, and several anglers' boats were at that moment dotted over its surface. We were more interested in visiting the two little islands than in the fishing; but as all the available boats were then engaged, we were puzzled to know how we could accomplish it. After the lake had been drained, a good many years ago, these two islands appeared. It was then found that they were crannoges, or artificial lake dwellings. The crannoge on the eastern margin of the lake was not far from land, and the intervening water being only about two feet and a-half in depth, we took off our boots, rolled up our trousers, and waded to it. We employed a labourer to make some excavations in several places, but did not succeed in finding anything of interest. We learned from an old man, after we returned ashore, that the late Right Hon. John Wynn had thoroughly examined the crannoge some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and found many interesting articles, together with antlers of deer and several cartloads of bones. Crannoges are constructed of stones, timber, and earth in the following manner:— A shallow part of the lake was chosen; a space usually circular was piled round with several concentric rows of pointed stakes driven firmly into the lake bottom; alternate layers of stone and timber placed horizontally filled up the central space, and also between the piles, the heads of which were usually left above water. The artificial island thus formed was raised to a sufficient height. The dwelling-houses were afterwards erected. Causeways are frequently observed leading from the shore to within a short distance of the crannoge. This space was bridged with planks, which could be removed at night, or at any time if danger were apprehended. The crannoge was thus isolated, and rendered comparatively secure. It is supposed that a palisade was used as an additional protection around the lake dwelling

thus formed. Crannoges have been referred to in our most ancient manuscripts and books, and were used as places for refuge and defence till the middle of the seventeenth century.

The recollection of the day spent at Glencar amongst its varied scenery will not soon be forgotten. There is a legend that the celebrated Dermot, when living in the vicinity of Benbulbin, had his fishing-lodge on the crannoge we have referred to. If space permitted, we could refer to skirmishes and battles, fought here during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that add a still further interest to the valley. The return journey may be made by a different route, and, if time permit, the caves in the face of the mountain visited.

We would propose as a fourth trip a visit to Lissadill, famous for its oysters and beautiful glen; then to the villages of Raghly and Knocklane, which command a fine view of the Bay of Sligo and the Donegal coast. Starting by the Ballyshannon coach road, the drive to Raghly would occupy about two hours, irrespective of stoppages; but as the scenery is interesting, and the antiquarian and historical remains sometimes more so, these stoppages are rather welcome than otherwise. Proceeding about two and a-half miles from Sligo, we find, at a place called Summerhill, a good example of an ancient "dun," separated from the road by a field on our left. Most people would prefer to avoid duns, but in this instance there need be no dread of any unpleasantness, as this is simply an ancient fort of huge dimensions, constructed of stones and earth combined. It consists of a circular moat, surrounded by a deep fosse, which, when filled with water, secured the fort against any sudden attack. In the centre stood the dwelling-houses of the chieftain and his retainers. Such forts are indifferently called in our ancient books by the names of *dun*, *rath*, and *liss*; but strictly speaking, each of these terms has a distinctive meaning. A fort, when

surrounded by a fosse filled with water, was called a dun; whereas the rath, or liss, was surrounded by one or more concentric ramparts of earth, the fosse being dry. This interesting fort can be inspected in a few minutes, as it is not far from the road. We proceed without further stoppage to Drumcliffe, obtaining on the way a fine view of the Glencar valley and the adjacent mountains. At Drumcliffe there is an ancient Celtic cross, sculptured on all sides, and also a round tower. These mark the place where Columbcille founded an abbey in the middle of the sixth century.

It was customary in ancient times to coin money in monasteries, and a Sligo gentleman had lately in his possession several pieces coined at Drumcliffe.

We now leave the Ballyshannon road, and, striking off to the left, enter the territory referred to by the *Four Masters* and other ancient writers as Magherow. Through this district, between the mountains and the Atlantic coast, we drive direct to the beautifully wooded glen of Lissadill, passing through Carney on our route. The owner is Sir Henry Booth, a resident landlord of the good old type, who, following in the footsteps of his father, rules over a comfortable and contented tenantry. This gentleman leaves the glen open to all visitors, and it is especially beautiful when the rhododendrons (or "rosumdandrums," as a countryman called them) are in bloom.

Lissadill takes its name from a liss which is situated near the roadside. In this fort is an underground chamber, built of unhewn stone, and roofed with flat flagstones. It can be entered from the side or top. Here, in the year 1213 A.D., lived a bard called O'Daly. The barony of Carbury, in which Lissadill is situated, was then subject to O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell, who sent his steward, Finn O'Brollaghan, to collect the tribute or rent then due. He warned the steward to be careful when approaching O'Daly, as he was a powerful

man, and of a violent temper. O'Brollaghan, however, showed signs of fear when approaching, and O'Daly, thinking that his office of bard should have exempted him from the impost, suddenly seized an axe and cut off the head of the bailiff. The bard knew that O'Donnell would pursue him to avenge the murder of his servant, and so fled, first to Clanrickarde, and then to Limerick; but, being everywhere followed by the troops of O'Donnell, he ultimately left the country for Scotland. Here he wrote three poems in honour of O'Donnell, which so pleased that chief that he forgave him, and restored to him his lands and possessions.

Proceeding from the fort of Lissadill to the foot of the hill, we pass a very interesting stronghold, which was owned by a sept called the O'Harts. It belongs to two distinct periods. On the top of an ancient earthen dun, called Doonfore, there was erected a bawn, built of stone and lime, probably in the beginning of the fifteenth century, or even earlier. In keeping with its dual character, this superstructure is called *Bovavn*. A little further on the road towards Raghly there are the ruins of a cyclopean stone fort, called a *cashel*. The principal features of interest attached to it now are the underground crypts or souterrains, built at a considerable depth below the surface. There are four of these cyclopean crypts built underneath the cashel, to which access is gained by two small holes or sloping passages, large enough to admit one person, lying flat on his face, to slide down feet foremost. If the ground be dry, this operation can be performed without much inconvenience. As it is quite dark inside, candles are necessary. There are many interesting details connected with these ancient structures that we will not now refer to.

In the townland of Clochcor, quite convenient to the cashel, there is a hill on which there is a large cromlech, and a Druidical stone circle in a field adjoining. Even those who take more interest in the beauties of nature

than in these structures of antiquity will not waste their time in standing a short time beside the cromlech, and taking a look at the surroundings. The people who reared the cairns and cromlechs had a love for the beautiful in nature as well as the enduring in art. The sites usually chosen for them are conspicuous for the fine views obtained therefrom. Around us is a perfect circle of loveliness. The entrance to Sligo harbour, Rosse's Point, the west side of Knocknarea which faces the sea, Sligo Bay right before us, and all the mountains from Lough Gill to Mullaghmore, with the Donegal mountains and cliffs to boot, form a picture which comprises everything that the worshipper of nature loves to gaze upon.

Before we reach the village of Raghly we pass Ard-tarmon Castle, the former seat of the Gore family, now roofless, but with its substantial walls still as firm as ever. Beyond Raghly an exhilarating walk may be had along the cliffs. About half-a-mile round these, the waves have scooped out a part of the rock softer than the rest, forming a narrow, deep, gulf-like passage that stretches far inland. In stormy weather the water rushes with terrific force through this gully, and, striking against its extreme end, is forced upward from the deep chasm below, high above the level ground, in huge columns of water and spray, presenting a sight with which no fountain made by art of man could ever compare. At Knock-lane we have another magnificent panoramic view similar to that we described from the cromlech, but embracing more fully the coast-line by Innishmurray to Mullaghmore.

A large portion of this district was covered about fifty years ago with drifting sand. It was then planted with bent grass, which binds the sand, and thus has prevented further inroads. The drive from Sligo to Raghly through Lissadill, returning by the direct road to Drum-cliffe, if undertaken in fine weather, will be thoroughly

enjoyed. The views of mountain, wood, and glen; the wild cliffs and caves of the indented coast on which the broad rollers of the Atlantic break ceaselessly, combined with the varied monuments of the misty past, should more than satisfy the most ardent lover of nature or of his country's monuments.

Our fifth day's trip, for beautiful scenery, probably excels any of its predecessors, but our space (which is limited) will only permit us to refer to the merest outlines of what the tourist may expect to see. It is a circular drive of probably eighteen miles, but the varied pictures constantly presented at every point prevent any feeling of weariness. We drive up the hill from our hotel by the Dublin road, and a little past the cemetery strike off to the left. Here the road for some distance is very hilly, and we prefer to walk. When we reach the high ground we obtain a fine view of the country towards Ballisodare, while to our left is a strip of wood, inside of which are two huge stones, one  $10\frac{1}{2}$  and the other 11 feet high, and each some 30 or 40 feet in girth. From these, straight lines of stones, placed on their ends, lead across the hill for half-a-mile; and near at hand, towards the south-east, the ruins of three cashels are situated. Regaining the road, we still proceed down-hill, and in a short time arrive at a point which presents the finest possible view of Lough Gill. The view is from sufficiently high ground to take in the whole lough and the surrounding mountains, together with a very pretty bit of scenery lying in the foreground. Anyone stopping in Sligo could walk up as far as this point in half-an-hour, as the writer himself has often done. Our journey is still for a little down-hill, and when we reach the lower ground we proceed along the southern shore of the lake, on the Doonie side, the lake being on one side, and high perpendicular cliffs, covered with creeping plants, on the other. When we come to Doonie, the scenery reminds one of the

Trossachs, only it is more beautiful. The road is hemmed in here by the cliffs on one side and the lake on the other, along which is a strip of wood that adds greatly to the effect. After driving a short distance further, our road strikes off to the right at the base of Slieve Dæne, up a pass or gap in the hills. Along by the lake, and until we begin to gain the high ground again, there is a vast wealth of vegetation, which forms a pleasing contrast to the mountains around.

We proceed by a gradual ascent through the pass, with Slieve Dæne to our left, till we reach Cashelore, about nine miles from Sligo. It is a cyclopean stone fort in fairly good preservation, the encircling wall being from 10 to 12 feet in height, 10 feet in thickness, and about 55 feet in internal diameter. There is a chamber constructed within the thickness of the wall, which is entered by a doorway about 2 feet 6 inches high. This cashel is referred to in the *Annals of the Four Masters* as follows:—"1389. O'Rorke invaded Co. Sligo, but was encountered at Cashelore by the cavalry of the O'Healys. The latter were overthrown, and their territory pillaged."

On the first occasion on which we visited Cashelore, we were accompanied by two friends who were equally interested in exploring the ancient monuments of the country. We attempted to make some excavations, and were assisted in the most friendly manner by a number of young men who had been working in the fields around us. None of our party will soon forget the pleasure of that visit, and the fun and wit evoked amongst our helpers as to who should first find the crock, and what would be done with the "gould" when it was found. We shared our lunch with them, and received more pleasure and real enjoyment in their company than we can readily express. One of our party, who is very fond of children, never leaves home on a journey without being provided with a supply of sweets. A number of



youngsters had collected, and it was a real treat to see our friend dispense the sweets amongst them.

We returned home by Castle Deargin, which is situated on a cliff overlooking the lake. It was built by the M'Donoughs in the fifteenth century. We observed two giants' graves to our left, and next passed Ballydauley Lake, returning over the hills and regaining the Ballisodare road about two and a-half miles from Sligo.

Our sixth and last day, to which we must devote the shortest space, was in some respects to us the most interesting trip of all. The townland of Magheraghanrush, known as the Deer Park, to which we propose to drive, is situated about five and a-half miles from Sligo, on the road to Manorhamilton. It contains several hundred acres of pasture and moorland, the property of Owen Wynn, Esq., of Hazelwood. The deer-park itself has diversified and interesting scenery. There are steep and beetling limestone cliffs, with caves leading underneath—in one instance to a distance of fifty feet—and deep valleys clad with verdant pasture, whilst the high ground is covered with heath. Rabbits, hares, deer, and sheep are the principal representatives of the animal kingdom. There is an absence of trees, but any deficiency that exists in this respect is more than counterbalanced by the magnificent prospect that extends in every direction. The upper part of Lough Gill and the district about Dromahair can be distinctly seen. The Manorhamilton Mountains are quite close at hand. Belvoir Hill and Knocknarea are prominent features to the west. The principal object of interest in the deer-park is the great megalithic monument known as the Irish Stonehenge. It is 104 feet in length and about 30 feet in width at the broadest part. From excavations made on behalf of the Archæological Society, it is now placed beyond dispute that it is a sepulchral structure of pagan times. There are three trilithons in this structure, the only place they are known in Britain, except Stonehenge. Geoffrey of

Monmouth, who wrote about 1147, states that "Stonehenge was erected by Ambrosius, with the aid of the wizard Merlin, who actually transported the monument from Ireland." Probably the idea conveyed in the above quotation is that the design of Stonehenge was borrowed from Ireland.

Besides this great structure, the ruins of a cashel, whose massive walls are 13 feet in thickness, are situated a little further down the southern slope of the hill. A little to the south-east of the cashel there is another ancient sepulchral monument; and in the extreme limits of the park, towards the east, are the remains of another cashel, with one of those font-shaped stones called *Bullans*. Climbing up the steep hill on the opposite side of the valley from the last cashel, the largest cave may be seen, which was used as a dwelling by the primitive inhabitants. We found a bronze buckle and a quantity of bones of animals underneath a midden outside the entrance to the cave. Having regained the road, the tour may be completed by driving along the eastern end of Lough Gill, and paying a visit to the ruins of Breffny Castle, the ancient family seat of the O'Rorkes.

There are many other interesting relics of past ages, and beautiful scenery in other districts of the county. There are ruins of castles, and bawns, and forts—for it was the scene of many a battle between the O'Donnells or the O'Neills from Ulster, and the O'Connors, M'Donoughs, and other western chiefs; but we have not space to refer to them. From Sligo the traveller may proceed to Ballina, where, if inclined to fish, he can enjoy himself to his heart's content. It is a great centre for anglers to stop at. The river Moy, a noted river for salmon and sea trout, runs through the town. Lough Conn, distant from it about four miles, is also celebrated as a salmon and trout lake. Comfortable hotel accommodation is provided by Mr. Fitzgerald, both at Lough Conn and in Ballina. Westport, where

the journey through Connemara commences, may next be visited. Here the tourist can ascend Croagh Patrick, and view Clew Bay, or visit Achill, with its splendid cliffs not much inferior to those of Donegal.

If inclined to go northwards, the traveller may proceed by Walsh's well-appointed cars from Sligo to Bundoran,



SALMON LEAP, BALLYSHANNON.

where good sea-bathing may be had, and excellent trout-fishing at Lough Melvin, or to Ballyshannon, well known to every angler. Sweeny's new hotel provides excellent accommodation at Bundoran, and from it a charming view of Donegal Bay may be had. We pass through

Ballyshannon, with which are associated many historic tales. The salmon leap (of which we give an illustration on p. 255) is worth seeing. Should the traveller go northward by train to Enniskillen, he will pass Belleek, where there is excellent fishing, and also the celebrated pottery. From it the train passes for a considerable distance along the shores of Lough Erne, presenting fine views of the lake and islands.

At Enniskillen a very extensive view of both Upper and Lower Lough Erne may be had from the top of the Cole Monument, while Devenish island, abbey, and round tower, and the ancient castle of the Maguires, may be inspected. Should the traveller be going towards Dublin, a day could be very pleasantly spent at Cavan. A drive out past Farnham to Killykeena, and a pull down Lough Oughter to visit the crannoges and ancient castle built on an island there, would be most enjoyable. If the traveller return from Enniskillen to Belfast, time permitting, he should take a car and drive to the Giant's Ring, returning home again by Newtownbreda and the Castlereagh Hills. This most beautiful drive leads through a lovely park-like district, and from the Castlereagh Hills a view of the entire valley of Belfast, with the town, harbour, and Cave Hill, can be seen.

## II.—THE ANTRIM COAST AND WILDS OF DONEGAL.

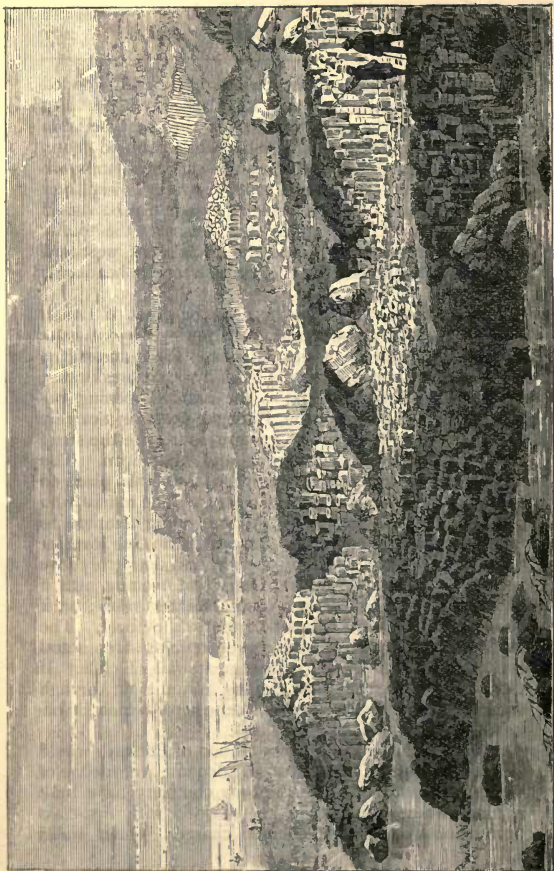
The coast-line of Ulster, with the exception of the few miles between Portrush and the Giant's Causeway, is to a great extent neglected by tourists. Many think that their travelling education is not complete till they have "done" the Causeway in some fashion, so they get there as quickly as possible and depart again, carrying away some specimen boxes as evidence of the exploit.

Anyone who has the time to spare should come to the Causeway by way of the beautiful Antrim coast. The drive from Larne would be a very pleasant day's journey. Thackeray came by this route, and was more

delighted with the towering white cliffs and wooded glens about Glenarm than with the Causeway itself. For most of the way the road runs close by the coast, between a great wall of limestone cliff and a white pebbled shore. Across the sea the Scottish islands and headlands are distinctly seen. Glenarm Castle, Garron Tower, Fair Head, and Carrick-a-Rede swinging bridge can be visited on the way. On arriving at the Causeway the tourist should go to the grand headlands, and look westward past the white arched cliffs of Portrush to the headlands of Donegal.

A long line of mountains borders the coast of Lough Foyle, peak looking over peak, cape jutting beyond cape into the blue waters of the Atlantic. Right across the mouth of the lough, closing it in as if with a breakwater, stretches a great sandbank. The narrow opening between this strand and the Donegal coast is scarcely visible. Where it joins the eastern shore rise the steep and rugged cliffs of Castlerock and Magilligan. The line of golden strand runs unbroken from this place to Dunluce, quite near to the Causeway. The tourist who could look on this wide view without feeling tempted to travel on to the blue hills of Donegal is no true lover of nature. If he has time and money, and does truly love nature, he will surely start for Derry that evening, after a pleasant journey to Portrush by the electric tram; or, if he has not Thackeray's dread of the sea, by boat. The latter is the best way of seeing the wonderful arches and caves worn by the waves in the great wall of cliffs. If the sea is calm, the boat can be rowed right through some of these arches, also into the cave which is beneath the walls of Dunluce.

A week spent in the neighbourhood of Portrush would be required to give the tourist an adequate knowledge of the beauties around. The railway company have built a hotel where visitors can be provided with first-class accommodation at a moderate charge. Quiet walks



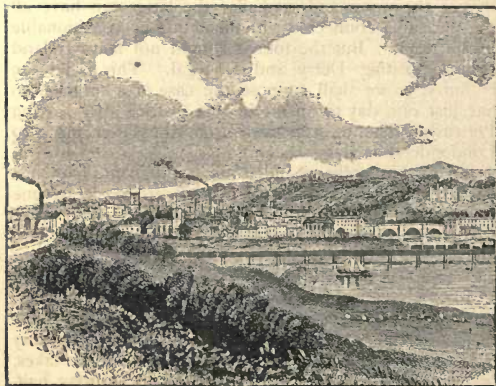
GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, CO. ANTRIM.

along the beautiful white cliffs overhanging the emerald water, drives, boating, and excursions to the many interesting places within easy reach, would prevent time hanging heavy on one's hands. The bathing is as good as can be had anywhere, and the air off the Atlantic is most bracing. Those who love solitude can be satisfied, as well as those who prefer gaiety. The former may sit all day in a lonely cave, with no other company save that of the waves and sea-gulls; the latter can have all the pleasures connected with hotel life at a fashionable health resort. But the tourist should not leave Ireland without visiting Derry and Donegal. This is an age of hurry, so we shall suppose the case of a tourist who has just one day to spend in this district after leaving Portrush. The train journey from the latter place to Londonderry is delightful.

Mr. Ruskin lately expended much indignant eloquence on the Vandals who desired to make a certain picturesque part of England more available for tourists. The writer has no sympathy with this horror of railway trains and railway journeys, believing that, without this convenient and rapid mode of travelling, most dwellers in cities and large manufacturing towns would be quite ignorant of country life and natural beauty. Does it not make the many toilers more happy to be carried quite away from the mill or counting-house to the sea, or the lakes, or the hillside in the short space of a Saturday half-holiday? Are they not more healthy from breathing the country air, and more content in knowing that all these delights are within reach? Be assured that any one steam-engine which travels between London and some beautiful place by the sea has made more lovers of nature than all Mr. Ruskin's grand writing about mists and clouds and sea foam. Nor is the "iron horse" itself an unlovely object in a landscape, when seen gliding by some lake or river shore, or thundering through a mountain pass—a pillar of cloud by day, and

of fire by night. Turner could understand the poetry of a steam-engine, and made one the principal object in his picture, "Rain, Steam, and Speed."

If the traveller does not get absorbed in his newspaper or novel, he may look on a constantly changing and beautiful picture as he journeys from Portrush to Derry. After passing Coleraine, the railway leads by the left bank of the Bann to the sea. On the other side of the river is



COLERAINE.

a long line of sandhills round which the river curves, emerging on a strand over which it flows to meet with the Atlantic breakers. Irish story tells how a band of knights, who rode by the banks of this river, saw the swan princess Finola floating on its waves, and singing most sweetly. This was during her banishment to the waves of Moyle, which flow between Ireland and Scotland. When the train stops at Castlerock, at the river mouth, "the roar of the waters" can be heard, as spoken



of in Moore's beautiful song, "Silent O'Moyle." For some miles the train rushes along the sea coast—in one place right through a tunnel in the cliffs—coming for a moment out of the darkness to the sunlight and a glimpse of falling waves, to rush once more into the darkness and come out again on the coast, right at the base of beetling cliffs. Here is passed the point where "the sandbank joins the shore," as described in "The Vision of St. Granuaille." The land in this district was granted to the London Companies by James I., and is still held by the descendants of the planters, who differ as widely from the Celts in Donegal as their rich fields do from the stony lands on the opposite shore.

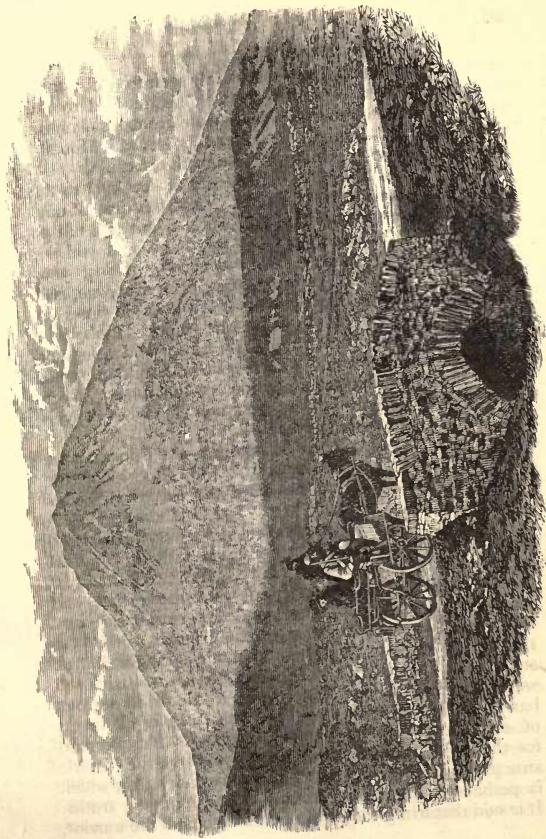
The mouth of the river Foyle is reached at Culmore, and the train now follows the windings of the river, which at last broadens into a fine bay below the hill on which stands Derry, crowned by its cathedral. At a narrow part of the river, between Culmore and Derry, the boom was placed at the time of the siege, and defended by a Jacobite garrison in Culmore Fort. The train stops at the side of the river furthest from the city, and a fine bridge leads across from the Waterside.

Derry can be made a starting-point to many places of interest, and first I shall describe some trips which can be made in one day. The tourist who has seen the fertile hills and plains of East Ulster should, for the sake of contrast, visit the desolate regions of the peninsula of Innishowen. He may start by going as far as Moville by car or boat, and leave thence for the Swilly side of the peninsula by way of Malin Head, the most northerly point of Ireland. From the hills above Moville the view looking towards Derry is very beautiful. Lough Foyle is land-locked by the strand of Magilligan, and contrasts well in its calmness with the sea outside the sandbank. To the south of the lough the river is seen flowing between the woods of Culmore.

The tourist is sure to secure in any carman here an

excellent guide and story-teller, and, whatever be the season of the year, the scenery is grand with endless variety of form and striking contrasts of colour in hill, rock, and mountain. In spring and early summer the gorse covers vast tracts with its bright golden blossoms, making gay the black bogs and gloomy mountain slopes. In late summer the hills are purple with heather, and in winter, when seldom seen by tourists, they are white with snow. The contrast between the nearer rugged peaks and the soft blue ridges far away; the fleecy mists, which are seldom long absent from the hill-tops; the great cliffs of Malin, where the Atlantic waves break on iron rocks—these are always to be seen, and, be it rainy or sunshiny weather, no one can be disappointed. At Malin the ocean is seen in all its grandeur, and who could ever tire watching the waves breaking on such a coast! Here a fountain spouts, and there a cataract tumbles over the jagged rocks; in a cave, the advancing and recoiling waves clash together with thundering shock; while over all drifts a mist of spray on which now and then the sun paints a mimic rainbow. One great chasm at Malin Head has won for itself the name of Hell's Hole, from the smoke-like spray that rises from its gloomy depths.

After leaving Malin Head we drive across to the Swilly side of the peninsula, passing on the way Carndonagh and Clonmany. Near the latter place is the Gap of Mamore, an opening between mountains over 1,000 feet in height. This gap is a fine feature in the landscape, as on account of the steepness of the rocks on either side it has the appearance of a perpendicular cleft in the mountains. The peaks all round are strange in shape: two little hills to the north-east of Slieve Snaght look like chessmen. These are called respectively the "King" and "Queen" of the Mintiaghs, the latter being the name given to the mountain tarns upon their slopes. Slieve Snaght, the highest peak in Innishowen, rises



ERRIGAL, GWEDORE, CO. DONEGAL.

behind Buncrana, and can be plainly seen from the coast at the Causeway. A day might well be devoted to the ascent of this mountain. The view from its summit would include the shores of the two loughs which bound Innishowen, and the wide Atlantic to the north.

Tourists should lose no opportunity of speaking to the people or of seeing their houses. Ask the time of day, or the distance you have to go, or the name of a hill or river; open up a conversation in some way, and you are sure to hear something that will interest or amuse you. Above Rathmullan I asked the time from everyone, and in answer was told by a woman—"We have no times up here; we have no call to know the clock, risin' when we're rested, and lyin' when we're tired, and atin' our mate when we think fit." This was evidently quite true, as no one seemed to have any idea of the time. If you drive, of course there will not be much chance of conversation, except with the carman.

But to return to our one day's tour. At Buncrana we can take the train to Derry, and as we glide along the lough shore we may call to mind the historical events with which Swilly is connected. The Grianan of Aileach is before us. This fort had fallen into a very dilapidated state, and was restored in accordance with the original design, about ten years ago, by Dr. Walter Bernard of Londonderry. The stones used were those that had fallen off the ancient structure, and the greatest care and skill were exercised to preserve the original work. On the top of Grianan Hill there is a fine spring well that supplied the ancient fortress with water; it was enclosed within the outer line of defence, and in the driest seasons has never been known to fail. The thanks of all lovers of our country's monuments are due to Dr. Bernard for the loving care he has taken to preserve the historic structure. There is a legend in connection with it which is perhaps as interesting as any of the romantic truths. It is said that in a great cavern beneath the hill the warrior,

Hugh O'Neill, lies in slumber, surrounded by his clansmen, armed and ready for the day when their country shall need their help to contend once more with the invader. This story reminds us of a similar Teutonic legend about Barbarossa. It was from Lough Swilly that the great Hugh sailed from his country for ever, taking with him all his family; but his people's loving imagination would not part with him thus, and so they tell this story of his slumber beneath the palace of his ancestors.

On Swilly shore, Shane "the proud" met with defeat. It was when attempting to land here with a French force that Wolfe Tone became a prisoner. From Rathmullan, on the opposite shore, young O'Donnell was treacherously carried away in the reign of Elizabeth.

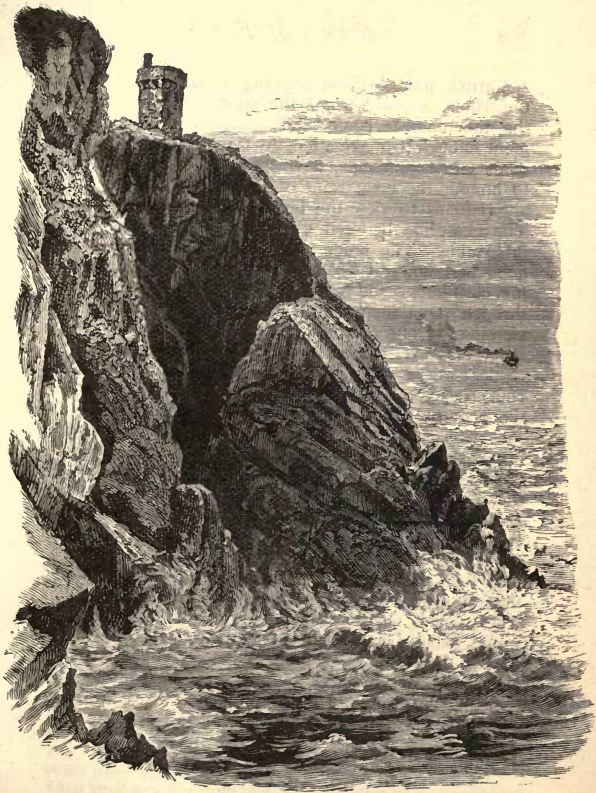
After a short journey, Derry is reached. In the space of one day, something could thus be learned of the scenery, people, and history of Innishowen.

The one day's tour might have been made in other directions. By taking the boat to Rathmullan from Fahan, on the Buncrana line, the tourist could drive through Barnesmore Gap, and, if so inclined, make the ascent of Muckish; or if no stop were made here, he could go on to visit the grand cliffs of Horn Head. Without going further than a few miles from Derry, the time might be spent, say in the morning, by visiting the Grianan of Aileach, and in the afternoon the beautiful Faughan valley, on the other side of the Foyle.

A circular tour of Donegal could be made in the following way:—After passing through Innishowen, the tourist could pass the night at Buncrana, and next morning cross Lough Swilly to visit the following places:—Rathmullan, a pretty village on the lough shore; Ramelton, Dunfanaghy, and the cliffs of Horn Head. Or, again, he could travel by rail to Letterkenny—where Hagarty's hotel provides every comfort, with good posting combined—and from it see all the places already referred to, and afterwards proceed to Gweedore.

If fond of mountaineering, the ascent of Muckish could be made on the journey. From Gweedore the ascent of Errigal can be made. Here there is excellent fishing and comfortable accommodation. We proceed from here through Dungloe, Glenties, and Ardara, which are small towns, and provided with quiet, comfortable hotels. From Ardara we drive, *via* Glengesh, to Carrick. This is a wild, romantic drive, and will be greatly enjoyed if the weather be favourable.

At Carrick, the cliff scenery of Slieve Liag is considered as fine as any in Europe. Extending along the coast for several miles, this rocky wall rises to a height of 2,000 feet. Viewed from the summit or from the sea, the towering cliffs inspire us with awe, and a sense of our littleness, as compared with the vastness of sea, and rock, and sky. The writer can never forget the impression made upon his mind when looking at these cliffs from the sea. On a pile of nets, glittering with fish scales, we sat in a boat which the stout-armed Teelin men rowed right alongside the base of these cliffs, and into the caves, where it is always twilight. Outside the sun shone brilliantly, and the water was beautifully clear; and as we looked over the boat, rocks and swaying weeds and shoals of fish were distinctly seen. The cliffs vied in variety of colouring with the sea itself, being composed of rocks of every hue—gloomy grey with solemn black shadows, vivid purple, green, and iron red. Here there is an endless subject of study for the artist who takes delight in bold effects of contrasting colours, copied direct from Nature. At Carrick there is an excellent hotel, built by Messrs. John and James Musgrave, who own a large estate in this district. In starting this hotel, constructing roads, and promoting and assisting in the making of a harbour at Teelin, and in bringing railways to the district, these gentlemen have set a noble example which few Irish landlords could afford to follow. There is excellent fishing



CARRIGAN HEAD, SLIEVE LIAG, CO. DONEGAL.

at Carrick, free to those stopping at the hotel. It is, on the whole, a place where the sportsman, the artist, or the mountaineer could find amusement and employment enough to make a lengthy stay agreeable. Not far off is Glencolumbcille, a village whither pilgrims come to honour the great saint of Ireland and of Iona, and antiquarians to view the beautifully sculptured crosses. The coast-line between Carrick and Killybegs is very interesting. The latter is a clean little town, with a good harbour, and Coane's hotel can be recommended for cleanliness and comfort. From here we proceed through Dunkineely and Mountcharles, having fine views of Donegal Bay on the journey, and reach Donegal. At the latter place are the ruins of the castles where the Princes of Tyrconnell held their court; also, the ruins of the Franciscan Abbey where the poor monks, O'Cleary and his brethren, wrote the *Annals of the Four Masters*, so valuable in all historical investigations.

There are two hotels in Donegal, in either of which the traveller can be fairly well accommodated. From Donegal the tourist can drive over to Ballyshannon (eleven miles), described in our previous tour, or by rail from Druminin, which is three miles from Donegal. This joins the Great Northern Railway at Strabane. On the way the railway passes through a wild mountain gap. The track is cut out of the side of the mountain, and would make a nervous head giddy to look out. This tour in Donegal, as mentioned before, could be taken from Strabane, and the journey reversed. From here the traveller can proceed direct by express train to Dublin, Belfast, or Londonderry.



## LORD EDWARD'S WIFE.

[This ballad refers to the law passed in Edward the Third's reign, forbidding Norman-Irish nobles to intermarry with the Irish, to keep bards and genachies, or to use the Irish tongue, on pain of losing life or lands. The date of the events recorded is the time of Richard the Second's invasion.]

KING RICHARD to the castle rode before a warlike band,  
Lord Edward came to greet the King, and stood with cap in hand;

"Now, welcome to my humble roof, come in, my sovereign lord,  
May heaven confound The Cavanagh, and bless your royal sword.

And take with you the chosen best of these my trainèd men,  
They'll guide your armies o'er the moors, or through the mountain glen."

King Richard from his saddle stept beside the castle door,  
And entered to the banquet hall, with fifty knights or more.  
The tables groaned with wine, and flesh of oxen and of deer;  
Knight Geoffrey mused, "What lordly woods must yield this lordly cheer."

The Lady Oonah from her bower came forth in silk arrayed,  
And low she bowed before the King, her blue eyes gave him welcoming, yet not a word she said.

Her hair was black and smooth as silk, and lovely was her face,

"Methinks she comes," Knight Geoffrey mused, "of rebel Irish race."

Beside her stood Lord Edward's heir—a soldier-hearted boy,  
For when he saw the knightly arms, his eyes lit up for joy.  
Then when the King had sat to eat before Lord Edward's board,

Knight Geoffrey spoke—"Come hither, child, and look upon my sword."

The boy stood up beside his knee, and strove the sword to wield,

And stared on ruddy lions, blazed upon the royal shield.

Then in the Irish tongue he told his wonder to the knight,

Who, turning, called unto the King in accents of delight:—

"My lord, give ear unto this child, so learned and so young,  
Who gives no answer unto me, save in the Latin tongue!"

The King, who lovèd learning well, unto the boy smiled  
down ;

But when he heard the Irish speech, his smile became a  
frown.

“How comes it that an English boy, and one of lordly race,  
Hath dared to speak this rebel tongue before his Sovereign’s  
face?”

He turned where Lady Oonah sat, her pale face flushed to  
red—

Her blue eyes flashed with queenly fire, yet not a word she  
said.

In anger to Lord Edward then, who sat at his left side—

“And did a Norman noble deign to wed so base a bride?”

Up rose the ancient Senachie from where he sat below,  
His eye was proud, his voice was loud, his beard as white as  
snow :—

“And dared Plantagenet deem base MacCarthy’s royal line?  
This lady is of nobler race, King Richard, far than thine.

As well the broom might speak in scorn unto the forest king,  
When by the summer’s smile bedecked with short-lived blos-  
soming.

The oak-tree stands a thousand years, and when at length it  
falls,

It goes to take the highest place in noble palace halls.

The broom may shine with garb of gold all royally arrayed ;  
But ere the winds of autumn blow, its blossoms fall and fade,  
And then ’tis found a humble plant, for homely uses meet—  
High honoured if it sweep the floor for a MacCarthy’s feet.”

Oh, wrathful waxed King Richard then, and to the bard he  
spoke :—

“Some guerdon must be granted thee for praising of the  
oak.

Beside the castle bridge I marked a stout and stately tree,  
There thou shalt swing for the scornful words that thou hast  
dared to me.

Lord Edward, if thou wilt remain a loyal knight of mine,  
Send back unto her native bogs this black-haired dame of  
thine.

And with her send this Irish boy, by English law thou’rt free,  
If not, thy house and lands this day are forfeit unto me.

Then bid farewell to Oonah here—I’ll give thee in her place  
The loveliest lady of my court, of noble English race.”

The lady Oonah to her lord looked up with trustful pride,  
And oh! so tender grew her face, as nobly he replied :—  
“Oh, dear to me my castle halls, and wealth of wood and  
wold ;  
But my marriage-plight and faith as knight cannot be bought  
for gold.  
More precious far than hill or hall, or haunts of dappled deer,  
Are the true blue eyes and loving heart of Irish Oonah here.  
Though loyal to my Sovereign lord, I'd lay down limb and life;  
Mine honour is mine own to keep, with this, my lady wife.”  
Then to Knight Geoffrey turned the King, “These halls are  
thine to hold,  
With every loyal Englishman, and all Lord Edward's gold.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Across the hills at set of sun Lord Edward rode away—  
And he had given house and lands for Oonah's love that day.  
Her arm was clasped about his waist, her blue eyes shone for  
joy,  
And beside them rode nor squire nor page, but that Irish-  
speaking boy.  
Knight Geoffrey holds the castle walls with Englishmen  
three score ;  
But all the Irish kerns are hanged—they'll ride to war no  
more.  
And right above the castle bridge, upon a strong-branched  
oak,  
They hanged the faithful Senachie for the fearless words he  
spoke.

— A. L. M.

### THE LAMENT OF NIAMH.

[A beautiful Irish legend tells how Ossian, warrior and poet of the Fenian band, went, after the death of his son Oscur, to live in the land of Youth Tirnanoge with Niamh, a fairy lady. At length he was seized with a longing to return to his native land, and Niamh bade him farewell, warning him not to dismount from his fairy steed, else he could never return. Ossian found that all his old companions were dead, and everything changed in Erin. In a moment of forgetfulness he dismounted from his steed, which plunged into the sea, and swam away, leaving the warrior poet.]

IN the fairy land of Tirnanoge, where fadeless lilies bloom,  
Sat Niamh of the golden locks to read of Ossian's doom—  
There, where the happy never die and salt tears never flow,  
Wept for her minstrel lover, lost a thousand years ago.

She sat upon a wave-washed rock fringed round with rose-red weed,  
And she had laid her arm to rest on the mane of her milk-white steed.  
She wept as through the passing years, her sighing never ceased ;  
Her face was turned from the land of youth, and she looked to the misty east.  
"Oh love !" she sighed, "and hast thou died, and art thou lost to me ?  
Twice is it given to a fairy maid to cross the crystal sea—  
Once to the east to seek her love and vow to be his bride ;  
Once to the west o'er the wild waves crest by her chosen warrior's side.  
I swam the sea-green walls of wave and the drifts of water snow,  
I came to the castle of the king and sang the steps below ;  
I saw thee, and I loved thee best the Fenian knights among,  
For the tenderness of thy dark deep eyes and thy music-making tongue ;  
And when you looked upon my face you swore to love me well,  
And came with me to Tirnanoge in eternal bliss to dwell.  
Great was our bliss in Tirnanoge and the love you bore to me ;  
But ah ! I held not all your heart,  
In Oscur's grave was left a part in Erin o'er the sea,  
And you would leave fair Niamh's side and cross the wave once more,  
To see how fared the Fenian host by Erin's emerald shore.  
'Farewell,' I said, and kissed thy brow, and my white mare's milky mane ;  
'But step not from thy saddle down, or we shall not meet again.'  
Then through the walls of sea-green wave and drifts of the water snow,  
I watched whilst hot tears dimmed mine eyes to see my true love go.  
Long I waited for his return, and lo, at the dawn of day !  
Oh, was it a sea-bird's snowy breast,  
Or was it a falling wavelet's crest that flashed in the golden bay ?

Oh, it was never the breast of a bird or crest of a breaking  
wave ;  
But it was my white mare's milky mane,  
And I thought, as my heart felt jealous pain, 'he has knelt  
by Oscur's grave.'  
Then I sat me down on this wave-washed rock, my white  
mare by my side,  
And wept to think on Erin's shore my true love must abide.  
'Farewell,' I wailed, as my fairy kin in wonder looked on  
me ;  
They had never heard the voice of woe by the waves of the  
crystal sea.  
Sore was thy sorrow, love, to bear, when thy fairy charger  
fled,  
And left thee in a lonely land where all thou lov'dst were  
dead.  
Bitter, bitter thy tears were shed for thy love of the golden  
hair ;  
But oh, alas ! of sorrow's load I bore the heavier share.  
Thy tears they stopped when thine eyes were closed, thy  
sighs with the ceasing breath,  
There's no remembrance of love in the country after death ;  
But still I weep, though thy sorrow ceased a thousand years  
ago,  
For the days of my immortal life are days of immortal woe."

A. L. M.

III.—THE GAP OF MAMORE, INNISHOWEN.

We have particularly pleasant recollections of visits made to the Gap of Mamore, and think the place worthy of detailed description. Several miles north of Buncrana lies a line of mountains, extending as a rocky wall from Dunree Head at the mouth of Lough Swilly as far as the base of the spur of land which ends in Malin Head. The mountains have a sawlike outline, and through one of the deeper cuttings there runs a rough steep road, almost inaccessible to vehicles. This mountain gap may be visited in two ways. You may have your horse and car put up at one of the cottages below, and ascend on foot the road and mountain. From the summit a view is

had of the whole north coast of Donegal—every bay and headland is seen, as in a map, at your feet. The windings of Lough Swilly and Mulroy Bay can be followed, and mountain peaks unseen before arise to view. The peak is steep, but easy to climb, as its soil is soft peat, which affords safe footing.

The tourist who has time to spare, and has secured the services of an energetic driver, may return from the gap to Buncrana, the starting-place, by a different route. Although the feat seems difficult, the horse may be made to come up the steep and rocky path by dint of a judicious administration of alternate force and persuasion.

On the occasion of our visit we owed much of our enjoyment to the enterprising spirit of Mike, our guide and carman. We could not have thoroughly enjoyed the view from the summit of Mamore had we known that an impatient, grumbling carman was awaiting our descent. Mike always led the way to the mountain tops, helping the ladies over the rocks and bog holes, and encouraging the faint-hearted. His motto was *Excelsior*, and when at last we stood upon the highest crag, he would point across bay and valley to some other peak and say, "When we've come this far, we may as well go on; I'm in no hurry, if you is not."

Another thing which added to the interest of this drive was the presence of two young ladies, who might be classified as political tourists. Their sympathies were with different political parties, and the object of each was to convert the other. As we drove along the road which ascends gradually from the shores of Swilly to the mountains, those who were more peaceably inclined could hear above the rattling of the car a continual chatter going on, and catch such words as "rent," "arrears," "eviction," "outrages," "coercion." They seemed to enjoy it all, for it was noticed that they always sat on the same side of the car, and walked up the hills to-

gether. Then the Nationalist lady, looking back to Lough Swilly, would wax eloquent in historical allusions, whilst her companion, pointing to the ships of the British fleet then in the Lough, would talk about the Spanish Armada, and calculate how far the guns of the *Devastation* could carry. The presence of these ships seemed to exercise a disturbing influence on the mind of the Nationalist, and it was noticed that she was more cheerful when at length they were hidden from sight.

Arrived at the gap, we all dismounted, and left to our carman the task of persuading the horse to come up after us. Higher and higher the road led between two desolate mountain crags, whose slopes were covered with shattered rocks, and seamed by the courses of mountain torrents. At length we stood at the top of the road, and looked out across the broad Atlantic which lay right below. Then, sitting on crags and heather, we awaited the arrival of our car, whilst our Nationalist friend, looking at the blocks of stone scattered loosely on the mountain side, talked about the battle of Morgarten, and wondered how an English army would fare in the Gap of Mamore. Our car arrived, but as the road that led down was even steeper than that which we had climbed, Mike had still to hold Kate's rein and guide her. On our way down we passed a holy well of St. Columb, and at a turn of the road came in view of a narrow valley that spread between us and the sea, neatly laid out in square plots of corn and potatoes. There were no hedges taking up unnecessary room, for land was evidently valuable in this region of rocks. An exclamation of delight from our Unionist friend drew our attention to her, as she laid her hand on the shoulder of her companion, and pointed across to Dundaff Head, where the *Union Jack* floated from a staff. The shadow came again over the face of the latter, and it seemed as if

“There had passed away a glory from the earth.”

We delayed for some time among the rocks and waterfalls in the pass, whilst the carman went down to the valley in search of stabling for Kate. His absence was prolonged, and, growing impatient, we at length followed, talking on our way to some of the natives, who informed us that a short time before the valley had been quite under water. "You'd think," said one man, "that the warships could sail up three miles from the shore, and the potatoes are all ruined." This, of course, opened again the discussions about rent, but, luckily, the appearance of Mike cut them short. He brought the welcome news that the kettle was boiling for our tea in the nearest cottage, and, going there, we were greeted in the most friendly manner by a dignified and good-looking peasant woman.

The large clay-floored kitchen looked tidy and comfortable, and by the fireside an old woman sat by her spinning-wheel, and from an inner room came the rattling sound of sewing machines, at which three young girls were busily engaged in doing work for a Derry factory. One of these girls put aside her work, and prepared the table for our tea, bringing out a snow-white table-cloth, a supply of well-made cakes and bread, and a very large china teapot, chatting pleasantly meanwhile to the strangers, and now and then in her native Irish tongue to her mother or sisters. Peace was declared between the politicians as they enjoyed the comfortable meal, although we felt nervous for a moment when pretty Mary Doherty put on the table a cream jug, ornamented by a not too flattering likeness of Mr. Parnell. Our Nationalist, smiling gently, asked the Unionist if she would take both sugar and *cream*. "Both," the latter replied curtly, and the subject dropped.

The drive home led for some way along the coast, under the steep mountain wall which has its highest peak in Raghtin More. We turned inland at Binion Bay, and passed through Clonmany, calling in on our



way at a cottage where spinning was going on. Here fifteen women were busily at work, and the hostess of the house (again a Doherty) was preparing tea. We could only stay a few minutes at this lively entertainment, though pressed to prolong our visit, and having partaken of snuff from the box which was passed round, we went again on our way. Barnion More and the Mintiagh lake were passed, and late in the evening we rattled up Buncrana street, after a most enjoyable drive.

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A VALLEY IN INNISHOWEN.

[Innishowen was in former days ruled by chieftains of the O'Doherty line, and their territory was the very last to be conquered by England. Sir Cahir O'Doherty died, without making submission, at Kilmacrenan, 1607.]

A DREARY valley black and bleak,  
Looked on by many a mountain peak,  
Rough with grey rocks, and strange in form,  
The wild companions of the storm,  
That floated from their summits proud  
The captured flag of many a cloud ;  
Looking upon the unresting sea,  
They hear the wind's hoarse minstrelsy.  
No pathway up the hill is seen,  
Save where a watercourse has been ;  
No clustering woods the valley yields,  
No promised wealth of harvest fields ;  
What would be found such hills beneath,  
Save golden gorse and tangled heath,  
Save shattered rocks of gloomy grey,  
And men as wild and stern as they ?  
For fierce and warlike was the race  
That had these hills for dwelling-place.  
Untamed, untaught in courtly ways,  
They passed a life of warlike days  
Amidst their native strongholds high,  
In royal state and revelry,  
And feasted on poetic praise.  
These chieftains in an after age  
Were bravest, last, the war to wage

For faith and freedom 'gainst the power  
Of foreign foe in danger's hour.  
They more esteemed their rights of birth  
Than any earldom upon earth,  
And, glorying in the chieftain name,  
They covered it with endless fame,—  
For still the mountains have been found,  
As England's prophet-poet tells,  
The chosen consecrated ground,  
Where liberty with mortals dwells ;  
For still, he tells, she doth rejoice  
To hear the tawny torrent's voice,  
The thunder of the wave that falls  
Before a cliff's unshaken walls,  
The baffled tyrants of the shore,  
Chiding the rocks with angry roar.  
This land has freedom surely blest  
Of holy places holiest.  
These mountains wild are grander far,  
Our cliffs more strong than England's are ;  
For they the fiercer warfare wage,  
And meet the Atlantic's whitest rage,  
And fair on Ireland's roll of fame  
Is written many a hero's name,  
Who here, among the mountains nursed,  
Had heard the voice of Freedom first.  
Tirconnel, he whose exile grave  
Lies by the distant Douro's wave ;  
Tyrone's great chief the last to yield  
After a well-contested field.  
And worthy honour high as he,  
The unsubdued O'Doherty,  
Who died at Kilmacrenan's stone,  
Leaving his native mountains free,  
His land this title proud to own—  
"Unconquerable Innishowen."

A. L. M.

We have now drawn the attention of our readers to places not generally known to tourists. We do not intend to advise those who have never travelled in Ireland to go to Sligo or Donegal rather than to

more famous districts, such as the Killarney Lakes, the Causeway, the Mountains of Wicklow, or the coast below the Mourne Mountains. Our intention is merely to inform tourists that when they have visited these places, they have not exhausted the beauties of Ireland. We may add, however, that those who delight in wild and desolate scenery could not do better than visit certain parts of Donegal, whilst those who prefer well-wooded and picturesque scenery should visit Sligo.

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IV.—ROSSE'S POINT, COUNTY SLIGO.

We have already given a series of six excursions from the town of Sligo, which is most conveniently situated as a centre from which to travel in every direction, and examine the very best scenery in the county. The advantage of first-class hotel accommodation, coupled with good horses and cars, boats and boatmen, ready at a moment's notice, adds greatly to the enjoyment of the tourist. We would direct attention to another excursion as enjoyable as any previously described. After seeing Lough Gill, and the beauties of its well-wooded shores and islands, where constantly-varying pictures of hill and dale, mountain and valley, are presented at every bend in the river, the tourist may turn in the opposite direction, and visit scenery of a totally different kind. Going on board the little steamer that plies several times daily between Sligo and Rosse's Point, the latter place will be reached in about half-an-hour.

The village stretches along the water's edge for a considerable distance; the houses are clean and tidy looking, and offer accommodation to sea-side visitors, who come from all the adjoining counties for bathing, and to enjoy the health-giving Atlantic breezes.

In the channel, opposite the village, vessels of large tonnage are anchored, whilst a portion of their cargo is discharged into lighters previous to proceeding up to the

quay of Sligo. Whilst stopping here, travellers may obtain comfortable accommodation at the Royal Hotel. After lunch, a stroll over the green hills that lie between the village and the sea is most enjoyable. Fine views of the cliffs and mountains around the shores of Sligo Bay may be obtained, whilst the mountains around Donegal Bay may be distinctly seen should the weather be fine. Benbulbin and Knocknarea, the two most prominent landmarks on the Sligo coast, are close at hand, and add to the beauty of the picture.

Here we are, as the natives say, in the next parish to America, with air as pure as 2,000 miles of intervening ocean can make it.

If our visit be made in the month of July or August, constant opportunities occur for having a chat with the country people, who come from Leitrim, Roscommon, and Mayo for sea-bathing. We have found this most entertaining, for, whatever he may be elsewhere and under other circumstances, Pat on his holidays is an open-hearted, frank, and good-natured fellow.

It is hoped that, after seeing Ireland, and paying closer attention to her history, the reader will find that these *Glimpses of Erin* have not been exhibited by the authors through the magnifying glass of patriotic vanity.



233  
ROSS'S

ROYAL



**BELFAST GINGER ALE,**

**WEST INDIA**

**LIME-JUICE CORDIAL,**

AND

**HOME-GROWN**

**RASPBERRY VINEGAR,**

AS SUPPLIED TO

THE WHOLE CIVILISED WORLD,

HAVE OBTAINED THE

Highest Awards at all the Great Exhibitions,

AND ARE

*Recommended by the Faculty, Medical Journals, and  
most eminent Analytical Chemists of the day.*

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**Sole Manufactory: BELFAST.**

# The Methodist College, BELFAST.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR BOARDERS AND DAY PUPILS.

BOYS OF ALL PROTESTANT DENOMINATIONS ARE IN  
ATTENDANCE.

*During the Year 1887-88 the following were amongst the  
Public Honours obtained by Pupils and ex-Pupils:—*

The Senior Wranglership,	-	Cambridge.
Fellowship,	- - -	Hertford College, Oxford.
Classical Scholarship,	- -	Lincoln College, Oxford.
Mathematical Studentship,	-	Trinity College, Dublin.
Mathematical Studentship,	-	Royal University, Ireland.
Senior Mathematical Scholarship,		Oxford University.
Studentship in Roman Law, &c.,		Inns of Court, London.
First Place at	- - -	Woolwich Entrance Examination.
Fourteenth place at	- -	Indian Civil Service Examination.
First Mathematical Scholarship,		Queen's College, Cambridge.
Fourteen Scholarships in Classics and Mathematics,	- -	Queen's Colleges, Ireland.
Numerous Exhibitions and Honours,	- - -	Royal University, Ireland.
Ninth place at History Tripos,	-	Cambridge.
Twenty-nine Exhibitions,	-	} At Intermediate Education Examinations.
Forty-two Prizes,	- - -	
Two Gold Medals,	- - -	
One Hundred and Six "Passes,"	-	

*For further distinctions and all information, see the  
College Prospectus, which may be had on application at the  
Office.*



**DUNVILLE & CO.**

LIMITED,

**Royal Irish Distilleries,**

**BELFAST,**

Are the LARGEST holders of Whisky  
IN THE WORLD.

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THEIR  
**OLD IRISH WHISKY**

*Is recommended by the Medical Profession  
as Superior to French Brandy.*

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Highest Award at every International  
Exhibition where exhibited.

Robertson, Ledlie, Ferguson & Co.

LIMITED,

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THE BANK BUILDINGS

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BELFAST,

Manufacturers, Woolley Merchants,

AND GENERAL WAREHOUSEMEN,

Will forward post free, on application, Samples of their

CELEBRATED

IRISH TWEEDS & FRIEZES

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

**GENTLEMEN'S**

Suitings, Wrappers, & Ulsters,

AND FOR

**Ladies' Travelling & Seaside Dresses.**

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*The Friezes are Waterproof, and the Tweeds  
are the best wearing Goods produced.*

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TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "BANK BUILDINGS, BELFAST."



# CANTRELL & COCHRANE,

MANUFACTURERS OF MINERAL WATERS,

By  
Special  
Appointment  
to



His  
Royal Highness  
the  
Prince of Wales

**"CLUB SODA,"** THE BEVERAGE OF HEALTH.

**GINGER ALE, "AROMATIC,"** THE ORIGINAL BRAND.

**"SPARKLING" MONTSERRAT,** The Drink for the Gouty & Rheumatic.

Royal Seltzer, Potass, Lithia Waters, Lemonade, &c.

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CANTRELL & COCHRANE are the **only** Makers who were awarded a **Gold** Medal for **all** their products at Liverpool Exhibition, 1886.

Four Gold Medals at New Orleans Exhibition,

MAKING A GRAND TOTAL OF

*Twenty-nine Gold and Prize Medals awarded.*

Purveyors to the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, Manchester.

Sole Contractors to the Irish Exhibition, Olympia, London.

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**London Depot:** 7, Woodstock Street, Oxford Street, W.

**Glasgow Depot:** 53, Surrey Street.

**Works: BELFAST & DUBLIN.**

Robertson, Ledlie, Ferguson & Co.

LIMITED,

THE BANK BUILDINGS,

— † † † — BELFAST — † † † —

Manufacturers, Linen Merchants, and  
General Warehousemen,

*Will forward Samples, post free on application, of their  
celebrated*

SNOW-WHITE BLEACH

DOUBLE DAMASKS,

IRISH LINEN SHEETINGS and PILLOW LINENS,

HUCK TOWELS and TOWELLING,

IRISH LINEN CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS,

AND

Household Linens of every description.

Estimates given for Clubs, Hotels, and  
Public Institutions.

CONTRACTS OF ALL KINDS.

All Orders forwarded to any part of the Kingdom  
carriage paid.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "BANK BUILDINGS, BELFAST."

THE

# Scottish Widows' Fund

## (Mutual) Life Assurance Society.

THE WHOLE PROFITS ARE DIVIDED AMONG  
THE POLICYHOLDERS.

---

### MAGNITUDE OF THE OPERATIONS.

Polices Issued, - £45,000,000 Bonus Additions, - 10,500,000 Policies in Force, - 30,000,000		Claims Paid, - - £16,000,000 Accumulated Funds, 9,600,000 Annual Revenue, - 1,170,000
---	--	---

### PROFITABLE CHARACTER OF THE BUSINESS.

Cash Profit for Seven Years to 31st Dec., 1887, - -	£1,727,659
Bonus Additions for the Seven Years, - - -	2,785,557

This was the **LARGEST DISTRIBUTION OF PROFIT MADE BY ANY LIFE OFFICE** during the period. It yielded Bonuses from £1 : 14s. to £4 : 6 : 7d. per cent. per annum on the Original Sums Assured, according to the duration of the Policies—facts which clearly prove

*The Intrinsic Value of the Society's Mutual System, and  
The Highly Profitable Character of its Business.*

### LIBERAL CONDITIONS OF ASSURANCE.

**SURRENDER VALUES** allowed after payment of *one* year's premium.

**PAID-UP POLICIES** allowed in lieu of Surrender Values.

**LOANS** granted within a small margin of the Surrender Value.

**EXTENSIVE FOREIGN RESIDENCE** free of charge in all cases.

*Most of the Society's Policies can be made Whole-World from the first.*

### THE ATTENTION OF

Persons desiring to effect **LIFE ASSURANCES** for the benefit of their Families, or in connection with **Business Transactions**, is called to the above **Financial Results and Conditions of Assurance**, which show how peculiarly suitable the Society's Policies are for Family Provisions, and for all Trust and Security purposes.

Aw. H. TURNBULL, *Manager.*

J. J. P. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*

Dublin Office:		Belfast Office:
41, WESTMORELAND ST.		2, HIGH STREET.

# WATCH, CLOCK, & JEWELLERY ESTABLISHMENT.

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ESTABLISHED 1850.

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**W**E beg to inform the Public that we keep the largest Stock in Ireland of First-Class Warranted Watches. Over 1,000 Watches to select from, at prices to suit all classes. 'Ten Years' Guarantee given with each watch.

Our Silver Lever Watch at £5 stands unrivalled. Our Gent.'s Gold Keyless Lever Watch at £12, has no equal. We make a speciality of Gold Chains, as follows:—9 carat, 45s. per oz.; 15 carat, 65s. per oz.; and 18 carat, 75s. per oz. Hall marked on each link; any pattern or weight.

We keep a choice and varied selection of Diamond and other Jewellery. Inspection solicited.

Just received, several cases of French Clocks and Barometers, including Drawing-Room and Dining-Room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Carriage Clocks, Office Clocks, Regulator Clocks, &c.

## Watch Repairs.

Largest Watch Repairing Establishment in Ireland. Ten Practical Workmen employed on the premises. All troublesome and intricate watch-work guaranteed.

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Please Note the Address:—

# CAMPBELL & COMPANY

SMITHFIELD (Adjoining Royal Avenue),

## BELFAST.

The Singer Manufacturing Company,  
3 & 4, DONEGALL SQUARE N.,  
BELFAST.

The PUBLIC VERDICT is that  
**SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES**

ARE UNEQUALLED

For Simplicity, Durability, Superiority of Stitch, and  
Variety of Work.

Over 600,000 sold annually.

MORE THAN 400 PRIZES, GOLD MEDALS, &c., &c., &c.

ALWAYS SUCCESSFUL OVER COMPETITORS.

WE LEAD!

OTHERS FOLLOW!

**C A U T I O N !**

The great success of THE SINGER CO. has led to the introduction  
of many imitations of their

**CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES,**

And some unscrupulous vendors of counterfeits use our name

**“ S I N G E R ”**

TO ADVERTISE THEIR GOODS.

Every SINGER MACHINE bears our TRADE NAME “SINGER” on  
the ARM of the MACHINE.

*All other MACHINES OFFERED as SINGER'S are only  
IMITATIONS.*

Price from £4 4s., 10% discount for cash,

OR ON THE

Hire Purchase System by Weekly or Monthly Payments.

*District Office for the North of Ireland:*

**3 & 4, Donegall Sq. North, BELFAST,**

And a Branch Office in every town in the United Kingdom.

NOTE.—Before purchasing, send for our abridged List of  
Testimonials, and see what the MANUFACTURERS of the  
NORTH of IRELAND say about SINGER MACHINES.

**ROBERTSON, LEDLIE, FERGUSON & CO., Ltd.,**  
**THE BANK BUILDINGS, BELFAST,**  
**SHIRT MANUFACTURERS.**

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Gentlemen's White Dress Shirts, per half-dozen, 19/6, 24/-, 27/-, 33/-, and 39/-. From 27/- and upwards can be made specially to pattern without extra charge.

All-Linen Shirts from 7/6 each and upwards to order.

White Shirts Re-fitted with All-Linen Fittings throughout, good as new, at 2/-, 2/6, and 3/- each.

Gentlemen's White Linen Collars, in leading shapes, 4/6, 5/6, and 7/6 per doz., or made to order from pattern collar.

Cuffs, 8/-, 9/-, and 12/- per dozen, from stock or to order.

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TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "BANK BUILDINGS, BELFAST."

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**E. T. CHURCH,**  
**53, DONEGALL PLACE,**  
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(OPPOSITE Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S.)

**Photographic Artist,**

*EXECUTES ORDERS FOR ALL CLASSES OF PHOTOGRAPHY.*

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**A SPECIALITY:**

Lantern Slides of Irish Scenery and Antiquities, including Cromleachs, Kistvaens, Dallans, Carns, Cashels, Castles, Sculptured Crosses, and Round Towers.

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Visitors to Belfast should inspect his Collection.

**ROBINSON'S**  
**COMMERCIAL**  
**TEMPERANCE HOTEL,**  
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ROYAL AVENUE)  
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*The First, the Most Extensive, and Most Central Temperance  
Hotel in Belfast.*

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Within Two Minutes' Walk of the Exchange, and Five from the  
Steamboat Quays. Is equi-distant from the three Railway  
Termini, and is on the direct line of Tramway communication  
with all parts of the Town.

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**LINEN HALL HOTEL,**  
**DONEGALL SQUARE EAST,**  
**BELFAST.**

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Patronised by the Irish Members of Parliament.

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**First-Class, Quiet, and Central.**

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PORTER ATTENDS ALL BOATS AND TRAINS.

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**CHARGES MODERATE.**

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**P. DEMPSEY, Proprietor.**

# MONTAGU ARMS HOTEL

PORTSTEWART.

\*\*\*\*\*

First-Class Accommodation and  
Moderate Tariff.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE Hotel faces the Atlantic, and commands a fine view of the headlands of Innishowen. Families visiting the coast will find this a most delightful sea-side resort, situated within 20 minutes by rail from Coleraine, and same distance from Portrush.

The strand, two miles in length, is the finest in Ireland. The Sand Dunes, where the pre-historic flint implements are found, and the Bann Mouth, are well worthy of a visit. Special terms offered by the week to tourists and families.

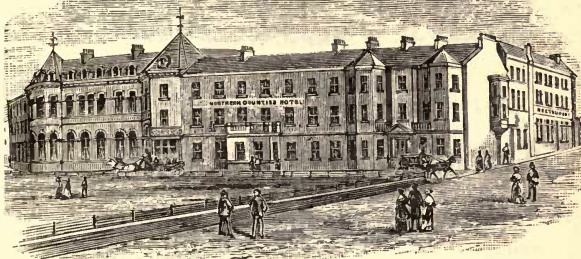
The **Wines** and **Liquors** supplied by the old-established firm of **Bushell & Co., Belfast**, are of the finest Brands.

**Bushell's Celebrated Club Whisky**

Constantly kept in Stock.

For terms, &c., apply to the Manager on the premises or by letter.





# Northern Counties Railway Hotel, PORTRUSH,

Affords ample accommodation to Tourists visiting the GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, as well as Families wishing to remain at the seaside.

THIS HOTEL CONTAINS OVER  
**100 BEDROOMS,**  
AND NUMEROUS  
Suites of well-furnished Apartments.

TABLE D'HÔTE DAILY.

**Hot and Cold Sea-Water Baths.**

GOLF LINKS AND TENNIS COURTS

IN CONNECTION WITH THE HOTEL.

'Bus attends all trains.

**TARIFF MODERATE.**

For further particulars, apply to

**F. KOENIGS, Manager.**

THE  
**RANFURLY ARMS,**  
DUNGANNON.

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*Commercial and Family Hotel.*

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COFFEE & COMMERCIAL ROOMS.

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CARS ATTEND ALL TRAINS.

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**IMPERIAL HOTEL,**  
*MARCUS SQUARE, NEWRY.*

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**Commercial, Coffee, Billiard,  
and Smoke Rooms.**

**CHOICE WINES AND SPIRITS.**

**Hot and Cold Baths.**

**'BUSSES ATTEND ALL TRAINS. Terms strictly moderate.**

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**JOSEPH J. BYRNE, Proprietor.**

# IMPERIAL HOTEL, LONDONDERRY.

*Established over 40 Years.*

**T. MARSHALL HEGAN, Proprietor.**

**T**HIS First-class Family and Commercial Hotel is situated within the City Walls, close to the Cathedral, City Hall, Walker's Monument, Apprentice Boys' Memorial Hall, the Palace, County Court-house, &c., and occupies a high, healthy, and central position.

*N.B.*—The Tourist will find Derry the most central and convenient starting-point for the Donegal Highlands, as lines of railway leave here for that picturesque district.

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## THE WINDSOR

Commercial and Family Temperance Hotel,

18, DONEGALL PLACE,

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Central Situation.    =    =    =    Terms Moderate.

Spacious Commercial, Coffee, Ladies', Smoke, and Stock Rooms.

**S. M'CAUSLAND, Proprietor.**

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## CUSHENDALL HOTEL, CUSHENDALL.

**JAMES DELARGY, Proprietor.**

First-class Accommodation and Moderate Charges.

# ADAIR ARMS HOTEL, BALLYMENA.

—o—o—o—  
SAMUEL EAGLESON, Proprietor.

(Late of the IMPERIAL, Ballymena.)  
—o—o—o—

THIS old-established and commodious Hotel has been newly done up and finished in best manner to meet the wants and requirements of Commercial and Private Gentlemen, who will now find it most comfortable in every department.

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*BATH & BILLIARD ROOMS.*

'Bus attends all Trains.

**POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.**

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S. EAGLESON has now given up the Imperial Hotel, and hopes all his friends will still continue to patronise him in his new undertaking.

# DUBLIN.



Visitors to Dublin

WILL FIND AT THE

# GRESHAM HOTEL

Home Comforts,

*MODERATE CHARGES,*

AND A

FIRST-CLASS CUISINE.

# King's Arms Hotel

❖ LARNE ❖

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*HENRY M'NEILL, Proprietor.*

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THE above old-established Hotel has been Re-furnished and Decorated, and is now open for the reception of Visitors.

Nothing has been left undone to add to the comfort of Guests.

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Coffee, Commercial, and Smoking  
Rooms.

HOT AND COLD BATHS.

PLEASURE GROUNDS, &c., &c.

~~~~~

WINES & LIQUORS  
OF THE FINEST BRANDS.

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*M'Neill's Cars for the Antrim Coast and Causeway  
start from the Hotel.*

SLIGO.

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# VICTORIA HOTEL.

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**J. A. HALL, Proprietor.**

(LATE MISS ALLINGHAM.)

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**A**T this Old-established **FIRST-CLASS FAMILY** and **COMMERCIAL HOTEL**, Tourists, Anglers, and Families will find every convenience and comfort, combined with cleanliness and moderate charges.

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**PRIVATE ROOMS.**

**LADIES' SITTING-ROOM.**

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Gentlemen staying at this Hotel have the privilege of **FREE FISHING** for Salmon, Trout, and Pike on Lough Gill. **BOATS FOR HIRE.**

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**POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.**

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*OMNIBUS ATTENDS ALL TRAINS.*

# Royal Hotel,

ROSSE'S POINT, Co. SLIGO.

First-class Accommodation for Tourists and  
Families, with Moderate Charges.



SPLENDID SEA BATHING.

**HOT AND COLD SALT WATER BATHS**  
ON THE PREMISES.

Can be reached in half-an-hour either by Car or Steamer  
from Sligo.

*THOMAS EWING, Proprietor.*

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 SEA TRIPS 

FROM

Sligo to Rosse's Point.

NO Visitor to Sligo should omit to visit this rising Water-  
ing-place, with all its natural advantages.

"To Tourists who may have a portion of the day to spare, it may be interesting to know that from the Quay of Sligo they may, at intervals of a few hours and the cost of a few pence, have a very interesting sea trip to and from Rosse's Point, the opening of Sligo harbour."—*Wakeman's "Guide to Ireland,"* page 262.

The Trip only occupies HALF-AN-HOUR EACH WAY, and affords time for Bathing, as well as a

**SPLENDID VIEW OF SLIGO HARBOUR.**



# DONEGAL HIGHLANDS.

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SALMON AND TROUT FISHING FREE,  
AND  
GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR TOURISTS,  
AT THE

## Glencolumbkille Hotel,

Which lies at the Base of the Famous

### **SLIEVE LEAGUE,**

And in the most striking Scenery in

**COUNTY DONEGAL.**

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**Safe Anchorage for Yachts** close by, in  
Teelin Bay.

**The Lakes** are full of Brown Trout, which can  
be fished without license.

**The Teelin River,** good for Salmon and White  
Trout, passes the Hotel, and the Owner of the  
Estate grants a limited number of Free "Orders to  
Fish" to Tourists stopping in the Hotel.

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*Tariff and Card of Routes sent Free on writing to the Lessee,*

**WILLIAM WALKER,**  
**GLENCOLUMBKILLE HOTEL,**  
**CARRICK, CO. DONEGAL.**

2/6  
BUNDORAN, CO. DONEGAL.

## SWEENY'S HOTEL.

**T**HIS New Hotel, erected by Mr. SWEENY to supply a want long felt in Bundoran, is now open for the reception of Visitors. It is fully provided with all the most recent appointments of a First-class Hotel. The views from the Drawing-room and Dining-room windows are grand and varied, comprising mountains and sea, cliffs and gorge, the roll and breaking of the waves, sand and beach, with an uninterrupted view of the entire Coast Scenery of Donegal Bay. The various Apartments are spacious and comfortable, and every accommodation is provided for the health and comfort of Visitors.

*All Supplies of the Best Quality, and Terms Strictly Moderate.*

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "SWEENY'S, BUNDORAN."

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY.

## ANTRIM ARMS HOTEL, BALLYCASTLE.

**T**HIS First-class Hotel is centrally situated, within easy distance of the finest Scenery on the Antrim Coast, FAIR HEAD, MURLOUGH BAY, CARRICK-A-REDE, and GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

TOURISTS, EXCURSIONISTS, and FAMILIES will find at the Antrim Arms every comfort, combined with moderate charges.

**R. HUNTER, Proprietor.**

*Carriages, Waggonettes, & Cars provided on the shortest notice.*

*SEE TARIFF ON APPLICATION.*



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# T. COOPER,

40, Westmoreland Street,

## DUBLIN.



Latest West End Styles  
 FROM  
**LINCOLN, BENNETT & CO.**  
**VICTOR JAY & CO.**  
**WOODROW & SONS.**

Sole Agent in DUBLIN  
 FOR  
**VICTOR JAY & CO.**  
**WOODROW & SONS.**

### CLERICAL, SILK, AND FELT HATS.

**Hunting Hats a Speciality.**

*Livery Hats made extra strong. Ladies' Riding & Walking Hats.*

**BEST LEATHER HAT CASES.**

**Ladies' and Gentlemen's Travelling, Yachting, Tennis, Cricketing, Shooting, and Fishing Hats and Caps.**

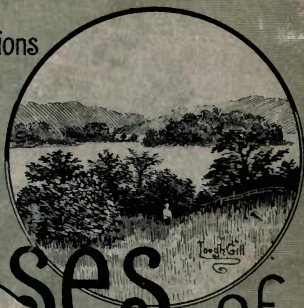
**40, Westmoreland Street, DUBLIN.**

**And at 19, Corn Market, BELFAST.**

ENLARGED AND REVISED EDITION

TENTH THOUSAND

with  
Illustrations



# Glimpses of GARIN



Seaton F. Milligan · M. R. I. A. ·  
and Alice L. Milligan

Marius Ward & Co. Ltd.